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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 1 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
8	2	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
7	3	SEASIDE SHUFFLE	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
3	4	SYLVIA'S MOTHER	Dr Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
4	5	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Partridge Family (Bell)
2	6	ROCK AND ROLL PT 1 & 2	Gary Glitter (Bell)
13	7	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)
5	8	I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW	Johnny Nash (CBS)
10	9	STARMAN	David Bowie (RCA)
15	10	MAD ABOUT YOU	Bruce Ruffin (Rhino)

TEN YEARS AGO

Weekending August 3, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott MacKenzie (CBS)
3	3	IT MUST BE HIM	Vicki Carr (Liberty)
10	4	DEATH OF A CLOWN	Dave Davies (Decca)
14	5	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	6	ALTERNATE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
5	7	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
9	8	UP, UP AND AWAY	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
8	9	SEE EMILY PLAY	Pink Floyd (Columba)
11	10	I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 3, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	2	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
2	3	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
4	4	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
6	5	DON'T EVER CHANGE	Crickets (Liberty)
5	6	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
7	7	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
—	8	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
12	9	LITTLE MISS LONELY	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
8	10	ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)

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QUARK, STRANGENESS & CHARM

FROM

HAWKWIND

CB 305

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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 6th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	4	1
2	(2)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	6	1
3	(5)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	4	3
4	(4)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	9	2
5	(6)	PRETTY VACANT	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	5
6	(12)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	6	6
7	(3)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	8	1
8	(19)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	8
9	(7)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	8	7
10	(8)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	10	4
11	(23)	FLOAT ON	Floaters (ABC)	2	11
12	(21)	EASY	Commodores (Motown)	5	12
13	(14)	IT'S YOUR LIFE	Smokie (Rak)	3	13
14	(9)	SLOW DOWN	John Miles (Decca)	6	9
15	(17)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	4	15
16	(28)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	16
17	(—)	SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE	The Stranglers (United Artists)	1	17
18	(22)	FEEL THE NEED	Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	6	12
19	(—)	NIGHT'S ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	1	19
20	(—)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	20
21	(13)	ROAD RUNNER	Jonath[illegible]man (Beserkley)	4	13
22	(11)	SAM	C[illegible]wton-John (EMI)	8	6
22	(20)	ALL AROUND TH[illegible] WORLD	The Jam (Polydor)	2	20
24	(—)	PROVE IT	Television (Elektra)	1	24
25	(26)	ONE STEP AWAY	Tavares (Capitol)	4	23
26	(—)	I KNEW THE BRIDE	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	4	24
27	(27)	THREE RING CIRCUS	Barry Briggs (Dynamic)	2	27
28	(15)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	15
29	(—)	DANCIN' EASY	Danny Williams (Ensign)	1	29
30	(30)	A LITTLE BOOGIE WOOGIE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND	Gary Glitter (Arista)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ANARCHY IN THE U.K. — Sex Pistols (Import); SWALLOW MY PRIDE — The Ramones (Phonogram); THE SPY WHO LOVED ME — Carly Simon (WEA); DEVIL'S GUN — C.J. & Co. (Atlantic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 6, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
2	(3)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
3	(14)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
4	(6)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
5	(5)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
6	(8)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
7	(2)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
8	(15)	EASY	Commodores
9	(10)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
10	(4)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
11	(12)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
12	(9)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
13	(16)	BARRACUDA	Heart
14	(20)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby, Stills & Nash
15	(19)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
16	(17)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
17	(18)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman
18	(22)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
19	(25)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
20	(23)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
21	(30)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
22	(26)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
23	(29)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
24	(7)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
25	(11)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
26	(—)	CHRISTINE SIXTEEN	Kiss
27	(—)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford — Townsend
28	(13)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
29	(21)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller Band
30	(—)	SLIDE	Slave

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending August 6, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	7	1
2	(2)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	17	1
3	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	3	3
4	(5)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	6	4
5	(3)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	6	3
6	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	24	6
7	(13)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	15	7
8	(15)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	4	8
9	(4)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	14	4
10	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	32	1
10	(9)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	37	1
12	(10)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	10	1
13	(12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	35	5
14	(19)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmores Rainbow (Oyster)	2	14
15	(11)	STEVE WINWOOD	(Island)	5	11
16	(14)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS	(Arcade)	4	14
17	(17)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	14	2
18	(16)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	9
19	(21)	SORCERER	Tangerine Dream (MCA)	2	19
20	(27)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	22	2
21	(30)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	3	21
22	(—)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A & M)	12	18
23	(—)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1	23
24	(—)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(22)	CSN	Crosby Stills & Nash (Atlantic)	4	22
26	(22)	LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE	Be Bob Deluxe (Harvest)	2	22
27	(20)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A & M)	8	15
28	(—)	FACE TO FACE	Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel (EMI)	1	28
29	(28)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	8	12
30	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
MY AIM IS TRUE Elvis Costello (Stiff); QUARK, STRANGENESS & CHARM Hawkwind (Charisma); IN THE CITY The Jam (Polydor); HEARTBREAKERS Various (K-Tel).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 6, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(3)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
3	(4)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
4	(2)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
5	(6)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
6	(5)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
7	(7)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
8	(10)	JT	James Taylor
9	(8)	COMMODORES	Commodores
10	(12)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
11	(11)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
12	(9)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	Bee Gees
13	(15)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
14	(18)	REJOICE	Emotions
15	(14)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
16	(17)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
17	(19)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
18	(13)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
19	(20)	FOREIGNER	
20	(21)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(22)	RIGHT ON TIME	The Brothers Johnson
22	(23)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
23	(16)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
24	(24)	BOSTON	Boston
25	(26)	ROCKY	Original Soundtrack
26	(—)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(—)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
28	(27)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
29	(—)	A PLACE IN THE SUN	Pablo Cruise
30	(—)	FLOATERS	The Floaters

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited by Tony Stewart

PLANT'S TRAGEDY

LED ZEPPELIN are waiting on Robert Plant's decision whether they complete their current ill-fated American tour, following the tragic death of the singer's five-year-old son, Karac.

Plant immediately interrupted Led Zeppelin's U.S. concert tour and flew home to Britain — with drummer John Bonham — when he was told of Karac's sudden death. Jimmy Page followed on a later flight.

A spokesperson for Zeppelin's record label, Swan Song, said Karac had been treated for a mild stomach bug, but last Tuesday his temperature rose unexpectedly, and he suffered convulsions.

An ambulance was called, but the child had died before it arrived at the family's home near Kidderminster.

(An autopsy held on Monday showed that he died of natural causes — the result of a virus infection. There will be no inquest.)

Plant, who left with Zeppelin for America on July 15, was in New Orleans when he was told the news.

Speculation about the band's immediate future began as soon as the story appeared in the national press.

Reports stating that Zeppelin have cancelled all the remaining concerts — which had originally been planned for March but rescheduled when Robert Plant was unable to perform because of a throat infection — are incorrect.

Last Wednesday (July 27), manager Peter Grant stated at a New Orleans press conference that because of Plant's tragedy the concert at the city's Superdome was cancelled. Two Chicago concerts, on Tuesday and Wednesday, were pulled out later.

A further four concerts over the next week remain unchanged at present.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

A publicist at Swan Song's New York office told *NME*, "Obviously all the band are going to heed whatever Robert's wishes are, and give him time to decide what to do."

The Zeppelin spokesperson in London commented, "It will be a week or two before Robert knows what his plans will be. I don't know which way he'll go." No further information was expected as *NME* went to press on Tuesday, the day of Karac's funeral.

ZEPPELIN'S U.S. tour was claimed to be in jeopardy earlier last week, before the death of Plant's son. There were press reports that John Bonham, Peter Grant and two members of Zep's road team had been involved in a fight with security staff after a concert at Oakland Coliseum, San Francisco.

It was alleged in one report that rock promoter Bill Graham, who presented the gig, was "seriously considering not rebooking the band" as a result of the incident. Graham has been described as the single most influential promoter in the U.S.

Swan Song people said the reports were exaggerated, although they admitted Bonham, Grant and the two others had each been charged with assault.

No hearings for the cases have yet been set, but the U.S. publicist said the offences were the equivalent of "collecting parking tickets."

Meanwhile, should Plant decide to complete the tour, Bonham and Page are ready to fly back to America to join bassist John Paul Jones.

There is still a possibility, no matter how unlikely it might seem at present, that Zeppelin will play at least one British concert before Christmas.

● The Plants have one other child — a girl, Carmine, aged eight. In August 1975, while holidaying on the Greek island of Rhodes, the family was involved in a car smash. Robert and his wife Maureen were seriously hurt; the two children had minor injuries. Led Zeppelin had been scheduled to start a U.S. tour — in San Francisco — later that same month.

Knebworth off-Santana for Palace

THE 1977 KNEBWORTH Festival is off.

Ending speculation, promoter Fred Bannister announced this week that he has been unable to find a suitable headlining attraction for this year's event. Previous festivals have featured acts of the calibre of the Rolling Stones and Pink Floyd.

After a fruitless six-month search, during which time he approached eight big acts including Bob Dylan, Bannister abandoned hopes of staging Knebworth only a few days ago.

"I know it's the sort of thing that can happen," he commented philosophically. "I never take it personally. The bands had very valid reasons for not working outdoors this summer, and one just has to accept that".

Bannister hopes to resume the event next summer.

"I think things will have changed next year," he said, "and it will be possible to engage artists we'd be proud to present at Knebworth".

SANTANA HEADLINE this year's Crystal Palace Garden Party, which is now the only major one-day outdoor event to be held in Britain this summer.

Promoters Michael Alfandary and Harvey Goldsmith have not yet announced other acts for the bill on September 10, but Chicago and Hall & Oates have been strongly rumoured.

Tickets priced £4.80 (or £5.30 on day) are available by postal application to Garden Party, 22 King's College Court, Primrose Hill Road, London NW3. Cheques and postal orders payable to "Garden Party" with SAE enclosed.

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Rainbow not quite rising?

THE THREE-WEEK British tour by Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, due to begin in early September, may have to be postponed.

Reports from Los Angeles, where they are currently rehearsing, indicate that the band is disintegrating. Former Colosseum bassist Mark Clarke, who only recently joined Rainbow, has allegedly been fired, and Blackmore has not been able to find a replacement. The existing vacancy on keyboards also has yet to be filled.

Traumas for Rainbow began shortly after their Japanese concerts last year, when the bassist and keyboards player, Jimmy Bain and Tony Carey respectively, left the outfit.

With a nucleus of only three remaining — Blackmore, Cozy Powell and Ronnie James Dio — there have been extensive efforts, to complete the line-up. Now that the Euro-tour is imminent, Blackmore is apparently in a desperate position.

According to Bain, who's likely to join Ian Hunter's group, Overnight Angels, the Rainbow management has "hinted" that it would be an obvious move for him to return to the group.

"That's ridiculous," he told *NME*. "I can't rejoin as I'm really looking forward to playing with Ian".

RITCHIE BLACKMORE: Desperation in L.A.?

British tour now in doubt

Rainbow's publicist, Jenny Halsall, refused to confirm or deny these reports. But the uncertainty of the band's future was partly substantiated by the fact that she declined to reveal tour details, when previously she had indicated that they would be announced this week.

Ms Halsall said, however, that Blackmore is currently auditioning keyboard players, and "possibly" bassists, in LA. Beyond that she would offer no comment.

Meanwhile, on August 24 Oyster release a Rainbow EP culled from the "On Stage" album.

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Teds renew radio rock campaign

THE TEDS ARE on the march again in the cause of rock'n'roll radio. A protest march on commercial radio stations in the provinces is planned for the autumn.

Angered at the lack of play-time devoted to rock'n'roll, the organisers hope this campaign will be as successful as a similar one launched against the BBC last year.

Then in May '76, around 5,000 Teds and rock'n'roll enthusiasts marched from London's Hyde Park Corner to Broadcasting House and presented a petition and demonstration programme tape to Radio executives. As a direct result, the BBC presented 13 weekly shows called, "It's Only Rock'n'roll".

Now the Teds are turning their attention to commercial stations in an attempt to establish regular R&R shows throughout the country.

Organised by the Vintage Rock 'N' Roll Appreciation Society based in Liverpool, it is estimated that upwards of 10,000 enthusiasts, mostly wearing Ted Regalia, will converge on at least eight different cities over a period of two months later this year.

In each town a five mile march will take place, once the Teds have congregated at bus and railway stations. After the networks — from Manchester's Picadilly Radio down to Reading's Thames Valley Broadcasting — have been canvassed, there will be a specially arranged R&R concert held in each town.

It is hoped to persuade Little Richard, who the organisers expect to tour here at the time, to lead the first march.

Said one of the committee: "Rock 'n' roll is still alive today, and deserves the kind of promotion the media is putting behind other types of music."

Meanwhile "It's Only Rock 'n' roll", presented by DJs Geoff Barker and Stu Coleman, returns to Radio 1 in September.

AMERICAN DJ Emperor Rosko this month returns to Radio 1 to present a short series of specials.

Rosko was one of the original presenters when the BBC launched Radio 1 in late 1967. He hosted a regular Saturday programme up until he quit last year to return to California to be near his sick father, Hollywood producer Joe Pasternak.

Beginning August 30, Rosko returns to his two hour Saturday slot for four weeks. On September 4 he presents a motor cycling day at Brands Hatch.

JOHN PEEL'S Friday night show on Radio 1 will include a 1971 *In Concert* repeat broadcast throughout August. Amounting to half the programme time, the first concert is Led Zeppelin this Friday, followed by Pink Floyd (12), Family (19) and Faces (26).

Bolan picks up grooming hints from Bomber Bob. Which side to part his hair, etc. . . . Pic: Joe Stevens.

MARC BOLAN'S HALF HOUR

MARC BOLAN has secured his own national TV series.

Produced by Muriel Young for Granada, the first of six weekly programmes titled *"Marc"* will be networked at 4.15 pm on August 24.

During each 30-minute show Bolan will perform three numbers with T Rex, introduce a top act and a new one, and feature a spot with four girl dancers called Heart Throb.

There will not be an invited studio audience, but Granada say they will employ "every type of technical and electronic wizardry that modern television allows" while recording the programmes.

Bolan claims he will also have as many "genuinely talented" new wave bands on the show as possible. The Stranglers are among the first bookings. On occasions, he may also interview his guests.

Typically immodest, the Electric Elf commented: "The media have been clamouring for me to do a TV series for years and finally I've given in."

It should be remembered that Bolan's TV debut last year as an interviewer on Thames TV's now defunct *Today* programme was unsuccessful. Although he recorded a series of interviews with his contemporaries in rock, only a few of these were broadcast, and a plan to engage him as a regular contributor was dropped.

Said a Thames publicist this week: "It was one of the many items for the *Today* programme, most of which worked. That one didn't."

BEACH BOYS SAY YES TO 1978

THE BEACH BOYS have promised to return to Britain early next year for at least one major concert.

This was revealed by their UK publicist Phil Symes amid mounting criticism of the band's decision to pull out of their Wembley Stadium concert but go ahead and play at the CBS Records Convention — a private party — on the same night.

The Beach Boys claimed they were contractually obliged to perform at the CBS function under the terms of their signing to Caribou, a CBS affiliated label, earlier this year. They had signed no contract for Wembley, and because there was "inadequate time for preparations".

Observers of the group's private set on Saturday said they were obviously not sufficiently rehearsed to play a major public concert. See Thrills pages.

Symer said a series of ten or 12 European dates, including the UK, are being negotiated for spring 1978. There will definitely be a London concert, probably in April.

Roogalator on Virgin

ROOGALATOR, back in contention after a disappointing year, release their debut single for Virgin Records, "Love And The Single Girl", on August 12. Although the band is off the road at the moment recording an album, they'll play three London gigs at Dingwalls (31), Nashville (September 1) and The Marquee (2).

Bruford solos on

FORMER YES and Genesis drummer Bill Bruford starts work on his first solo album next week. Provisionally titled "Easy On The Up", Bruford has been working on material for the project since the beginning of the year, and he has formed a band specifically for the sessions. It comprises Dave Stewart (keyboards), Allan Holdsworth (guitar), Jeff Berlin (bass) and vocalist Annette Peacock.

Polydor plan release for autumn, and plans for a tour are being considered.

Costa del Eric

THE ERIC Clapton Band play two concerts in Spain over the next week.

Having recently completed their fourth studio album since forming in April '77 — tentatively due for release in late autumn — Clapton and the group left for a Mediterranean busman's holiday.

Earlier this week they set sail in a chartered yacht from Cannes for the resort of Ibiza, where they play in the town's Bull Ring on Friday, supported by Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance.

The two outfits then play the Nuevo Pabellon Club in Barcelona on August 11. Later this year the EC Band plan to perform in Japan, but it is unlikely they'll gig in Britain before 1978.

MICHAEL JACKSON is to act in his first full length feature film, *The Wiz*. Starring Diana Ross, Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby, the movie is based on the Broadway musical of the same name, and is loosely structured on *The Wizard Of Oz* story. Filming begins August 15, and Jackson plays the role of the Scarecrow. On September 2, the Jacksons release a new album, "Going Places". The set was produced by the Philadelphia team, Gamble and Huff.

RECORD NEWS

Rose Royce, who've had three UK hit singles from the soundtrack album "Car Wash", release their own studio album on Whitfield Records on Friday, August 12. Produced by Norman Whitfield, the set is called "In Full Bloom". The band begin a British tour on September 16, arranged by Arthur Howes.

Calendar Records have finalised a two-year pressing and distribution deal with Decca Records. During August and September they will release three albums: "Golden Rock & Roll Greats" by Dutch band **Jet**; "The Salsoul Invention" by **Salsoul Explosion**; and "Disco Music".

Liverpool band **The Mutants** have signed a record deal with Rox Records. Next week they go into Cannon Studios, Chester, to record their first single.

Meri Wilson's American hit single, "Telephone Sam", is released in this country on Friday by Pye International.

Sixties pop singer **Helen Shapiro** makes another comeback bid with the release this week of her debut single for Arista, "Can't Break The Habit". Written by Russ Ballard, the record has already been successful in Holland and Germany. It's over 16 years since Ms Shapiro, now 30, had a short series of UK hits that included "Walking Back To Happiness".

A double A-side single from the semi-legendary '60s Pop Art band **The Creation** is to be reissued by Raw Records on August 12. Titles are "Making Time" and "Painter Man". Raw also hope to put out an album of previously unreleased material by the group. At one time Ron Wood featured in their line-up.

Canadian heavy rock trio, **Rush,** have their sixth album "A Farewell To Kings" released by Mercury on August 15. Cut at Rockfield Studios in Monmouth, it is their first album recorded outside Toronto. Rush recently completed a headlining British tour.

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CHICKEN SKIN REPRISE

— AND NEW LOOK S. SPAN BACK ON ROAD

RY COODER, who made a triumphant British concert debut in January, returns here in November to play five major dates, including a three night stint at the London Hammersmith Odeon.

The LA guitarist-vocalist will again be accompanied by his full Chicken Skin Revue, most of whom appear on Cooder's new album, the live set "Showtime", which is released by Warners Bros this Friday (5).

The UK dates follow an eight date Euro-tour, opening at the Dublin Stadium on November 3. Cooder's British leg takes in Birmingham Odeon (17), London Hammersmith Odeon (18, 19, 20), and Manchester Free Trade Hall (22).

London tickets are priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Provincial gigs are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Tickets go on sale this Friday (5) at theatre box offices and usual agencies.

THE NEW-look Steeleye Span makes its British debut with a UK tour starting in Taunton on Tuesday.

Original Spanner Martin Carthy and multi-instrumentalist John Kirkpatrick recently replaced Peter Knight and Bob Johnson, who left the group to concentrate on their "King Of Elfland's Daughter" project.

The British dates will be followed by a world tour starting in Germany late September, which will be recorded for a forthcoming live album. Span then go on to Scandinavia, Belgium and Holland. During the Euro-concerts the band will film a documentary for British TV. The band visits Australia in November.

No major London concert has yet been announced, but dates so far confirmed are: Taunton Odeon (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Oxford New Theatre (11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), Great Yarmouth ABC (14), Hull New Theatre (15), Wolverhampton Civic (16), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (17), Harrogate Royal Hall (19), Stockport Davenport Theatre (20), Blackpool ABC (21), Middlesborough Town Hall (22).

Tickets priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are available from box offices and usual agencies. Shows begin at 7.30 pm with support set by Unicorn.

NEWS IN BRIEF

PETER GABRIEL

PETER GABRIEL is to play *two* concerts at Bristol Hippodrome on October 2. The shows start at 5pm and 8pm, and people already holding tickets for the previously announced 7.30pm show will be admitted to the second performance. Tickets, priced at £2.80, £2.40 and £1.75, are available by postal application to the theatre box office and should be accompanied by an SAE.

BRAND X

BRAND X, who guest with Stanley Clarke at Hammersmith Odeon concert this Friday (5), will record their performance for a live album. As Phil Collins is currently committed to work with Genesis, American Kenwood Dennard will sit in on drums. Dennard, a formally trained percussionist/pianist, has previously played with Aretha Franklin, Charlie Mingus and Elvin Jones.

DAVE SWARBRICK

FAIRPORT'S Dave Swarbrick cuts his third solo album in Denmark during September. Following the sessions, Fairport Convention tour Belgium with Martin Carthy before returning to Britain for an extensive college tour sometime in November.

BLUE

BLUE, just back from an American tour, release their first Rocket Records album, "Another Night Time Flight", next Friday (12). Later this month the band appear at the Reading Festival.

FLYING ACES

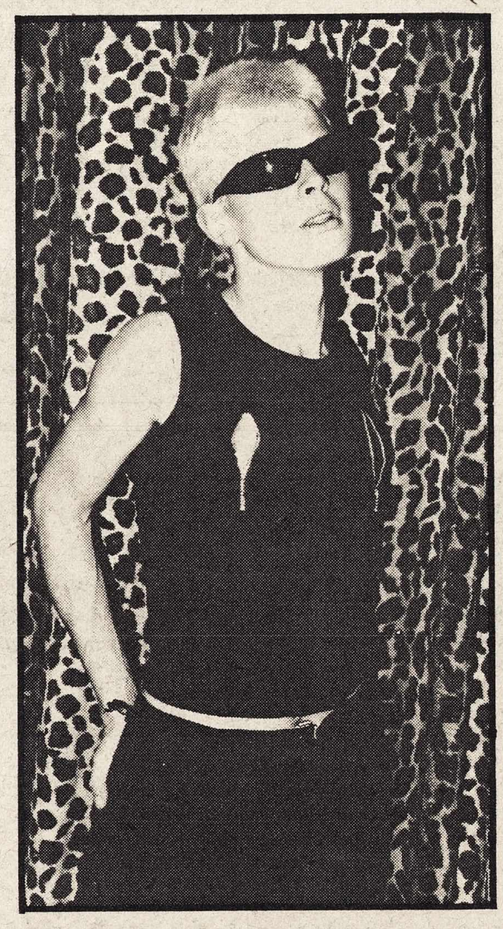
FLYING ACES start a British tour next month following intensive rehearsals after a band reshuffle. Formed last year by ex-Man bassist Martin Ace and his wife George, lead guitarist Richard Treece and drummer Micky Gibbins have left the Aces and been replaced by Steve Joseph and Clive Roberts. The band starts an Irish tour September 5, followed by provincial club, college, and ballroom dates and a string of European appearances.

DIRTY TRICKS

DIRTY TRICKS, currently playing the States, headline a UK concert and college tour late September to promote their third album, "Hit And Run".

GREENBELT FEST

ALTHOUGH THE four-day Greenbelt Festival planned for the end of August at Odell Castle Estate, Bedford, clashes with Reading and figures an even more lightweight bill, the organisers are optimistically anticipating the attendance to exceed 10,000. Described as "a festival to the glory of God", the full bill is: August 26 — Stephen Houston (ex-Fruup), PTO, Ann Gallant, Tom Morton, Millstone; August 27 — After The Fire, Kenny Marks, Nutshell, Alwyn Wall Band, Ever After; August 28 — All Saints Star Band, Fish Co., Garth Hewitt, John Pantry, Canaan; August 29 — Bryn Haworth, Masterpiece, Ishmael, Wellies.



GENERATION X

GENERATION X, who recently signed to Chrysalis Records and release their first single "Your Generation" later this month, have added more dates to their August itinerary. They appear at the Queen's Hotel, Southend (10), Hackney Town Hall (20), Liverpool Eric's Club (27), and Plymouth Castaways (29). The band will not now be appearing at London's Charing Cross Sundown on August 28, as previously reported.

JENNY DARREN

JENNY DARREN, Birmingham rock vocalist, this week finished recording her second album and begins a series of one-nighters at Carmarthen Civic Hall August 12. Other dates confirmed include Wolverhampton Lafayette (17), Dudley JB's Club (19), Newbridge Town Hall (21), Plymouth Top Rank (22), Cardiff Top Rank (23), Milford Haven Showboat (24), Pembroke Freshwater East (25), Manchester Electric Circus (26), Falkirk Monique Club (27), Bradford Princeville (28), Leeds Fford Green Hotel (29), Chester Aquarius (September 5), and Brighton Sherry's (8-10).

COUNTRY JOE

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD is likely to return to Britain later this year for a series of concerts with the original Country Joe & The Fish band. They are expected to perform sometime in the autumn to coincide with the release of the recently recorded "Reunion" album. At present, Country Joe is playing a series of German festivals.

PETE BROWN

PETE BROWN and Back To Front have now completed their debut album. They begin a series of gigs at London's Rochester Castle on August 19.

THE MANIACS!

THE MANIACS! make their first public appearance at the Mont de Marson Punk Festival in France this week since temporarily disbanding earlier this year. Formerly known as The Rings, the new group has dispensed with the services of singer Twink, previously with the Pink Fairies. Lead guitarist Alan Shaw now handles vocals.

ELKIE BROOKS

ELKIE BROOKS will be special guest vocalist with the Humphrey Lyttelton Band at the Reading Silver Jubilee Folk And Jazz Festival on August Bank Holiday Monday.

RALPH McTELL

RALPH McTELL is to appear in two BBC2 TV shows with Cleo Laine and Johnny Dankworth. The first will be broadcast on August 25, and the second, a special featuring John Williams and Sarah Vaughn, goes out on September 1.

IGNATZ

SCOTTISH SOUL and R&B sextet IGNATZ are currently playing their first series of London dates. Described as the Edinburgh equivalent of Cado Belle, and once the musical home of guitarist Jim Mullen and the AWB's Malcolm Duncan, they're at the Nashville tonight (Thursday), Dingwalls (5), Stoke Newington Pegasus (6), Basildon's W6 (7), Fulham Greyhound (8), Camden Music Machine (9), Fulham Golden Lion (10), Covent Garden Rock Garden (11) and Speakeasy (13).

QUINTESSENCE II

QUINTESSENCE II and Blood Donor play a National Abortion Campaign benefit gig at London's Roundhouse Downstairs August 28. Tickets are £1.40 or £1.20 for members, and the concert begins 7.30pm.

Vicki Blue is new Runaway

THE RUNAWAYS have denied reports that Danielle Faye, formerly of Venus & The Razorblades, has replaced the errant Jackie Fox.

A publicist for Mercury Records stated that manager Kim Fowley had telexed London to refute the story which had emanated from an American source.

Fowley said that an unknown 17-year-old bassist called Vicki Blue, from Tustin, California, started rehearsing with the group early in July, following the sudden departure of Jackie Fox, who reportedly made a suicide attempt while with The Runaways.

This week the reshaped outfit were due to begin recording their third album, which will comprise original material plus their version of the Free classic "Alright Now".

Vicki Blue has never previously played with a professional band, but after recording and a series of unannounced American warm-up gigs, she will make her official public debut with The Runaways at Coos Bay, Oregon, on September 7.

According to Fowley, Vicki has adequate qualifications for the group. "She has a tattoo on her left hand," he revealed, "she travels light and has her own leather jacket."

Gruntin' Gregg calls it off

THE GREGG Allman Band's proposed British and European tour has been cancelled, the NEMS Agency — who were setting up the dates — claimed at press time. Allman and his group were due to visit here for six days in September. No further details have yet been revealed.

Sex Pistols TV repeat

THE *LONDON Weekend Show* is re-screening Janet Street-Porter's Sex Pistols interview and examination of punk rock on Sunday (7). Originally broadcast last year shortly before the Pistols' appearance on *Today*, the film now has an historic ring. It goes out in the London area only, at 11 am.

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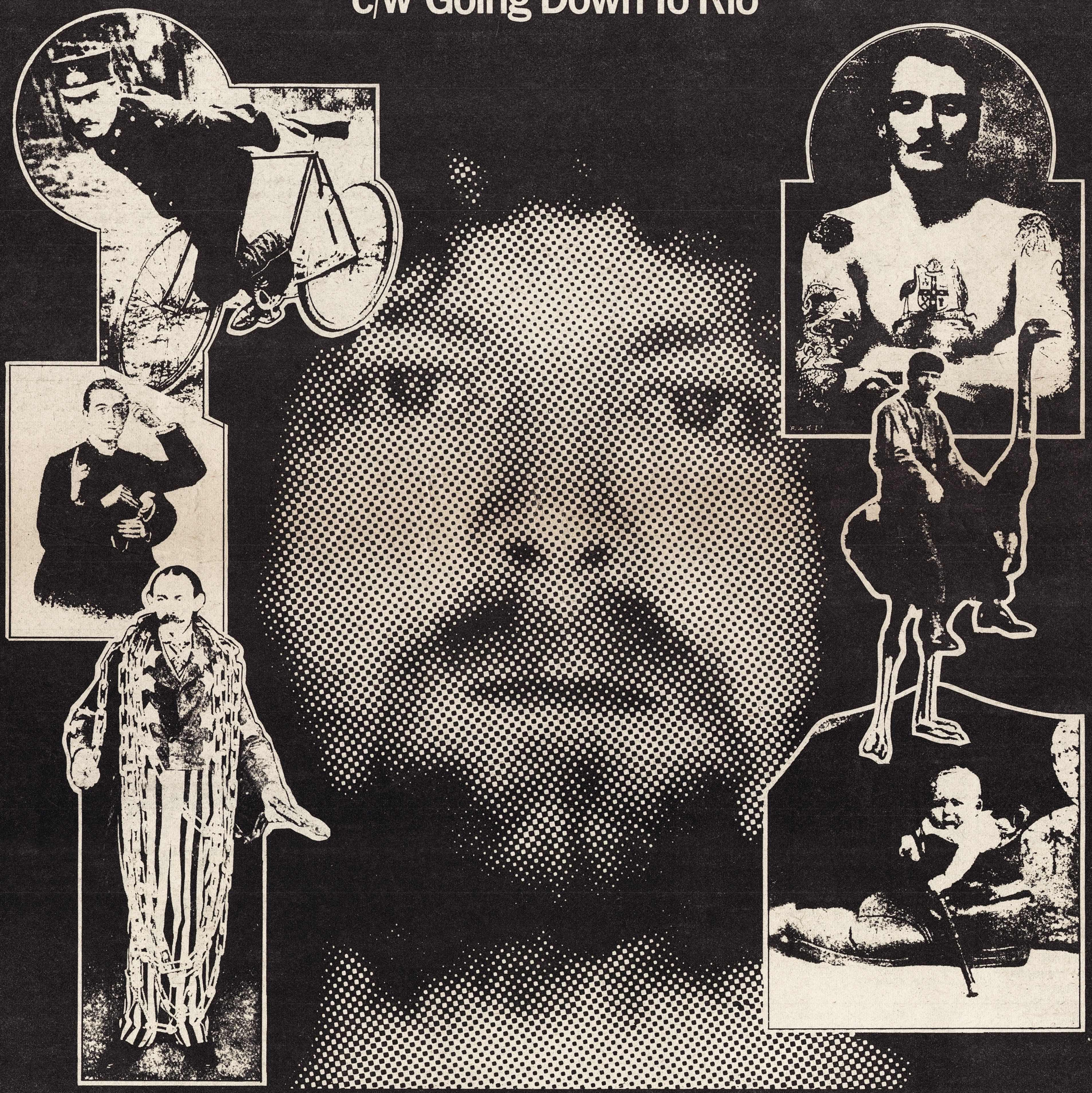

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TRILLS

BEACH BOYS PARTY FOR CHOSEN 1,600

TIME: 7.30 pm
LOCATION: The Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane.

I FELT honoured to be invited to the ANNUAL CBS CONVENTION in the plush confines of The Grosvenor House Hotel.

So marvellous to be wined and dined behind closed doors, to see The Beach Boys and receive a Dennis Wislon mug as a little table trophy.

Good Lord, I note a minor spe lling error, some wag has left an "n" out of Dennis thereby adding immeasrably to its value pn the open market. *(Very witty, Max — Ed.)*

I was surprised to see some of the higher paid employees of CBS nipping round smartly collecting up other peoples' little gifts while their backs were turned and even more shocked to see various gentlemen surreptitiously selling their personal invitations in the foyer.

Every year the top button at Columbia Records, Cleveland Ohio, fixes the time, place and budget for this elegant soiree.

The last night is Gala Night. After the handclaps for the wonderful men who make it all possible we are entertained by a reading from the sales figures and a show from Crawler.

The MC quips that "We are all agreed that one thing we can all improve on is our record for breaking English acts in the States."

I don't see much chance of the company failing with Crawler — the world must surely need another competent and tedious hard rock band. Always a pleasure to wave the flag, though three of the band seem to hail from Houston, Texas. Good to see the Empire remains intact.

Prior to the festivities I observe some high class ladies attempting to make an honest living, several smartly dressed Californian executives offering nasal titillation to friends and acquaintances, and a whole galaxy of stars from all walks of life.

Why . . . isn't that Mick Jagger escorting the lovely Susan George? *(Well, actually no — see Teazers — Ed.)* And look, there's Joe Strummer standing next to Art Garfunkel.

But what's this? Not a stone's throw from these worthies I spy Neil Diamond, Stephen Stills, Jeff Beck, Honest Ron Wood, Mick Taylor, Bruce Johnston, Patti LaBelle, and actors Eric Idle and Ronald Fraser.

Boz Scaggs pops in after his Rainbow show, but visiting Warner Brothers artists Little Feat appear to have some trouble getting in and resort to performing Derek and Clive routines at the door for the odd copper.

I heard at a party earlier in the week at the Royal Academy that the total cost of the CBS convention was somewhere between two and three million dollars. A mere bagatelle. I shouldn't wonder if flying in 1,600 CBS staff and accommodating them for a week in London's plushest hotels sets the coffers back a trifle. After all, consider the cost of Fiorucci threads,

Continued over page

THE BROTHERS

A long-running family saga continues: California fnurgs dump on U.K. public . . .

CONSIDERING THAT IN some way or other he is just about to have his dirty washing dragged across the front pages of the daily press, Carl Wilson, primary spokesman for the Beach Boys, seems remarkably chirpy.

You know the picture already. The Beach Boys schedule for a ball-busting out-of-doors festive jamboree and then blow it all out at the drop of a surf-board.

Almost immediately the Fleet Street truffle hounds and the music press, who are used to such disappointments, wade in with the "Beach Boys Snub Fans" shock probe.

Apparently the ageing old ravers can find time to play their greatest hits routine for the conglomeration of CBS International corps but can't make with the music for the people who pay the wages; that's you.

Mail bags groan with the collected angst of aggrieved punters who don't take kindly to the thought of Southern California's finest swanning for the man behind the luxurious closed doors of Grosvenor House instead of making with the harmonies on the boards at Wembley or wherever.

Prior to the cancellation ticket sales had been spasmodic.

Good for Wembley (30,000 sold) but less impressive elsewhere. A figure of £4,000 in sales was quoted for the Cardiff venue.

Whether this is accurate or not it seems certain that tickets out of London would not have been sold out.

When you consider that the last time the band played here the bill included The Eagles, Joe Walsh and Elton John and gave only one show (at Wembley), the enormity of the project becomes apparent.

For Chrissakes...what self-respecting band wants to play a Convention (sic) in any case?

The polite rattle of elegant wine glasses and the sensuous tinkling of customised twin sets is no substitute for 70,000 screaming fans waiting on their summer treat. The vibrations are distinctly bad.

So howcum Carl is so bright and breezy?

Well for a start he's talking to me, fending off the . . . uh . . . heavier questions with contrite sincerity.

Up since 7 o'clock, the youngest Wilson is tickled pink by the general wondrousness of the effort made to ensure the tour at least looked convincing.

He sups a glass of champagne and puffs on a Kool. I position myself respectfully on the receiving end of a force nine gale blowing through the open window and survey the bare necessities of the 'hotel suite'; the customary star-is-amongst-us-aura is missing save for a huge basket of assorted soft fruits (a Fortnums special no doubt), lying in state on the chic glass top table and Carl's large presence, reclined on a nifty leatherette settee.

"Oooww...wow...ooch. Excuse me. My back...aww fuck...I'm movin' house ya see and I lifted a few heavyboxes...oooh...I'll be alright."

A Gentleman from Rogers and Cowan (Beverly Hills and London), who is escorting me through the intro, ductory rap leaves to liaise with some radio sorts.

Look Carl about these concerts!...

"Sure sure, we all feel really funky about that. But there wasn't enough time. So many folks worked real hard to make it work but it was obvious from early July that we couldn't make tracks.

"Blame me" he adds magnani, mously, "go ahead it was all my fault. The other guys were hither and yon and I took the corporate decision. Gosh though I feel bad about that, the promoters workin' so hard and all."

There are those amongst us who felt that the decision to scrap was indeed inevitable, if not for the offi, cial party line reasons that all journal, ists will undoubtedly be given.

I get the impression that Carl, good natured as he is, speaking from a carefully vetted speech. When I read that he had almost broken down in tears at the decision I wasn't impressed.

Carl insists that his emotional response was genuine.

A dreary numbness comes over me. The bill, Carl. Look at it. Ricci Martin? Gallagher and Lyle? Even the Feelgoods and Dave Edmunds, stalwarts of the old school etc., etc., are hardly festival fodder.

Add to that the fact that no other band in the world, not even Led Zeppelin, the Stones or The Beatles reunion could be sure of selling out that number of out-door gigs one after the other, it just wasn't viable.

"I know what you're saying, man, but I was pleased about the bill. The Feelgoods are wunnerful, I saw them at the CBS Convention last year in L.A. but I guess they haven't exactly got on the stick have they?" (Roughly translated as: the Feelgoods are not massively popular stadia fillers).

Ricci Martin, Dean Martin's off-spring is a special case.

Though a turkey of the first order, Carl has produced his own solo album. The fact that he doesn't mean a used match over here escapes Carl's notice.

However he is able to put my mind at rest over the cancellation by changing direction. Just between you and me: "Lemme put it another way. It got so weird, everything was so

Continued over page

Brian Wilson interviewed by Robin Denselow.

[illegible] answered the first question. I had asked him why the Wembley concert and other shows had been cancelled. He replied, with apparent honesty, that "the promotion didn't hold up--we had to cancel because tickets weren't selling."

But then the press officer leaped in with the official answer — "there wasn't enough time to get the facilities right. It takes three [illegible] Wembley.

● ***The Guardian, July 29, 1977***

Pics here and over page: CHALKIE DAVIES.

THE BROTHERS

● *From previous page*

fucking weird that it weirded out".

He chuckles triumphantly at this inescapable piece of logic.

THE MUSIC news grapevine also threw up the fact that the Beach Boys are ill-prepared for any under the spotlight publicity at present.

Mike Love has only recently returned from a six months sojourn with the Maharishi Y. Bear and none of 'em have rehearsed since January.

Carl has been taking care of business on the West Coast while Brian and Dennis sunned it in Hawaii.

The man slips down a quick mugful of bubbly and continues:

"This has cost us 200,000 dollars y'know but it still isn't fair to do a late tour. We were committed to the convention last March 2 when we signed with Caribou so that's that.

"We're in the shit whatever way I phrase it."

The move to James William Guercio's Caribou company came as no surprise to anyone who has noted the abysmal sales figures for "15 Big Ones" and "The Beach Boys Love You".

Despite Brian's supposed fitness, Warners and the Sons of Surf have not exactly struck it off. Add this to the fact that Guercio was until recently their bass player and matters fall into place.

Except that James *(Electra Glide In Blue)* Guercio has been offed by the Boys. Strange, Carl?

"Firstly, CBS are probably the best record company in the world. We can handle the conflict of interests with Guercio. We sacked him twice actually, but the Beach Boys corporate council has agreed that there'll be no business hassle. Unless it's a special case...oh excuse me. Heh, heh."

Carl juggles with the phone and spills an ash-tray simultaneously.

It transpires that they have one more record for Warners to complete, going under the ironic title of "Adult Child". As their Caribou debut is scheduled for autumn release, the winter market will be saturated with Beach Boys product.

The legal issues are worrying Carl mightily. He refers me to their lawyer, Mike Lama.

But will "Adult Child" be a contract pay-off? "Naah, Brian's writing great songs, more grandiose than 'Love You' with more players."

Anything in the can though?

"I can't say. The legal shit is just hitting the fan." Which means that some of it might fly back.

Amidst the spaghetti imbroglio surrounding the Beach Boys current affairs the commercial failure at Warners looms large.

The blame, however much you dig the group, can be laid in both camps. The rather cavalier handling of the recent debacle is all part of the Brothers' inability at the moment to get their act together.

"15 Big Ones" was originally to be a double album, one disc of oldies and one of originals.

Despite the constant protestations that Brian is fighting fit, that really isn't the truth.

It was Brian who presented the band with a finished single album as a *fait accompli* and no-one can kid themselves that the renaissance of the Hawthorne High boy wonder turned studio genius has been without its pitfalls.

Carl Wilson openly criticises the Warners albums and recounts a tale of a meeting between the band and Warners top dog Mo Ostin early last year.

"The chemistry has always been wrong. Mo's employees have said we're his folly and I guess he has earned the right to do what he wants. He came up to us once and asked us if there was anything we wanted and Dennis said 'Yeah, just get us off the label'."

Unlike EMI in the UK, who certainly know how to sell Beach Boys records, and keep on repacking ad infinitum, Warners have not attempted to milk the greatest hits dry.

On the other hand the group have ridden their live successes by compromising their potential and giving the fans exactly what they want.

Carl is unrepentant on his own creative lull, although when you consider a track record that included "Feel Flows", "The Trader", "Long Promised Road" and a major part in the production of "Surf's Up" itself, he has been plain plumb lazy.

The constant deference to Brian hasn't resulted in a comparable raising of standards.

"Well we aim to please. Like I opened the mail one day and there's a platinum record for '20 Golden Greats' and 'Endless Summer' has sold three million plus. I guess we strike a happy medium."

The back catalogue now belongs to the Beach Boys, but EMI, who were supposed to destroy their stock of "Surf's Up" and "Sunflower", never did so and plan to re-release both albums, a move guaranteed to distract the public gaze even further from contemporary offerings.

The heavily publicised deal between Terry Melcher and Brian which was due to result in 26 sides only resulted in two, a single.

At that time Bruce Johnston had said that if Equinox didn't produce six hits that year he'd doggawn sell his record company. Did he hell.

Other possibly creative outlets for the Beach Boys that never materialised include the squashing of the second American Spring album on Columbia (Brian and Marilyn bought out U.A.'s share in the debut).

Even though the Beach Boys live still do give most other bands in the universe a run for their money the artistic impasse has reached an all-time low.

Past glory is what keeps the show feasible, but that apart they seem like old men playing a young man's game.

There is something very tragic in the reiteration that Brian is well again and everything is cool.

Carl's line on his big brother is predictable, touching maybe and yet only adding fuel to the optimists who persist in believing things can be like they were.

While Carl cruises Brian fights to regain his old touch. Listening to that is painful, seeing the man even more so.

Carl tows the democratic statement in front of me again: "Brian went through hell to get back again. He just fucked up completely with drugs. Not whoopee time but to get back to shape. Eugene Landy (the Dr. Feelbad of the classic *Rolling Stone* article) is a great clinical psychologist. He got a little wild with Brian at times but he won't ever need the uppers and the downers again."

Whether Brian is mentally fit is another matter.

Chain-smoking lost him his voice on "15 Big Ones" (what Carl calls "Brian's scratchy voice"). He now looks slimmer and healthier than since the mid-'60s but still requires a constant companion and bodyguard to keep off the pressures of rock and roll circus.

As Audree Wilson, mother of the brothers, walks in I figure that Carl and I are through.

I ASK PHIL Symes, press aide, if I can talk to Brian. It's alright. Upstairs Brian and his constant companion Steve Love are rooming in what is obviously the hotel's demon plush suite. Love looks at me hard before I go in, Brian immediately scurries off to his bedroom. The amount of mutual composure means that the atmosphere is strained. Brian looks with genuine trepidation at my cassette recorder and makes a supreme effort to sit beside me, straining with his left ear. It's the only time I've ever felt like a vulture. To be honest, five minutes is all I can stand.

For the first time in three years of interviewing I felt like an intruder on something private and sad. Brian may have come through hell but he didn't seem to me to be out of it either.

A huge, towering man Brian oozes tension and paranoia. Put some of it down to tortured artistic genuis if you like, I've never been over-awed by anyone like that before, but all normal human spirit appears to have drained out of him like a tide that can't be turned back.

Brian Wilson needs no vindication from me, he's proved anything there is to be proved and more. If the Beach Boys called it a day no-one could complain. No-one could feel cheated because Brian Wilson has given 15 years to some of the finest music imaginable and in the process he's lost his health, his sanity and that grip on reality which most of us never think about.

He answers my questions simply, in a remote control monotone. No flicker of emotion, Jesus I even think he's scared of me when it's the other way round.

He talks about his health and his career in exactly the same way that Carl speaks of him except that the hollow shell tells a greater truth.

"I'm fine, fine . . . in good shape. The Caribou album is nice, it's a natural album, a good progression from 'Beach Boys Love You'.

"Yes, I'm happy with the last two records. This one reflects where we are. The new record in unique in that we don't use Fender bass anymore, all the bass is played by a moog synthesiser. I'm very satisfied with it."

Earlier I'd asked Carl if the "Fire" tapes (the original "Smile" album) were ever materialising. He assured me that one day they would do. "They are literally hot, they'll blow people's heads off."

I ask Brian the same question. A twitch of panic crosses his face. Every answer requires enormous self-control. The emphasis is frightening.

"No . . . no . . . we never have any plans for that. I don't see that ever coming out."

Last year Dennis Wilson was interviewed by *Crawdaddy* and had this to say for the brother they love so much.

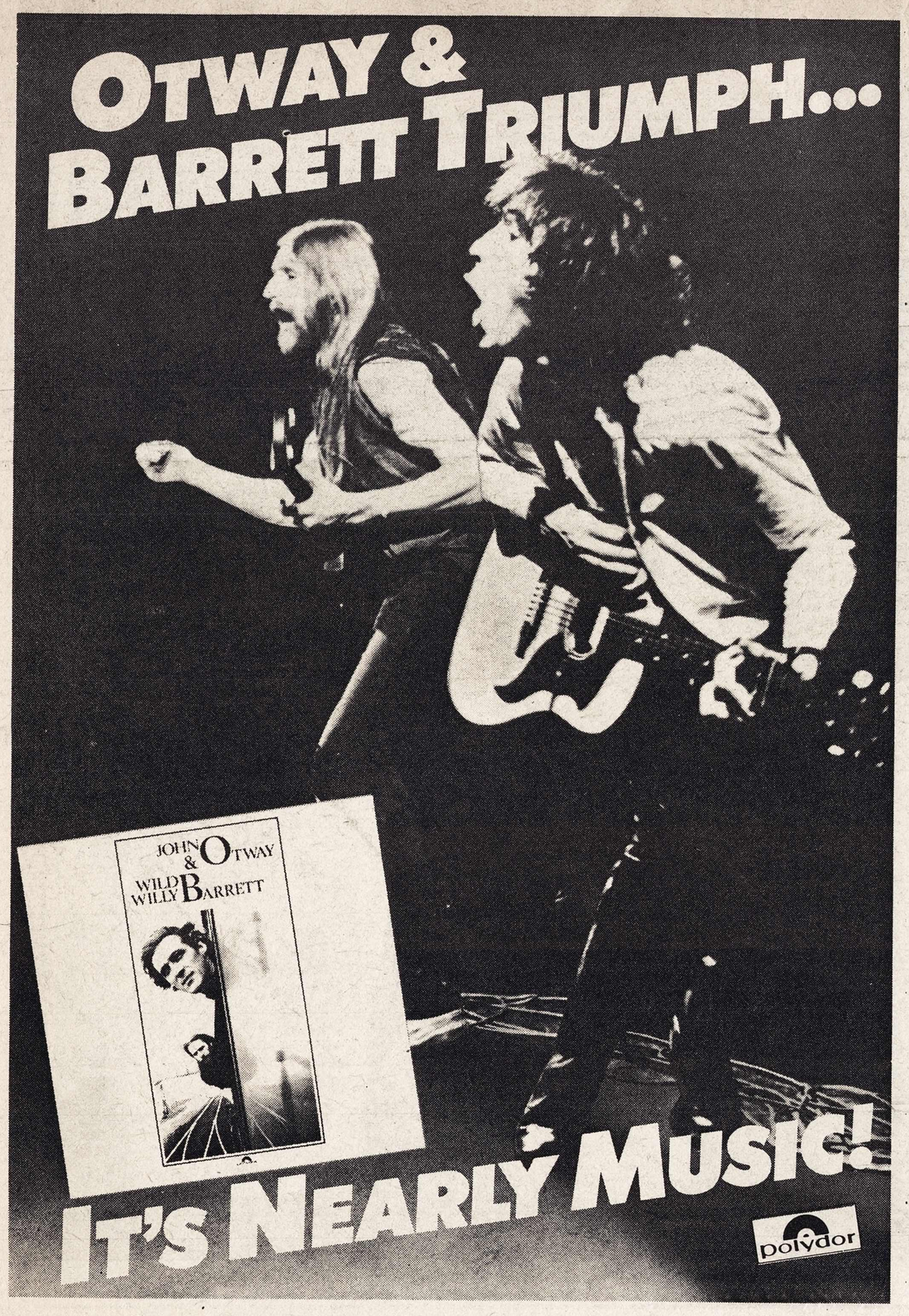
"Brian Wilson is the Beach Boys. He is the band. We're his messengers, is all of it. He's everything."

But Brian is not a god. He is after all a very brave and brilliant man who got broken once too often.

I'd love to think there were more "Pet Sounds" bursting forth. There won't be. The water lock is screwed tight.

When is the pretending going to stop?

□ MAX BELL



BEACH BOYS PARTY

● *From previous page*

good malt, and the outrageous expense of ordering the odd banquet on room service; a fellow has to live after all.

What matter if the tab is a paltry million or so at the end of the week?

These conventions are vital to corporate morale; manifestly more important than ensuring that the Beach Boys play a few live dates for the public.

The pride in the company shown by the boys in the back room was quite touching. Belgian A&R men displayed the motto of the label on their chests; *CBS The Family Of Music.*

Americans in muted neon checks spoke in loud confident voices and banged their spoons spasmodically on the tables.

As my Yorkshire pudding melts in my mouth the star turn makes its appearance to massed cheers.

Yes, it's the new signing, The Beach Boys.

The wonderful people who work in the CBS London press office look tired and harassed and remind me of real human beings.

Elsewhere, the enthusiasm is great despite the fact that the group are playing a set which no live audience in the world would let them get away with.

The team spirit is indomitable but the Beach Boys are awful.

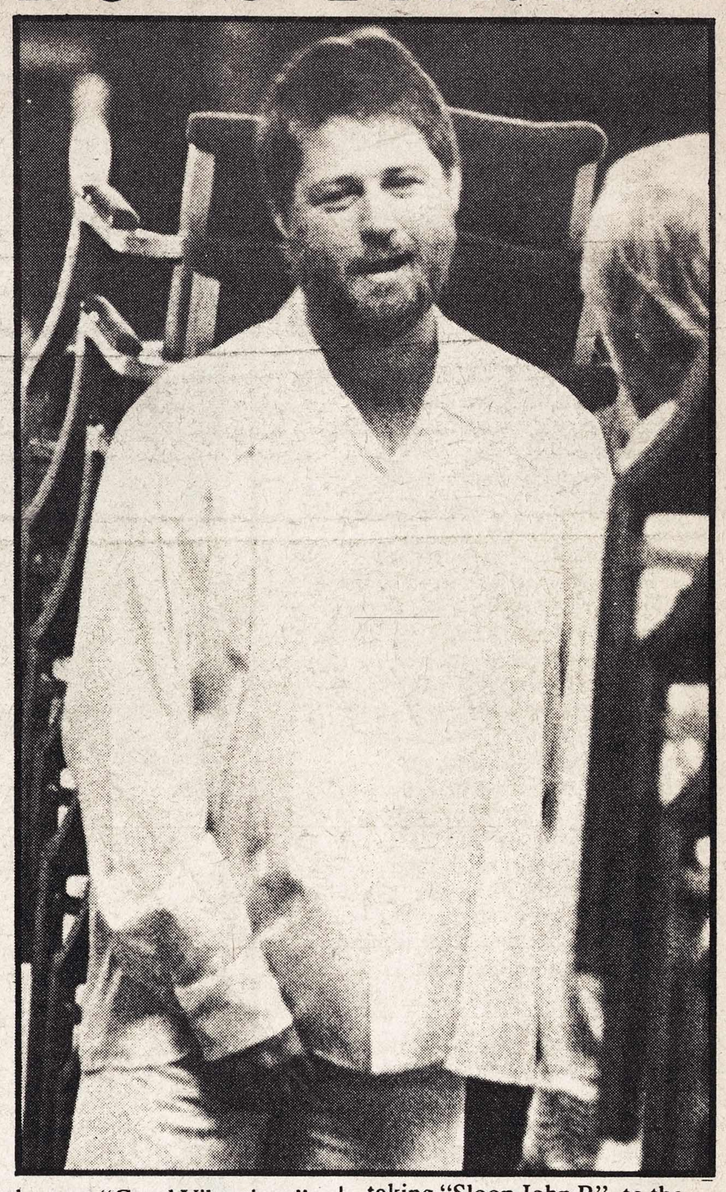
Well, not awful but dull and predictable and far too old for this sort of thing.

Whaddya want me to tell you? They played them all, yes, even that and that too.

Sure the harmonies were spot on, the sound was appalling and the whole experience was less exciting than signing your vasectomy form.

Brian sang (inaudible) played some bass (indistinguishable) and some piano (there was another keyboards player too). He looked like he didn't know what the hell was going on. I don't blame him.

In fact the rest of 'em looked more gaga by the minute. Only Carl Wilson made any pretence to professionalism, the others were on hold. For Christ's sake, how many times can you do . . . veah, even "Good Vibrations" and mean it?



The tables rose and fell — waves of thunderous applause, but then they're paid to like it.

A real Beach Boys fan couldn't have dug it if he or she had been lost in a maze of acid. It was a nightmare of boredom.

A large back-up band played reasonable variations on the old themes, Charles Lloyd made a complete monkey of himself and blew some of the worst saxophone imaginable. Carl led them in and out through "California Girls", to Brian taking "Sloop John B", to the four encores, "Help Me Rhondda", "Rock and Roll Music", "Surfin' USA" and "Fun, Fun Fun" but daddy took the T-Bird away ten years ago.

To be fair to the group I doubt if I would have enjoyed seeing The Doors under these conditions and I know you'll say I was lucky to see them at all.

If you want to complain send a letter to Walter Yetnikoff. He's the President of Columbia and I'm sure he'd love to hear from you. The buck stops there.

□ MAX BELL

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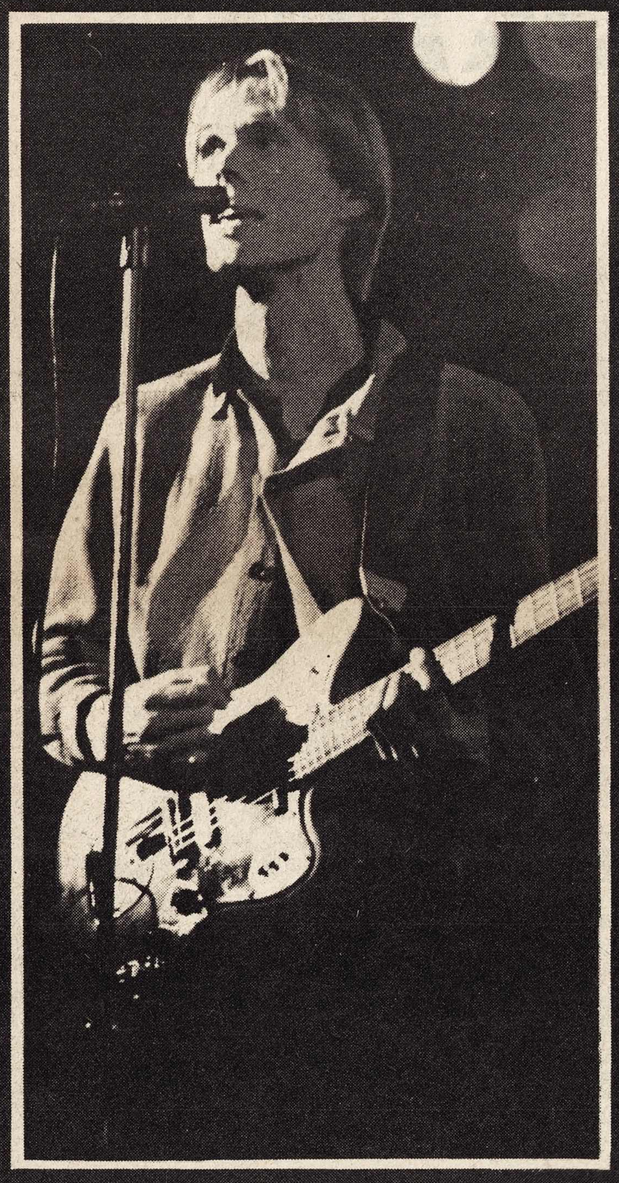

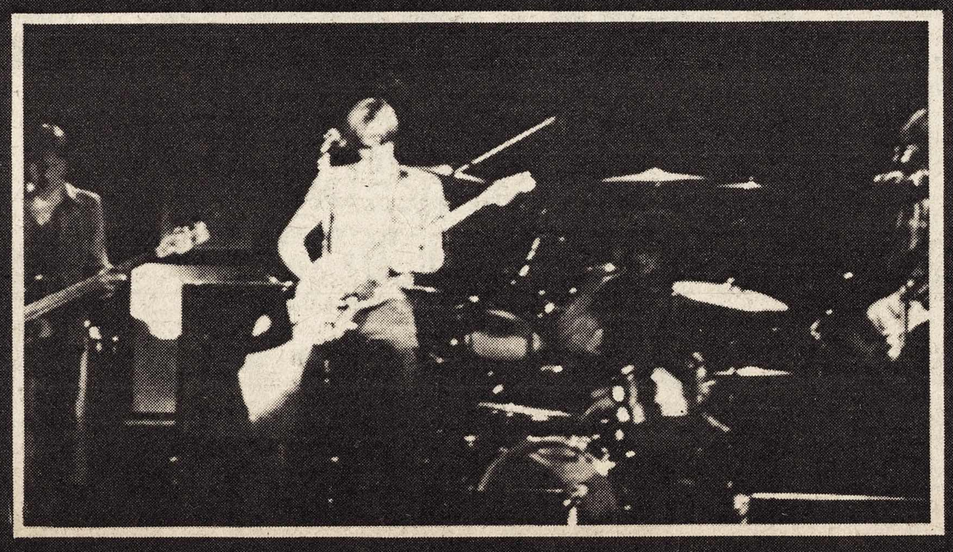

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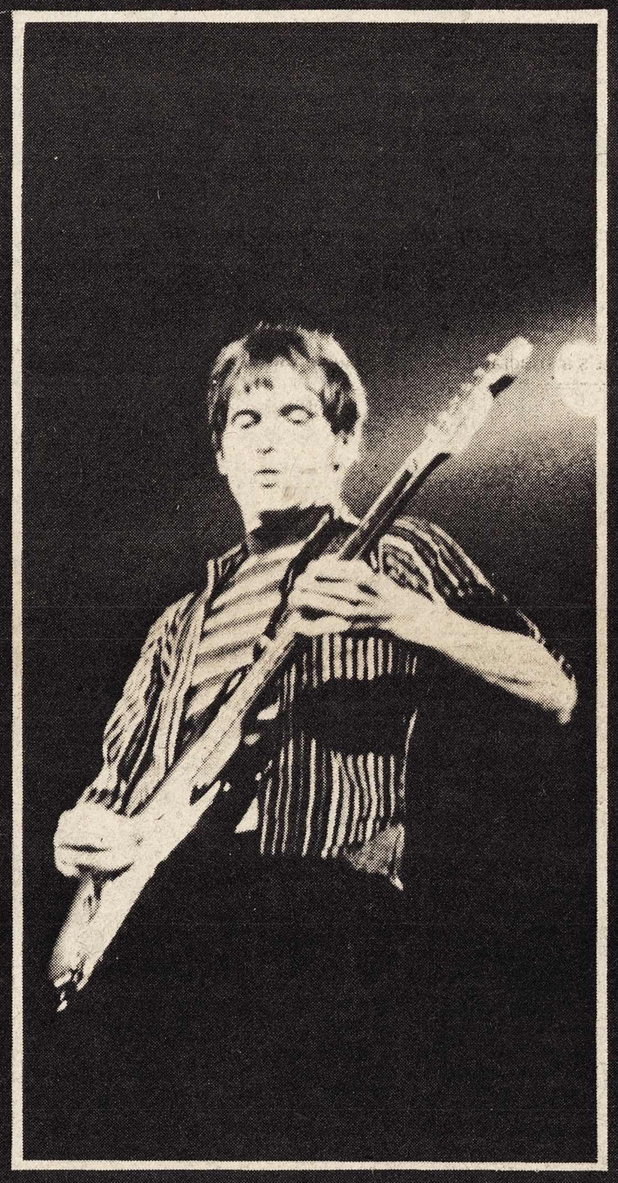

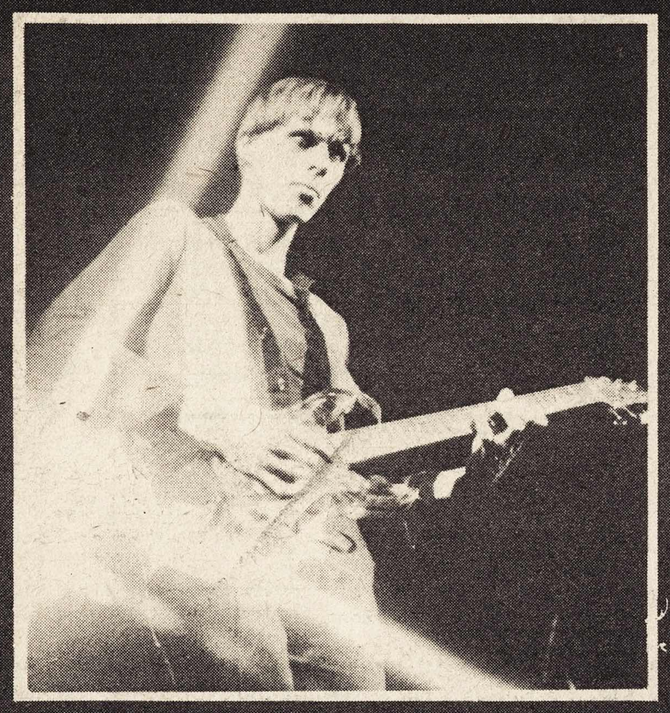

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ROMAN POLANSKI: Facing five charges

POLANSKI TRIAL FEVER HOTS UP

LIKE A chapter straight out of the pages of *Hollywood Babylon,* the Roman Polanski trial, due to begin on August 9, will be a media sensation.

Not since the "Fatty" Arbuckle trial in the 1920s has there been an event so likey to slake Hollywood's thirst for sensation.

They will not be disappointed.

As far as can be gleaned, the facts of the case are this. On February 20 this year Roman Polanski visited the home of a girl of 13 and discussed with her a photographic assignment for the French edition of *Vogue.*

The girl's mother was present at the time and consented to the arrangement.

One week later, Polanski photographed the girl fully clothed at her home and then took her to a nearby wood, removed her blouse and photographed her naked from the waist up.

Then on March 10 more pictures were taken at the home of Polanski's friends before he then drove her to the house of Jack Nicholson, who was out of town at the time.

There, the girl alleges, Polanski gave her three or four glasses of champagne and part of a Quaalude tablet. She then stripped off and got into an outdoor whirlpool bath where she posed for more pictures. After this session, she claims Polanski took her inside and had sex with her, telling her not to let her mother know what had gone down.

Late that night however, her mother allegedly heard the girl talking about it on the phone and immediately called the police. The next day Polanski was arrested in his suite at the Beverley Wilshire Hotel where, it is claimed by some sources, the photographs of the girl were seized.

Armed with a search warrant, James Grodin, deputy district attorney, then led a raid on Nicholson's home.

As a result Nicholson's girlfriend, actress Angelica Houston, (daughter of film director John Houston), was charged with possession of cocaine and released on £1,500 bail.

Polanski was also released on bail of £1,500 while a secret session of the Los Angeles County Grand Jury determined the charges.

After days of deliberation the jurors indicted him on one count each of furnishing an illegal drug to a minor; lewd or lascivious acts upon a child under 14; unlawful sexual intercourse; rape by use of drugs and perversion and sodomy.

Quite a catalogue.

The various court hearings went on throughout April, Polanski making several appearances, each time being mobbed by reporters and only commenting: "I am innocent".

Polanski's attorney's were fighting hard, asking for a psychiatric examination of the girl and permission to admit evidence into the case of the girl's previous sexual activities.

Finally the trial date was changed to August 9, a five-week delay because, the *Hollywood Reporter* claimed, "of an expected battle over copper-colored panties worn by his alleged victim which failed to materialise."

It was also subsequently learned that charges are to be dropped against Angelica Houston in return for her testimony that Polanski and the girl were in the bedroom when she arrived back at Nicholson's house.

At the time of his arrest Polanski was about to start work on a movie for Columbia Pictures called *The First Deadly Sin,* but this was considered too tricky a subject to tackle until the trial is settled.

Instead he signed up with Dino de Laurentis for a multi-million dollar picture called *Hurricane,* described as "a contemporary love story set amidst the storm and spectacle of the South Seas", to be filmed entirely on location. (It hardly sounds Polanski's pigeon).

While his lawyers were busy preparing his case he was in Tahiti checking out locations for the film. He was expected back in Los Angeles at the end of last week to prepare himself for the trial.

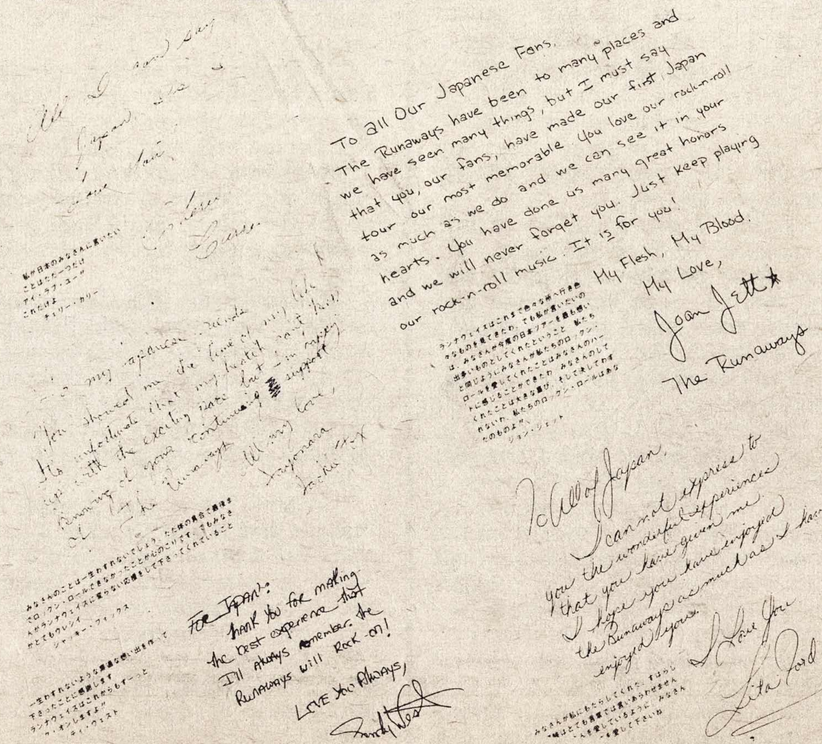
Polanski, who has already had the tragic misfortune to be tangentially involved in another major Hollywood scandal of recent years, when his wife Sharon Tate was murdered by the Manson Family, could now be in for a hard time. There is now a wave of revulsion sweeping America over child pornography and offences against children. In a number of States, strong new laws are being passed, invoking tough new penalties.

Another trial in Los Angeles waiting to come to court is that of Henry Wynberg, former boyfriend of Elizabeth Taylor, who is charged with having illegal sex and supplying alcohol and drugs to four teenage girls.

Though it seems on the cards that the authorities could try and make an example of Polanski, the man himself seems unconcerned.

"I am used to grief; this is a trifle."

□ DICK TRACY


To All Our Japanese Fans,
The Runaways have been to many places and we have seen many things, but I must say that you, our fans, have made our first Japan tour our most memorable. You love our rock-n-roll as much as we do and we can see it in your hearts. You have done us many great honors and we will never forget you. Just keep playing our rock-n-roll music. It is for you!
My Flesh, My Blood, My Love,
Joan Jett
The Runaways
To All of Japan,
I can not express to you the wonderful experience that you have given me. I hope you have enjoyed the Runaways as much as I have enjoyed you.
I Love You
Lita Ford
FOR JAPAN:
Thank You for making the best experience. I'll always remember the Runaways will Rock on!
LOVE YOU ALWAYS,

RUNAWAYS CAPTURED BY NIPPONS

"THE RUNAWAYS Live In Japan" . . . a Nipponic vinylised affirmation that the almost edible Runaways can rock out with metaphorical balls, a fact that you would not be aware of if you've never seen the girls live and restricted your estimation of their worth purely on the evidence of their sanitised studio material.

The album was recorded live and kicking in Tokyo in June, 1977, just before bassist Jackie Fox split from the band to prevent her nerves from getting permanently shot, and it's not only a recording of the Runaways at their loin-warming best but also an almost-perfect example of how well a record can be packaged when the company uses a degree of flair, imagination and taste instead of the usual product-consciousness tack.

There's a superb gatefold sleeve embellished with a dozen live colour shots, complete illustrated discography, five 12" by 12" autographed (sigh) photographs (pant) backed with the age-old pop weekly hilarity of each of them answering 22 crass questions.

Questions like: Prospectiveness of the Runaways? (Whaaat?) Episode in your childhood? ("Fell off my horse" — Sandy West). Type of men you like? ("Ones who treat me like a person, not a rock star or pig" — Joan Jett, ain't she nice?) Episode in your school days? ("I got kicked out" — Lita Ford). View of life or philosophy? ("To keep on living" — Cherrie Curry).

Plus the revealing answer to question 12 — What is your schedule this summer? — put to the depressed Jackie. "Work, work and more work," she responds.

Also indicative of Jackie's distress and discontent at her lifestyle as a touring Runaway is the letter page on which all the band scribble some love-lines to us pop-kids. While the other musicians gush on about how wonderful Japan is and how much they're enjoying themselves, Jackie Fox writes about how "it's unfortunate that my health can't keep up with the exciting pace . . ."

All the letters, song titles and lyric sheet are printed in Japanese as well as Amerikan, just to give the packaging a little local colour.

Actually, I'm lying. The reason that half of everything is in Oriental is because the album has only been released in the Far East, while the Western market has to content itself with the two Mercury albums that just ain't in the same LEAGUE as the stuff they got down on vinyl here.

There are superior versions (Heavy Metal with a sense of humour) of, from the first album, "Cherry Bomb", "You Drive Me Wild", "Rock And Roll", and their best song, "American Nights"; and from their second album, "Queen Of Noise", only the title track, "California Paradise" and the great "Neon Angels On The Road To Ruin".

They were wise not to include much from the second one as the majority of songs therein STINK.

The four cuts not previously issued are "C'mon", Gettin' Hot", "All Right You Guys" and the Kim Fowley classic recently out in single form by Venus And The Razorblades, "I Wanna Be Where The Boys Are".

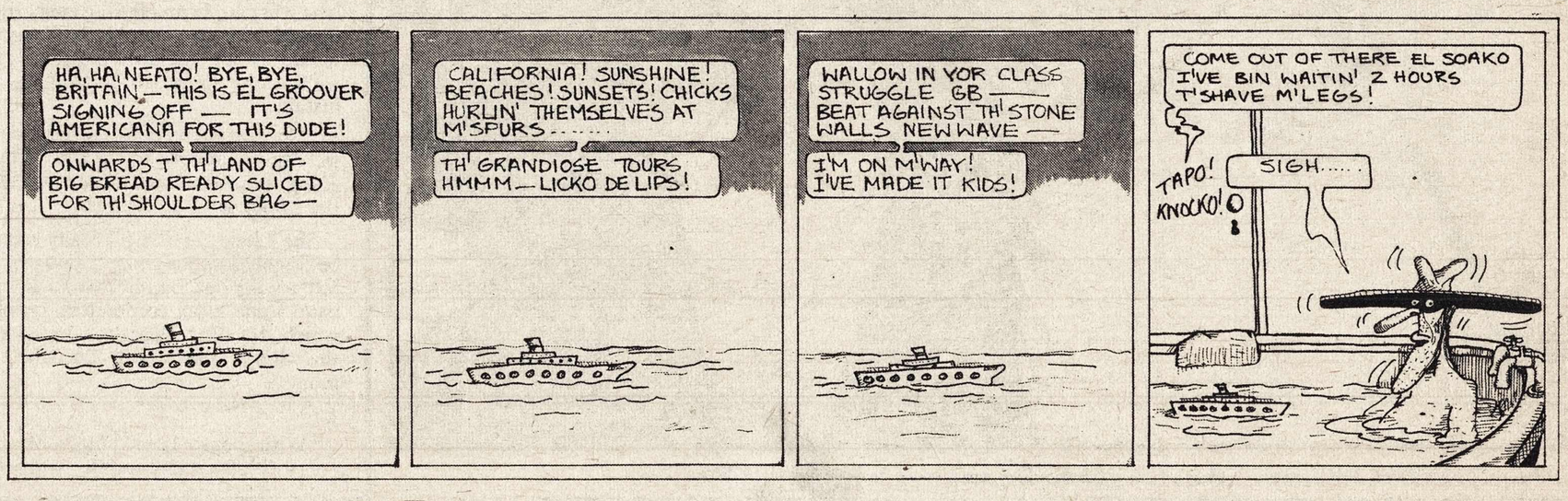
The Kim Fowley connection firmly cemented between band and svengali once more, this album proves conclusively that the liaison produces the best form the girls have got.

Fowley has drafted in a replacement for Jackie Fox from another band he has primed for wealth and glory — Danielle Faye of Venus and The Razorblades.

"The Runaways Live In Japan" is the definitive statement by the band to date and if Phonogram don't rush it out over here as soon as humanly possible then they must be loony. It's an indispensable souvenir for anyone who ever got off on the girls live. Thanks for the mammaries, angels.

□ TONY PARSONS

BENYON: The Lone Groover


HA, HA, NEATO! BYE, BYE, BRITAIN — THIS IS EL GROOVER SIGNING OFF — IT'S AMERICANA FOR THIS DUDE!
ONWARDS T' TH' LAND OF BIG BREAD READY SLICED FOR TH' SHOULDER BAG —
CALIFORNIA! SUNSHINE! BEACHES! SUNSETS! CHICKS HURLIN' THEMSELVES AT M' SPURS.....
TH' GRANDIOSE TOURS HMMM — LICKO DE LIPS!
WALLOW IN YOR CLASS STRUGGLE GB — BEAT AGAINST TH' STONE WALLS NEW WAVE —
I'M ON M' WAY! I'VE MADE IT KIDS!
COME OUT OF THERE EL SOAKO I'VE BIN WAITIN' 2 HOURS T' SHAVE M' LEGS!
TAPO! KNOCKO!
SIGH.....

'I'M STRONG, INDEPENDENT AND FULL OF SHIT'

BONNIE RAITT talks Woman to Woman

BONNIE'S READY with an excuse for why we'd sat around for an hour laughing hysterically about suicide, feminism and nuclear power plants built in earthquake zones.

"There's acid in these grapes!"

"Bonnie, come on, they'll kill me if I don't ask anything about music."

"I know, but I'm going crazy. You can only talk about yourself so long before you go 'Nih!' "

La Raitt I like a lot, not a little because we're both the same age, come from the same earthquake zone and refused to go surfing, but also because she's funny, bright and plays the bottleneck like a bitch.

I don't mean that nasty. You know what I mean.

The poor kid is also pooped, in poor health, hoarse-voiced and just about boogied out after whooping it up day and night at the Montreaux Festival, but she flew over from the Continent for one afternoon crammed with interviews so Warners couldn't chide her for not promoting her recent album, "Sweet Forgiveness", and her upcoming London concert on Saturday.

Raitt admirers will already know, of course, that "Sweet Forgiveness" is one of the best things she's done, with a title track that kicks ass, and other passionate celebrations of da blooze, country discomfort and rock 'n' roll — the sensuous, sympathetic "Louise"; Jackson Browne's heartbreaker "My Opening Farewell", and the single, the raunchiest, toughest, sweetest take of "Runaway" you'll ever hear.

Bonnie's sophisticated enough to have earned her way, in eight years, to headliner status across America without being one easily definable "type", largely because she picks her material with an eclectic enthusiasm for contemporary music as well as the famous blues connection.

"Boy, choosing songs is the hardest part. I wish I wrote more, but so little of my life is private as it is because I open myself up so much with the songs I do. So when I write stuff it's just *too* personal and nobody's business.

"I listen to hundreds of tapes. I really love the songs I sing, they give me a lot of joy.

"In terms of my singing, though, I never have liked my voice. When I hear my first albums I go 'yech'. (!!!) On this last one, now that I've beaten it down with whisky and talking too much, it's starting to get low enough to fit the music, gritty enough and powerful enough for what I want to sing.

"If I could sing like Mavis Staples or Gladys Knight or Aretha Franklin I would get so much more pleasure.

"And I lose my voice all the time," she croaked. "My dad's a singer, and did he teach me to sing? No. Because he didn't think I was going to do it for a living.

"So now I'm in real trouble. It's really a drag losing my voice. I don't think I'm a blues singer, I think I've taken it somewhere else because there's no comparison in terms of some older blues people."

At that point we started getting a little silly again, discussing the possibilities of vocal chord transplants.

"Wouldn't that be far out? Like Sippie Wallace leaves me her vocal chords."

Sometimes people like to think a woman who plays electric guitar and fronts a band of men must be pretty heavy, but Bonnie doesn't think you have to be Joan Crawford to convince people you're serious.

She used to be so embarrassed she'd play with her head down, hair over her face, hunched over on a stool so nobody could check out her legs.

"I just got more secure. It's nice to be a little older and more comfortable with your looks. I always used to have a complex about myself growing up in L.A. because I didn't tan and didn't fit that surfer look, didn't have a perfect body. Now you look around and you can look almost any way you want, which is really a step forward.

"I don't think audiences really care about that. But if Robert Plant wants to come out and be real sexy on stage I'm not putting down a woman coming out with her tits all over the place. I shouldn't say tits, as a feminist," she shrieks at herself.

"Exposing herself? That doesn't mean I have to like it. I don't think people should sell sex, but I'm not gonna say there's anything wrong with that. I think everybody should get to do what they want to do.

"I'm not tough, the same way I'm not a blues singer. I just happen to play guitar. I'm a tough person — independent, strong and full of shit," she adds, and we double up again.

"No, you know what I mean? But anyway, I think it's crummy when people do that.

"Crummy? Jeez, I'm such a bozo. I could be so intelligent, but I blew all my intelligent chops on the first two interviews. It's such a relief to see another girl in here. Will you make me sound more intelligent?" she pleads.

Ma dear, don't be crazy. Actually, Bonnie makes a lot more sense than many a muso.

As she has championed the blues, paying aged originators' hospital bills and putting her idols on tours with her, so she puts her money where her mouth is for other causes.

One of her proudest moments was being *Guitar Player* magazine's first ever cover girl in May, because she's concerned about other women getting a crack.

"When a little girl wants a Statocaster she can go 'See, *she* has one', and that makes me feel good.

"I'd like to see someone come and blow me right away. I'm so lazy. People always go, 'Oh, she's good for a girl' but I don't even practice. If I practised I'd probably be good, but I'm getting away with this vague excuse that because I'm the only girl playing guitar I can sit back and rest."

Bonnie with manager Dick Waterman — that's him with his dog-mask — in Soho's Berwick Street market.

Touring about nine months of the year and recording during the remainder, she's hardly taking it easy. And she does a lot of benefits, some for Mimi Farina's organisation Bread and Roses, which takes performers to people in prisons, mental hospitals and old people's homes.

"The premise is that the artist is as isolated as the people inside. Rock is such a cocoon-like life.

"I hope this record sells enough so I can take a break, because I only make my living from touring and I've got to stop this pace because of my health — because I'm known to party a little bit — and my old man is going to leave me if I'm gone all the time.

"The only difference between me and the guys in the band is that they get laid and I don't. As horny as I get, I'm not made like that because I have a wonderful old man at home. Besides if you have a name you think people will talk. It's not fair at all."

"But things are going to change because people are getting concerned. People like me and Linda Ronstadt would rather call up a paper and say we'll only speak to a woman, for instance.

"If we women get a little pact going we can tell record companies they're going to have to hire more women on the upper level to sign us."

She's sure she doesn't really want to be hugely famous and have no privacy left at all, but Bonnie would love to have some more commercial success, which she richly deserves, because of the things she would do with the money.

And I believe her.

"With money I could make films on Sippie Wallace and sponsor women to be engineers at the studio and have more clout.

"Right now I'm really interested in stopping nuclear power plants. It's very real to me because they've built one right on the San Andreas Fault Line in California."

Rapidly disintegrating, we roll around for a bit laughing at this inanity.

"God, it's not even funny! I'm trying to organize a lot or rock musicians who just sit around and drive Mercedes into spending their money a little bit, guilt them into doing benefits.

"I don't mean to come on as holier than thou, but I think it's important to give back to the community a little bit."

"So, I wouldn't like to be famous, but I would like to make some more bucks to do more serious things with my time.

"I can't go on like this without a vacation either. That's why I'm sitting here laughing at tasteless jokes! That's why I have a manager that has a dog mask!" she howls as Dick Waterman arrives, a vision in an incredible rubber pooch face.

Bonnie was really upset about the picture of her in *NME* last trip out, when her laughing nutter face with tongue hanging out was put next to an insert of Fred McDowell as if she was pointing to him slobbering and snickering.

"He was my dear friend, whom I love, and he'd died. I was really hurt by that, it wasn't funny. I had to get that off my breast.

"*Now* I'll put my dog mask on and you can take a picture of me," she laughs.

With sweet forgiveness, natch.

□ ANGIE ERRIGO

ON TUESDAY morning at Wells Street Magistrates' Court, a Teddy Boy had just been sent off with a stiff fine for partaking in a bit of punk-bashing down Kings Road and being caught with an offensive weapon, when he sauntered out of the courtroom at 10.30 am to be faced by no less than four punks waiting in the hall, all looking suitably mean.

Was this Karma? He might well have thought at the time. Well, it wasn't — in fact the scrawniest and most evil-looking one was being had up on exactly the same charge as him.

His name was Sid Vicious, and he'd flown straight in from the Sex Pistols' Scandanavian tour to stand trial on a year-old charge of being caught in Oxford Street's 100 Club with a flick-knife the night a 17-year-old girl had one eye blinded by a piece of flying glass. Standing with him as a witness for the defence were Clash members Mick Jones and Paul Simenon, plus journalist Caroline Coon and ex-journalist/Generation X manager John Ingham.

On the prosecution side was merely one policeman, and no civilian witnesses whatsoever. In fact, to the impartial observer the whole scam appeared as something of a put-up job, and one reason for the trial being postponed until virtually a year after the event was said to be that the police involved had such an insubstantial case.

Anyway, Vicious himself wasn't taking any chances. He'd even bought a black suit and donned a shirt and tie for the occasion. Only a pair of fairly brutal 'beetle crushers' with thick rubber soles gave his identity away. He'd even dragged his mother along, exhumed from darkest Dalston for the day on her 250cc motorbike, which was parked outside the West End assizes.

Meanwhile, Messrs Simenon and Jones appeared to be in a fairly dire state, having spent the previous evening getting outrageously pissed at the CBS Convention and refusing to be photographed with Chairman Oberstein. Anyway, each witness spent between twenty and thirty minutes in the box and the basic insubstantial nature of the charges became apparent.

All witnesses for the defence claimed that Vicious was over at the opposite side of the 100 Club when the fatal glass was thrown, though that wasn't even the charge, of course.

Apparently, no less than five policemen were called to the club and Vicious, who'd made something of a name for himself previously for various outbursts of violence at punk gigs, was immediately selected, quite indiscriminately, as the potential culprit. The Five Feds pounced, dragging Vicious out of the club and searching him to find a flick-knife.

The outcome of all this hoo-hah was that the presiding judge, a conservative type *(Get away — Ed)* with a fairly obvious bias against punks *(You don't say — Ed)*, gave Vicious a stern reprimand and a fine 0f £125 after his lawyer had given a speech about the possibility of this upstanding young man's future in the Sex Pistols combo being jinxed by a stiff sentence.

After the trial, Sid flew back to Scandinavia to play the remaining dates with his band and socialise with Charles Shaar Murray.

□ NICK KENT

Now turn to page 23.

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RAMONES standing like they always stand in London. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

DIAL-A-RAMONE: GABBA EXPLAINED

"TEENAGE LOBOTOMY" Get Well' and 'The Cretin Hop' . . . they're out latest songs.

"'The Cretin Hop' is a brand new dance, we gonna show der kids in der UK how t'do it when we come back at der end of der year."

Dial-A-Ramone services has enabled Mrs Ramones' shortest son to elucidate the brothers' future directions as they prepare to slink back to the studio to record their third album.

"We wanna put der kids in anudder dimenshun . . ."

But, Tommy, The Ramones are so SLOW on vinyl . . .

"Yeah, well, we ain't so fast on der records coz we like to make it, like, two different bands: one fer doing it live and one fer doing it on record. Yeah, we getting faster all the time. The fourth album'll be a live one, should be able to get about 30 songs on two sides."

Those of you who witnessed The Ramones on their recent UK jaunt will not be amazed by valuations of the band as The Seventies Beatles, The Perfect Pop Group, Trash Aesthetic Incarnate and all the rest. Forget all that obscurantist artistic minimalism crapola. Did you need an Oxford Dictionary to read *Spider Man?* A BA to enjoy The Ronnettes? An N.U.S. card to chew on a cheeseburger? The musical brain-surgery of The Ramones is there to be *enjoyed;* my goodness, they're fun, coming over like their total experience on the planet has been restricted to watching technicolour USA TV and listening to high school juke boxes.

And hasn't The First Tycoon Of Teen himself expressed a longing to join forces with the brothers and try to recapture the glory of his Golden Age?

"Yeah, we visited Spector at his mansion," Tommy recalls. "He was real friendly until he pulled his gun and held us prisoner. But after Dee Dee told him that he wuz noo rotic Spector was okay again."

And will The Man's vision of a Ramones/Spector liaison ever happen?

"Awwww . . . uuuummmm . . . ah dunno . . . maybe he'll call us up in der future . . . ah dunno."

This red hot quote reminds me that all artists of true genius articulate chiefly through their work and often face accusations of being mumbling morons when limited to mere conversation. Believe me, kid, we don't have it easy . . .

"Dey say we're STOOPID". Tommy bellows over 6,000 miles of telephone wire. "Whadda dey *want?* Fer us to use *flugel horns* 'n' *strings,* or sumting?" Tommy chuckles at their detractors' ignorance.

"Der Gabba - gabba - hey - we - accept - you - one - of - us ting on "Pinhead" is our, uh, *statement* to all der people who call us DUMB an' give us exagerrated Noo Yawk accents when dey write about us."

Where's it come from, Tommy? Like, wherefore the source of information, pinhead?

"We sorta picked up on it from this silent '30s movie called *Freaks* by dis guy Tod Browning," Tommy reveals. "And when der freaks admitted someone noo into their ranks dey carried signs saying, "Gabba, gabba, we accept you". An' 'Pinhead' is a parody of that."

Last time I spoke to The Ramones they were all skint. Tommy says that their financial situation has improved somewhat of late.

"At dat time I didn't have a dollar," he says glumly. "Now I got a dollar," he quips. "HAW-HAW-HAW!"

T. PARSONS MAKES WIT DER DIAL. T. RAMONE MAKES WIT DER MOUTH

And the uniform of leather jacket, tee-shirt, cheesy sneakers and ancient Levis with knee ventilation? Are they the only clothes the brothers have got?

"Yeah, dat's all the clothes we've had for tree years now," Tommy sighs.

How long?

"TREE YEARS!" he repeats impatiently.

Ain't it getting a little . . . *samey?*

"Well, it kinda smells," he chortles. "Especially in the hot weather. But we jest hang it out the window fer a while an' den it ain't so bad."

Despite their casual attitude to personal hygiene, The Ramones were considerably pissed off with the vast quantities of bubbling gob spat in their direction on their tour of these isles.

"It's funny, all dat spitting you got over dere," Tommy reflects philisophically. "We got some spitting in Manchester, but most of it happened at the two London gigs . . . see, we're entertainers, an' we wanna put der kids in annudder *world,* annudder *dimenshun* when we're on stage, an' when you're playing an' ya suddenly get a stream of gob in your face . . . boy, dat's real DISTRACTING!"

Tommy's thoughts on the British Youth Apocalypse are diplomatic, although he concedes that him and his brothers find politics nowhere near as inviting as showbiz.

"Yeah, we seen dem bands," he says. "Dey're real good. Met Sid and Johnny of The Sex Pistols and dey were real nice guys. Said, "How's everything?" an' stuff." All in all though, Tommy Ramone reckons that the '70s are musically not in the same league as the '60s, and says that The Ramones' favourite bands are still the likes of The Beatles, Stones, Kinks and other dinosaurs, their influence tempered with primal Heavy Metal and classic pop pulp.

"Most of the bands in the '70s are fifth generation Led Zeppelins," he concludes. "The Ramones is a reaction against *dat.*"

□ TONY PARSONS

RAMONES standing like they always stand in New York. Pic: BOB GRUEN.

DYLAN: STALE NEWS COMES TO LIGHT

WITH THE CBS convention taking place in sleepy ol' London town the time seems apposite to recall the rather curious way in which '60s New Wave artist Bob Dylan quit the label only to return two albums later.

Why, you may have wondered at the time, did the Zim split in the direction of David Geffen's Asylum Records to return to CBS after Asylum (Island in the U.K.) had put on out "Planet Waves" and "Before The Flood"?

Was he dissatisfied with Geffen's operation? Were CBS threatening a torrent of "Dylan" style outiakes albums? Or had Bobby never intended to leave for very long anyway?

The answer, according to one source over here for the CBS convention is the last.

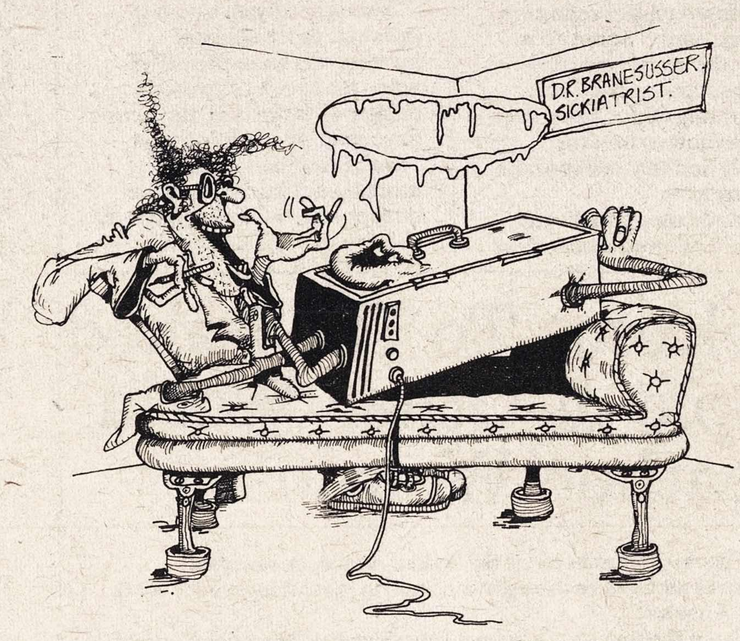
Dylan went off to Asylum, strengthened his bargaining position after touring with the Band, and returned to a bigger and better deal than he'd have got if he'd stuck around just renewing old contracts.

The real meat for all you music-heads, though, has nothing to do with this acceptable face of rock'n'roll capitalism.

The real meat is that had it not been for a concerted freakout by the heads of CBS Bobby would have celebrated his return to the label by putting out a *triple* album and *not* "Blood On The Tracks" (which many consider his finest recorded work since "Blonde On Blonde".)

A triple record, Robert felt, would be the only adequate way of stating *where he was at* at that point in time. Wisely or unwisely the record company execs were concerned about the viability of such a move, and nixed it.

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ



THE ICE BOX COMETH...

GIRLS! LAST time *you* snuck several sauerkraut from the refrigerator with which to consumate a raging hunger, did your *icebox* bite out the icy rebuke; "What dress size did you say you wear?"

Savage, huh? Or —

"Calories, calories, calories!"

Perhaps —

"You eating again?"

Or maybe caustic wisdom is your freezers bent: "If you'll be eating it today, you'll be wearing it tomorrow!"

Those are the quirky *quatre* retorts programmed into numerous Yankee refrigerators by Lawrence Peska Associates of New York which shoot their sanctimonious message every time a podgy person pulls open the freezer.

There's been no tests to prove that a chatty chilly-box can actually help you drop all those stones of hideous flesh, but the manufacturers claim that this kind of icy reception may serve as a verbal slap on the knuckles to weak-willed dieters who may have reached the end of their tether.

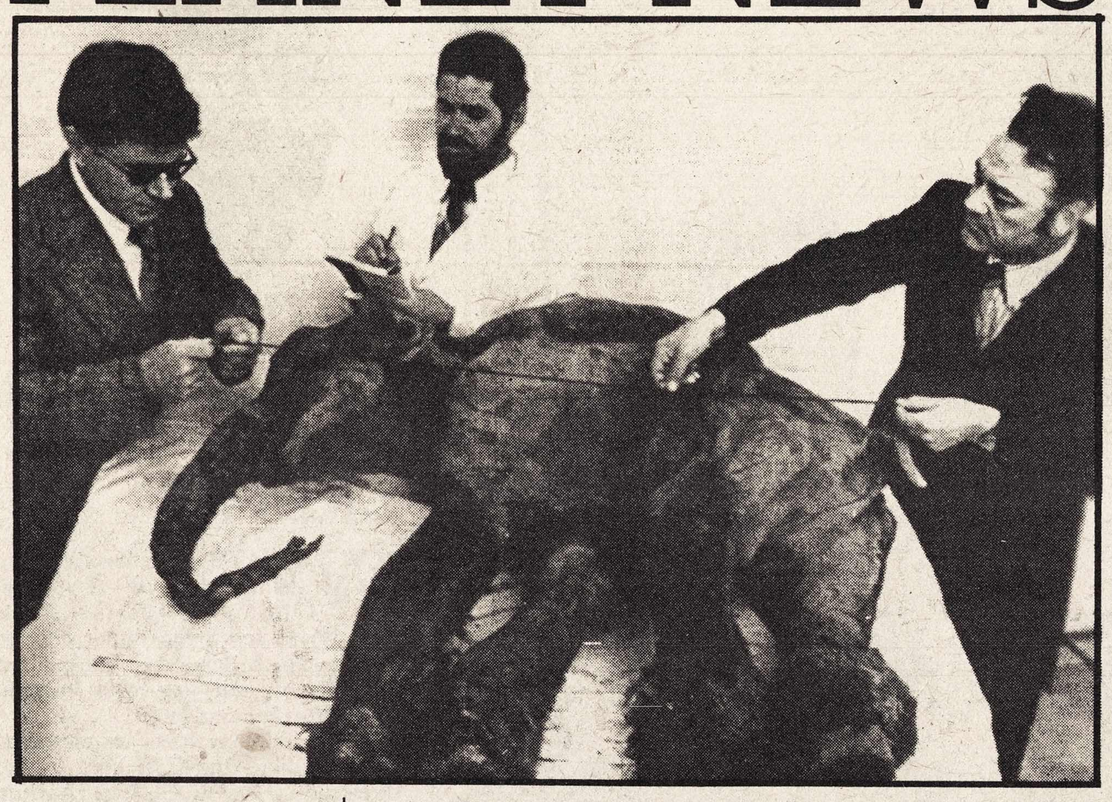
"The people who've used it so far love it," says Alan Adelson, a company spokesman. "It's a very natural reminder to stick to your diet."

Natural schmatural — you know the *easiest* way to lose two stone of ugly flesh?

Cut off your head!

□ JULIE BURCHILL

PLANET NEWS



ABOVE is a picture of a perfectly preserved 5 year old baby mammoth discovered by Siberian gold miners. Scientists believe that it had been lying in the eternal frost for about 12,000 years.

Also in the last fortnight, the rotting carcass of what is believed to be the extinct plesiosaur was dragged up by Japanese fishermen, and it is now believed possible that there could be many more of them still alive in the Pacific ocean off the coast of New Zealand.

Finally, at another dig on Sarasota, Florida, archaeologists found a 6,000 year old human brain, believed to be the oldest preserved brain matter ever unearthed. Also found on the dig were an extinct tortoise skewered by a stake and a 10,000 year old boomerang.
POPPERFOTO

Out Into The Unknown

WHEN the two spacecraft Voyagers One and Two are launched in August and September and set out on their lonely trip past Jupiter and Saturn and on into outer space, they'll be carrying a strange payload.

In an attempt to give alien civilisations an idea of where we're at should the probes encounter them, a number of discs , films and tapes have been put on board. The discs include the sounds of wind and rain, bird songs, a baby crying and messages from a number of UN ambassadors in a variety of languages.

Also included are tapes of music from Bach to Duke Ellington and Chuck Berry, and films of humans licking ice cream and making love.

The Professional Guinea Pig

THERE are now so many different medical experiments being carried out in the US which demand human guinea pigs that some people have turned professional. One man, who refused to give reporters his name, said: "Some do it just for the money and don't care about trying hard and co,operating. But I know such things as how to breathe properly and that is important for many tests."

He made the remarks just after he'd allowed researchers to poke holes in his chin ($15 a hole), stick a tube down his throat to extract lung cells ($70), extract some of his bone marrow ($100) and have him participate in bike pedalling tests ($200).

One researcher commented: "Professionals know the ropes and this often makes things easier and quicker . We advertise to find them."

The Hour of The Alligator

CITIZENS of Miami were somewhat disturbed recently to see two alligators casually sunning themselves on the sidewalk by a major road junction. The police were called but by the time they'd arrived the reptiles had disappeared back into the sewer.

This is hardly an isolated incident. Since alligator hunting was banned in 1969 when the species seemed in danger of extinction, the beasts have multiplied rapidly and have been found nosing around backyards, roadside ditches and swimming pools in the city. It's got so that a person's as likely to meet a gator as a mugger.

The Miami police have even had to set up a special Alligator Squad to try and return all the beasts to their home in the Everglade swamps.

Indians Blag Uranium

ONE contingency which America may not have allowed for in its energy plans is that a large part of their natural resources are under land controlled by the American Indians.

No less than 55% of US uranium and 30% of US coal is controlled by a dozen Indian tribes, and they have been meeting recently with members of Arab nations in order to learn some of the highly successful bargaining techniques that OPEC has been employing over recent years.

The Indians, or native Americans as they prefer to be called, have already set up a Council of Energy Resource Tribes, and plan to establish their own cartel, which could lead to very interesting developements in the years ahead.

For The Record

BANGLADESH villagers fought a tug of war with a 30-foot python which swallowed a man up to his waist. Man and python both died.

An American psychiatrist has claimed that 35% of all US police on duty are "really dangerous". He made his conclusions after interviewing 6,700 police officers and applicants in California.

Tellyviewers in Jutland, Denmark, have been picking up programmes from Rome, over 1,000 miles away. The freak reception is said to be caused by sunspots.

According to a report from the World Federation for the Protection of Animals in Zurich, there 6 million dogs in Britain. Of the estimated 2,740,000 born each tear, fewer than 50% are found homes and in 1974 alone 870,000 puppies were destroyed.

Welcome To The Baked Apple & Other World Weather Weirdos

THE Big Apple has become the Baked Apple, as abnormal heatwaves and severe drought continue to spread from New York to Los Angeles.

It's been the hottest American July since the "dust bowl" years of the 1930's. Kemo, a Connecticut state police Alsatian, collapsed and had to be given several days off work. Eighty thousand chickens died in Maryland because "they cannot sweat like humans or horses, They gasp for air and drink a lot of water. Then they sit down and give up." Hence "chickening out."

Rainfall in parts of the American south is 30% of normal, drought has been declared in 30 states, and the New York death rate has jumped 10 per cent because of heat-caused pollution.

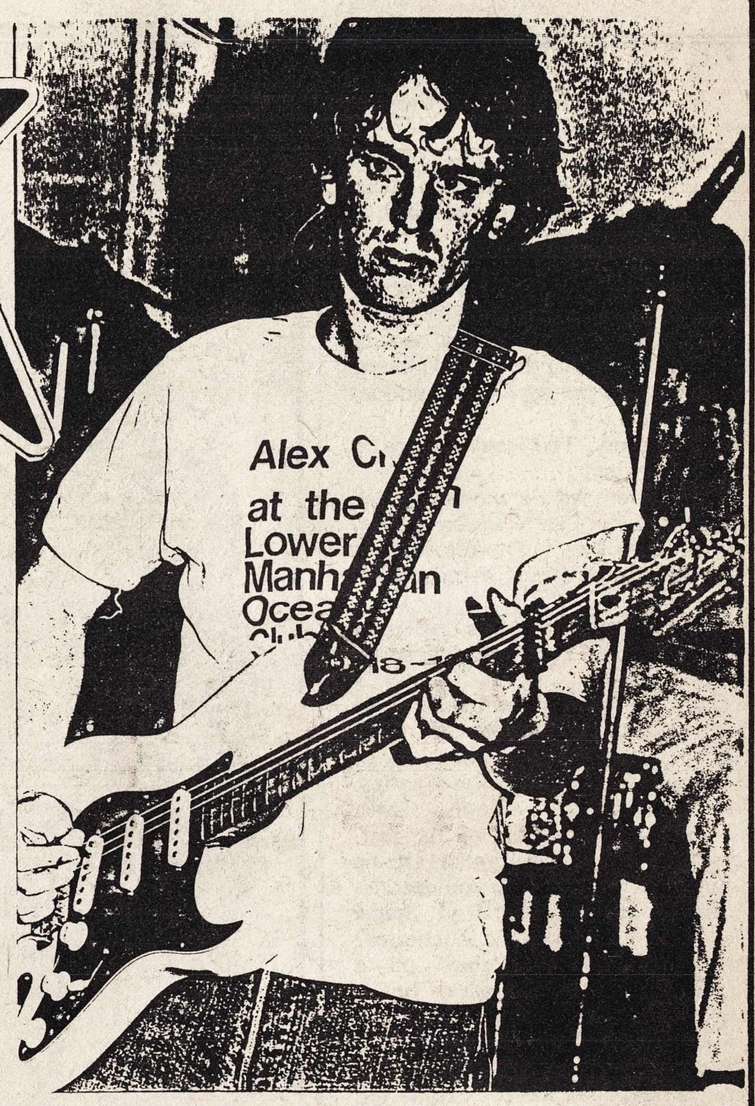
America's extremely hot summer follows last winter's crippling blizzards. It all seems part of the pattern of massive planetary climate changes which have been continuing now for 4 years.

This year alone there have been drought in China, Haiti, Hong Kong and Greece. Athens is sweltering at up to 115°F. It's been snowing in South Africa for the first time on record. The monsoon is late in south-east Asia, Kenya's had its heaviest rains for 25 years, and the Antarctic is getting colder, with temperatures last year averaging −50°C.

Theories vary. Some say a new ice age is on its way and beware the frozen wastes of Darlington. Others say industrial pollution is turning the atmosphere into a greenhouse: Earth warms up, arctic ice melts, New York and London drown. Orthodox meteorologists prefer to believe everything is just as it should be since "averages are made up of abnormalities."

But conspiracy theorists claim it is all a Russian plot to change the weather, destroy western grain harvests, and cause the sun to shine eternally aon the Kremlin's golden onion domes.

BIG STAR BURNS REAL SLOW



For almost ten years now, Alex Chilton has resolutely resisted successive attempts by the rock press to deify him.

"I can't get a license to drive in my car
But I don't really need one, 'cos I'm a Big Star".

— Alex Chilton

IF ONLY we knew then what we know now, Alex Chilton really would be the Big Star he desperately wants to be.

Maybe it's ironic that the first Typhoon of Teen to augment an Americana punk trip for the '70s was approximately five years too early for over-nite success. Or maybe you get what you deserve.

Alex Chilton is currently resurfacing for yet another bite on the bullet and hoping that he can make people forget about his past associations, his recorded masterpieces and his credentials to be Next Big Thing in New York's teeming clubland.

See, for too long Chilton was lauded as the cult figure that got away, the good loser genius boy wonder. Rock writers, who love a cult figure more than their paycheques, have dug Alex for a while now, but their loving don't pay his bills.

Born December 28, 1950 in Memphis, Tennessee, Chilton was snapped up by producer Dan Penn to front the Box Tops. By the time he was 17 he had sung lead on three U.S. Top 20 hits — "The Letter", "Cry Like A Baby" and "Neon Rainbow".

Like Rick Derringer's period with The McCoys, this initial bravura was actually a major drawback. Until 1971 Chilton lived off royalties but he wasn't a blue-eyed soul kid anymore.

Three years on the Greenwich Village circuit gave Chilton a nasal whine where before his vocals had been a fruity black soundalike. Round the time he lost his acne, Chilton found he could play blistering Stratocaster guitar just like his English mod idols.

In 1971 he returned to Memphis and joined three friends, Chris Bell, Jody Stephens and Andy Hummell in a small time outfit called Big Star (named after a chain of local supermarkets).

Chilton's arrival injected some purpose into a promising trio. John Fry, owner of Ardent Studios, got them a distribution deal with Stax, famous for their soul past but by then hardly a suitable vehicle to drive four runts off the block and into The Big League.

After their highly promising debut "Big Star 1", replete with neon cover and 12 radio songs, Bell and Chilton fell out after a fist fight during rehearsals.

Chilton had a chip on his shoulder of Atlas proportions, plus he was developing a drug habit, but neither stopped the bands's second album "Radio City" from being a classic.

Long before frustration, bitterness and cynicism had been condidered essential for the second coming of rock-'n'roll, Big Star were perfecting an Anglophile garage sneer.

Big Star most definitely missed the bus. And despite rave reviews Fry and Stax dropped them. As so often with American bands, records were charted on a credit system and projected airplay, but never reached the states.

They probably sold more here on import than they over did in Memphis, and Tennessee is a starvation zone for rock. Country boys don't appreciate longhairs in camp clothes playing loud songs that owe nothing to the Grand Ole Opry.

But the local girls between Poplar and South Parkway dug it.

And "Radio City" is definitely a girls' album, with plenty of jerky guitar madness strung around some unlikely chord structures, weird drumming, words almost impossible to decipher, though mostly about back seat sex, and an overall production from Chilton which sounds like he took a vacation in a canning factory.

Big Star were original tin metal rock'n'roll with an English mod complex that they transcended by virtue of their raunch and a fundamental grip on new wave which makes those bands languishing beneath that title now seem old hat.

If you like, it was airwave pop too — with Television's modern urban moodiness and the Talking Heads' idiosyncrasy combined.

Chilton really is a pioneer.

After "Radio City" Big Star disbanded, save for one unreleased third album of variable quality including a version of the Velvets "Femme Fatale" a reflection of Chilton's sordid state of mind in 1975.

He'd O.D.ed in the studio once too often. The last that was heard of Big Star, Chilton had devastated a console and left a mess of blood-soaked towels strewn over the floor.

IN THE summer of 1976, writer Jon Tiven persuaded Alex to pick up his guitar again. With the former producing and playing second guitar, Chilton cut an EP in New York. Studio scenes were crazy, Tiven popping out at dead of night to score prostitutes for the band.

The EP, "The Singer Not The Song", is patchy. Chilton sounds boozed and smashed, and the music rarely lifts above mediocre, save for one cut, "All The Time", which echoes better Big Star days.

A new single, "Shakin' The World" b/w "Can't Seem To Make You Mine", is Chilton back to form, especially the B side, a great cover of Sky Saxon and The Seeds' punk classic.

His new agreement with ORK Records sees Chilton based at a real company able to launch him on the East Coast where his natural hard rock affiliations lie.

A touring band — Chris Stamey, bass; Lloyd Fonoroff, drums; and Fran Kowalski, keyboards — should ensure that Chilton shakes the world some. At least from 34th and Lexington to Brooklyn.

Listening to the EP and the single was an excuse to dig out the old Big Star nuggets that band ever reformed, well . . . . that New York new wave will have to watch out for Chilton. He's a mover.

□ MAX BELL

ALSO SPRACH CLARKE

NOT SURPRISINGLY, perhaps, one of Arthur C. Clarke's ***Desert Island Discs (BBC Radio 4, July 27) is Richard Strauss, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" . popularly known, of course, as the theme music to 2001 — the Kubrick film to which Clarke contributed the screen-play, thus sealing his own reputation as a major SF writer.***

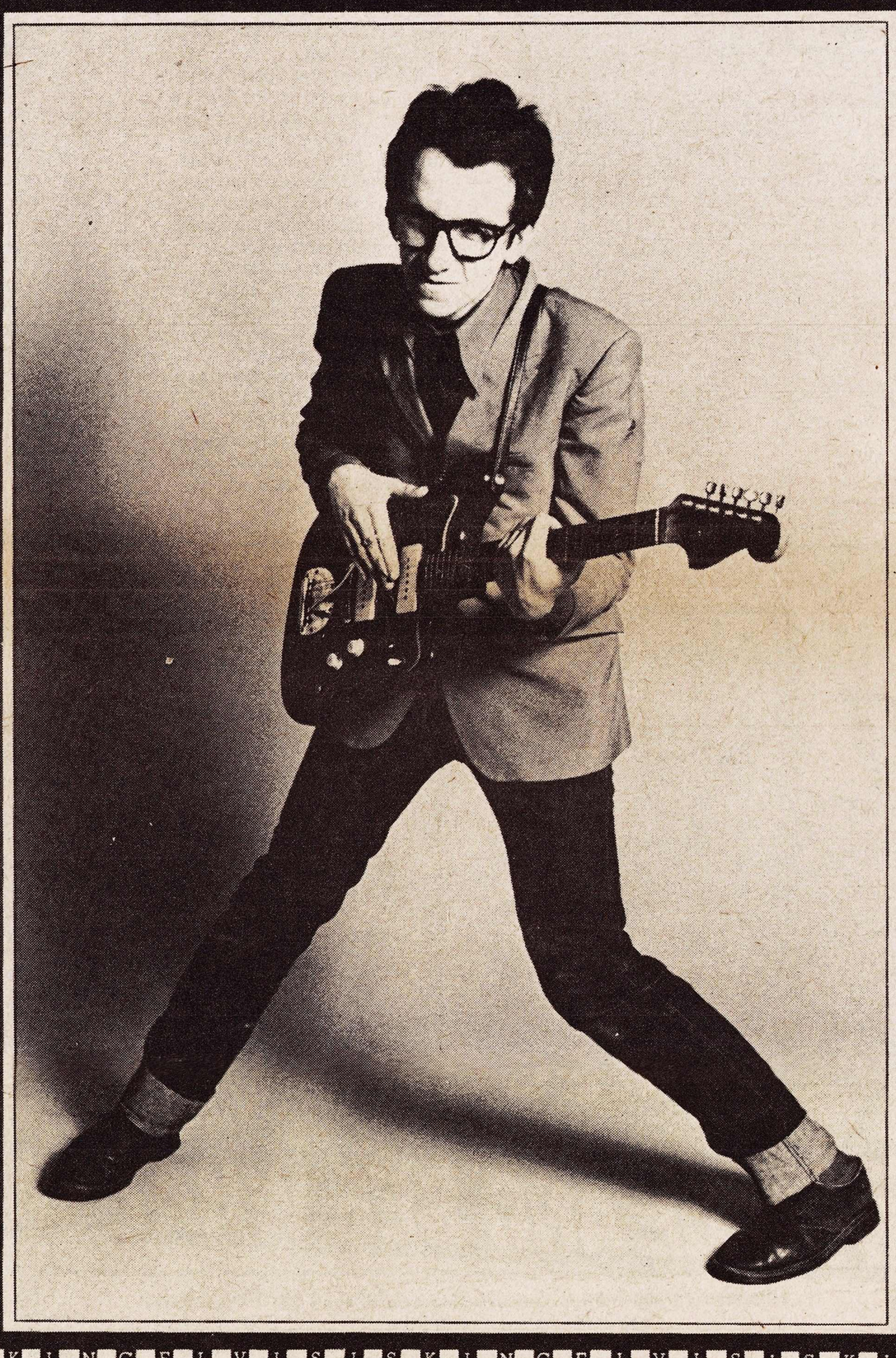
Clarke wanted to use Vaughan Williams' "Sinfonia Antartica" for the film, but now admits that Stanley Kubrick's idea to use the Strauss tone poem was inspired.

Clarke, resident in Sri Lanka these past 20 years, also rates Beethoven's 9th Symphony (an integral part of Kubrick's Clockwork Orange) and Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor ("The single greatest piece of music ever written").

□ MONTY SMITH

BUY IT

ELVIS COSTELLO



MY AIM IS TRUE

WE'RE NOT THE SAME SEEZ 3 STIFF RECORDS YOU'RE NOT THE SAME

SILVER SCREEN

Margherita (TERESA ANN SAVOY) in Salon Kitty

The nadir of Nazi nastiness

Salon Kitty

Directed by Tinto Brass
Starring Helmut Berger, Ingrid Thulin and Teresa Ann Savoy (20th Century)

IF ANY movie provided a single, solid case for the immediate legalisation of hard-core porn, this is the one. The weaseling and squirming that goes on now in the movie industry to provide cheap titillation for the punters seems to have reached the point where any dubious, if not outright poisonous, perversions are used as a commercial substitute for explicit sex.

This little wonder is the latest in the line of Nazi chic flicks, following *The Night Porter* (which was at least made with sincere intent) and *Ilsa, She Wolf Of The SS* (which wasn't).

Starring Helmut Berger in his usual role as the pervo SS iceman, Ingrid Thulin as the madame with the slightly tarnished heart of gold, and Teresa Ann Savoy as the Aryan ingenue who discovers love (L-U-V), the movie has a plot that proudly purports to be based on fact.

Ms Thulin runs Salon Kitty, a homely Berlin brothel for top people. The clientele includes everyone "except the Fuehrer himself". As the Panzers blitz into Poland, Berger is charged with the task of replacing the existing, ideologically unsound working girls with politically trustworthy Nazi madchen.

After some particularly unpleasant selection sequences (sex with midgets, amputees etc. to check the ladies' resistance to shock), there is a gratuitous vignette in a slaughter house and an alarmingly ludicrous passing out ceremony where the girls are made to act out the Kama Sutra in time to martial music with what looks like the naked gym squad of the Niebelungen Division. This is the best moment in an awful movie. It's like a nude version of Mel Brook's *Springtime For Hitler.*

Having gone through all this the girls are installed in the new Salon Kitty, charged that they are performing a divine duty for the Reich and ordered to report on every move the client makes. Just to be doubly sure, the place is wired for sound to a degree beyond Nixon's wildest dreams.

The girls set to work, and the plot, such as it is, continues. There are some melodramatic twists, but they're hardly worth reporting. What's really going on is sex in basic black; the men in nifty SS uniforms and the ladies in stockings and suspender belts. The only girl who gets to dress more on the exotic side is a grim lady from the Hitler Youth. We know where she's at, though. She crushes a Jewish child's clockwork chicken under her bootheel in her very first scene.

I suppose if the producers of this movie had to defend it in court, they'd claim they were exposing the dark side of human nature. In reality they're simply presenting it to the public for cheap thrills.

And don't think they won't be successful. There's a streak of this dehumanisation in too many of our sexual make-ups. The problem is that we'll never be free of it while it gets continually prodded by soulless hustlers with their eyes firmly on the cash register.

I'm frankly sick of seeing sex hitched up to something as unquestionably evil as Nazism. In comparison to *Salon Kitty, Deep Throat* is positively liberating.

Mick Farren

The Late Show (AA)

Directed by Robert Benton
Starring Art Carney and Lily Tomlin (Columbia / Warners)

WITH ITS conventional pacing, acres of exposition and abundance of wisecracks, *The Late Show* will assuredly look good on the late show.

What starts as a quirky satire on innumerable old private dick flicks develops into an affectionate study of two hopelessly incompatible people finding some kind of reciprocal solace in one another's foibles.

He's Ira Wells, a private eye in his 70's, long overdue for pensioning off, saddled with a gammy leg, a deaf aid and perforated ulcers — as the film opens, he's got no further on

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ART CARNEY (as Ira Wells) and EUGENE ROCHE (Ron Birdwell) in The Late Show.

his memoirs *(Naked Girls And Machine Guns)* than "Why did I become a private eye ..."

She's Margo, a neurotic product *of* the 70's gesticulating wildly as she talks in amphetamine bursts about meditation, vibes, karma, paranoia, evolving and "Do you know that people who play with guns are generally impotent?"

As personified by Art Carney and Lily Tomlin, these two hapless, lonely people manage against the odds to invoke sympathy. "That's just what this town's been waiting for," says Ira, tired of Margo's incessant spiels. "A broken down old private eye with a bum leg and a fruitcake like you."

And the gallery of left-field characters they meet as Ira attempts to find Margo's kidnapped cat (yes, really) are no less engaging. There's Charlie Hatter (Bill Macy), an incurable recidivist, Ron Birdwell (Eugene Roche), an incorrigible fence, and Lamar (John Considine), his foppish, vicious bodyguard. As in all respectable thrillers — comedy or otherwise — there's also a mysterious lady with a 357 magnum.

How these desperately disparate characters are inexorably linked, I'll leave you the enjoyment of discovering. Suffice it to say that Robert Altman's influence (as producer) is deeply felt and that, once again, Robert Benton (writer of *Bonnie And Clyde,* director of *Bad Company)* has earned our unfailing admiration by taking such meticulous care in transforming a hoary genre into the stuff of ironic movie myth.

Monty Smith

Islands In The Stream (A)

Directed by Franklin J Schiaffner (CIC)
Starring George C Scott, David Hemmings, Claire Bloom.

LIKE A lost artefact from some Hollywood time vault, *Islan ds In The Stream* remains curiously distant throughout its unspooling.

As befits a Hemingway-based film, the plot centres round an ageing artist's unconcsious mind. George C Scott as Thomas Hudson wear the character like an old glove but, disappointingly, never shows that manic fire he displayed in *Patton* or *Dr Strangelove.*

Hudson's embryonic existence on a West Indian island is threatened by emotion and the world war. Most of the film wallows in an angst-ridden furrow, the camera constantly using long panoramic shots of the darkening island and ocean. The brief spurts of action — the machine-gunning of a hammerhead shark, the fight to reel in a giant game fish, the marlin — are welcome relief.

The rest of the cast — playing a rummy mate, ex-wife barhouse lover, sons and faithful retainer — don't make it. The overbearing macho gestures — the constant hugging, knee tweaking, back-slapping and meaningful one-liners eyeball to eyeball are just tiresome.

People who believe the world is going to the dogs will probably enjoy it. Lifeseekers, stay clear.

Dick Tracy

The Greatest

Directed by Tom Gries (Columbia/EMI)
Starring Muhammad Ali, Ernest Borgine.

SO HOW does it happen that a fine director, a finer writer and a great subject come together with such a resounding zero? Between them, Tom Gries, Ring Lardner Jr. and Mohammad Ali have made one of the most boring bio-pics in the genre — as a celebrated boxing manager once said, "We wuz robbed. We shoulda stayed in bed."

The central problem is the man himself. Ali has increasingly kept at a slight, mocking distance from his actions and utterances, both in and out of the ring, so that it becomes difficult to take him seriously when it matters.

He did convert to the Muslim faith, take some lumps for it, refuse to fight in Vietnam, take some for that, but on screen his genuine sincerity fails to communicate. Before the draft board, he averts his eyes and mumbles, keeping the jive-ass equipment under wraps to avoid capsizing the authorized version, but ends up looking like an imposter in his own life.

For the essence of Ali, roar of greasepaint, smell of crowd, read *Sting Like A Bee* by Jose Torres, himself an ex-champ and the best sports writer since Algren and Hemingway. The book fingers the problem which founders the film: world-class boxing ain't just sport, it's theatre.

Television and a global audience has introduced a third contestant into the ring, and fights can be signally affected by a boxer's awareness of the fact. With most of that beshorted band stuck in the stagefright league, a natural media perfomer like Ali is gonna rack up points before the bell to begin.

Ali has a wicked eye for shades of black, for the prejudices and pecking orders of his own people, can psyche out and rattle boxers like Liston and Frazier, and yet allow undistinguished whites to go the distance.

Two scenes in the movie get the trajectory right, both dealing with the put-on. The first meeting with Bundini Brown, both men trading in Ali's Robert Service-style verse, and sussing each other out, and Ali's pick-up routine with the whore — "Gimme five", "Give 'em back" — are sequences right up Ali's alley.

The perils of posture, the baiting of The Bear, Sonny Liston — insults, bear-traps, loudhailers — and the media inflation of a sassy kid into The Louisville Lip, are shown to carry their own come-uppance in the vindictive faces of the spectators. The come-uppance the movie misses is more tragic than that. The newsreel fight footage pegs it: a progressive inability to commit, as if to be seen trying would be worse than to lose.

Brian Case

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

Week beginning August 7th

LONDON

AIRPORT 77 (A)
Lame disaster movie now scheduled for nationawide unreeeling. Reviewed *NME* 30.4.77 (Selected ABC's)

SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER (U)
New Dynarama spectacular featuring the special effects work of Charles Schneer and Ray Harryhausen. Unseen by *NME.* (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

SPECIALS

EASY RIDER (X)/ THE LAST DETAIL (X)
Probably the last chance to see this excellent doubleheader billed as the films that made Jack Nicholson famous. (Kilburn State)

PROVINCIAL

THE CASSANDRA CROSSING (A)
By all accounts routine train melodrama featuring the likes of Richard Harris, Burt Lancaster and Sophia Loren. Unseen by *NME.* (Selected Odeons and Gaumonts)

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (A)/ SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (A)
Holiday doubleheader for surrealistic-minded day trippers. (Selected Odeons & Gaumonts)

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (A)
Bond and beyond savaged by our own Monty Smith. Review 23.7.77. (Selected Odeons & Gaumonts)

SPECIALS

YESSONGS (U)
Gaze with wonder at the richest men in rock. One day only. Sunday August 7. (ABC LINCOLN)

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DJM RECORDS AND TAPES

SINGLES

Reviewed this week by MONTY SMITH

This fell out of Monty Smith's ice blue pencil leg cuffed demims as he left the office.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE SNIVELLING SHITS: Terminal Stupid (AC Disc). Yet another kick in the arse for rock'n'roll from a bunch of geezers as yet relatively unknown, but once — as is rumoured — Stiff get their clammy hands on them, The Snivelling Shits will change the face of blather-blather-hey etc.

They've rarely dared venture outside of deepest surburbia but with the release of their first single perhaps some enterprising entrepreneur will exhibit them as some kind of minor league tax loss.

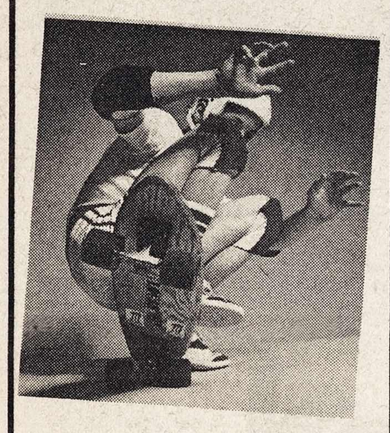
"Terminal Stupid", in just one minute thirty two seconds of breakneck bop-rock, sets the cause of militant feminism back ten years, maybe fifteen. Because of the exceedingly raw recording quality, I had no idea what it was about till I collared lead singer Les Miserables after one of The Shits' impromptu hairdressing salon turns.

Guy gets wrecked, meets gal, wakes up beside her in the morning and can't believe his bad fortune: *"Terminal stupid / Your head's in a mess / Could count all your brain cells / On one finger or less".*

There's a minimalist Wilde-ian wit about it I suppose, but Les' macho posturing and delivery — encouraged by the band members, misogynists all (Mad Pat Collins, Del Tap-Dancer, Frisbee Neenan, Uncle Harry and Fat Sam Disco) — is perversely parodistic, poignantly pedaristic. In an act of sheer faith, the B-side is a chaotic instrumental version of the A, dragged out to an unconscionable two minutes twelve.

But it *is* what rock's all about, surely?

(I'd like to apologise to all The Shits for the somewhat ambiguous tone of the above review, but particularly to Les Miserables' wife and children, who unfortunately don't exist owing to the fact that Les is 'a bit of a roarer'.)



HONOURABLE MENTIONS: CLOSE, BUT NO WOODBINES

JOHNNY DuCANN: Throw Him In Jail (Arista). . . . *"Because the people in the park don't like him / And the people in the street don't like the way he looks."*

Battering-ram locomotion as Mr DuCann (who's he?) spits out a gloriously simplistic treatise spelling out the current wave of xenophobia raging through the nation. Produced by my childhood sweetheart Francis Rossi, need you know more?

ROBERT GORDON: Red Hot (Private Stock). *"My girl is red hot / Your girl ain't doodly-squat / She ain't got money / But, man, she's really got a lot."* Gen–u–ine rock boogie from Mr Gordon (Who's *he?*), sneering the juvenile lyrics of this ancient classic over rolling piano and trebly guitar like a smudge-faced schoolboy sticking out his tongue at a bespectacled swot. More, much more, of this sublime idiocy please.

THREE OLD LADIES

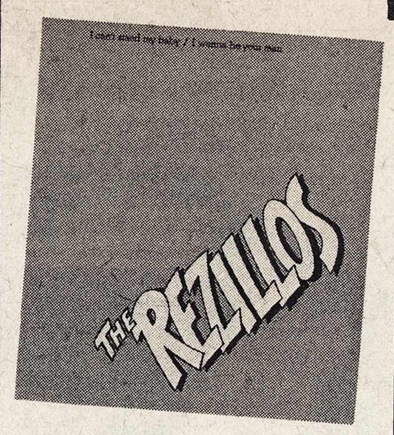
CILLA BLACK: I Wanted To Call It Off (EMI). Since her nose job, Cilla's found a comfortable niche in MOR emoting and there's no danger of her losing her TV contract with this heavily orchestrated pap.

ELKIE BROOKS: Sunshine After The Rain (A&M). The *Sunday Times* likes Elkie even without a nose job, so maybe we shouldn't be too harsh on her 'atmospheric' ballad. Sultry, yes, but also dull, dull, dull.

TIGER SUE: Kickaway My Blues (Pinnacle). Sue was one of The Paper Tigers back when (yawn) 45s were just ephmeral pieces of pop-fart. They still are really, but at least Sue — still breathily seductive — has assimilated the necessary ingredients: moronic lyrics and Glitterband handclaps.

HAIL! HAIL! ROCK'N'ROLL

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: Bohemian Rhapsody (Anchor). An incredibly turgid rendering of Queen's magnum opus from the busiest freelancers in the business. "Whole Lotta Love", "Paint It Black" and "Lucy In The Sky" are promised in the near future. Look, I've got a few LSO recordings myself and in their own field they're just about peerless but I don't expect Queen to attempt, say, the "Carmina Burana" (though no doubt Freddie would fancy his chances), so why the hell should they muck about with rock?



MANUEL: Manuel's Good Food Guide (Sonet). *"No one can tell I'm foreign now / I'm speaking English good . . ."* ooom-pah-pah. Andrew Sachs has got a bigger monkey on his back than Keef. It's called Manuel and with John Cleese's help it contributes quite a few laughs to *Fawlty Towers.* On record, forget it.

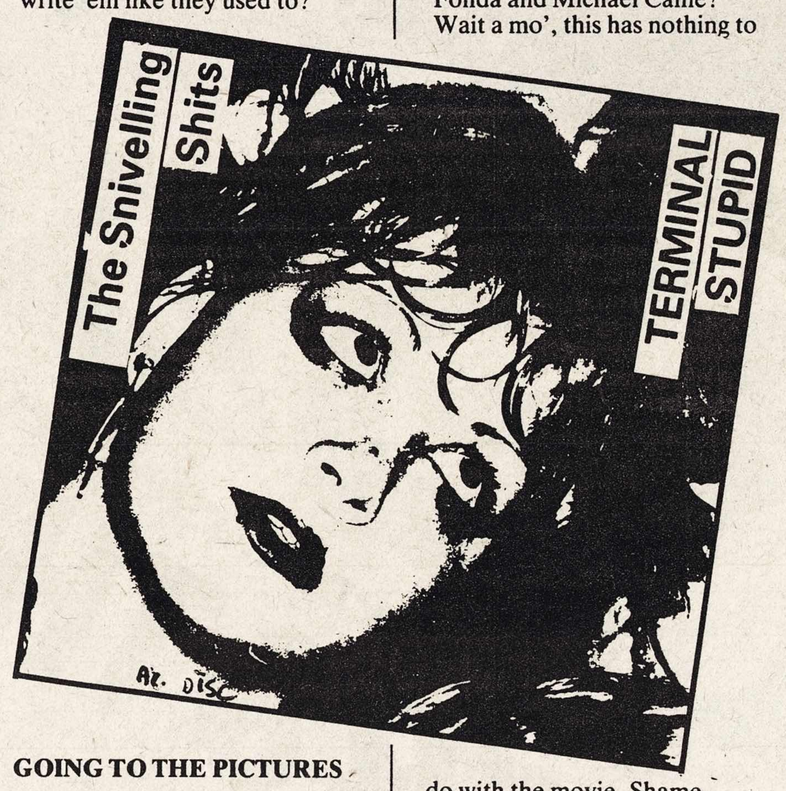
BRYAN BLACKBURN: Lou Steel (Pye). Nothing personal, but I can't stand the name Blackburn. There's a reactionary MP by that monniker, a retarded DJ *and* a dirty football team. This one attempts to find humour in a reworking of Kenny Rogers' "Lucille". Wasn't the original funny enough?

DAHLING: Binga Banga Bonga (DJM). Now *this* is what rock's all about. Three young ladies — Sally d'Composer, Sheila Blige and Precious Little (you think I make all this up, don't you?) — doing an Andrews Sisters. Thirty years on and "Binga Banga Bonga" still sounds dumb. Can The Ramones hope for as much?

HOBBY ROCK: VINYL FRISBEES

WILLIE & THE WHEELS: Skateboard Craze (ABC). "On Top Of Old Smokey", courtesy of P. F. Sloan and Steve Barri (circa 1965), done *a la* Ventures in half-time, with a few desultory Beach Boy harmonies thrown in.

RICKY & THE KWEEN TEENS: Skate-Out (EMI). Courtesy of Fame and Fortune (it says here), an anaemic Alice Cooper rip-off with some extraordinarily silly lyrics even by novelty-pop standards. *"Oh Ricky / Oh Cindy / Oh Ricky / Oh Cindy / Oh Ricky / Oh Cindy."* Who said they don't write 'em like they used to?



GOING TO THE PICTURES

MICHAEL MASSER & MANDRILL: Ali Bom-Ba-Ye (Arista). With Muhammad's mooie glaring from the label, you don't need telling twice that this pseudo-funk is the theme from Ali's modestly titled biopic *The Greatest.* As glossily pathetic as the film itself.

LIZA MINELLI: New York, New York (United Artists). Any film that makes Robert De Niro look like a pimp and act like an emotional retard must be pretty dire (and *New York, New York* is that and more). Ms Minelli is allowed to run the gamut of glycerine emoting both in the movie and when belting out the bombastic title song. Mum would've been proud of her.

OUTLAWS: Hurry Sundown (Arista). The Outlaws doing the theme song from that hokey old pic starring Jane Fonda and Michael Caine? Wait a mo', this has nothing to do with the movie. Shame, might have been more interesting than this pallid Eagles-imitation. Yup, they're still doing them.

NAUSE-STALGIA

CONNIE FRANCIS: Who's Sorry Now? (Polydor). Great. Total schlock-pop from the fabulous . . . yeah, you know when. Bloody great, but not as good as the TV ads. "Lipstick On Your Collar" is on the flip: *"Were you smoochin' my best friend? / Guess the answer's yes."* I'm going to treasure this.

LITTLE RICHARD: Long Tall Sally / Lucille.
LARRY WILLIAMS: Dizzy Miss Lizzy / Bony Moronie (Specialty EP). What can you say? These cuts are 20 years old, for Chrissakes, and they still piss on 99% of contemporary output. Imagine the aggro when an effete black with a pencil-thin moustache mouthed the immortal "Long Tall Sally" in 1956 (he's found God since, Goddammit) or the sense of unease when Larry Williams sang about Miss Lizzy's fever. What were you doing 20 years ago? Not a lot, your honour.

BONNIE & THE TREASURES: Home Of The Brave (Phil Spector International). A Mann-Weil special, virtually a slow motion replay of "Then I Kissed Him", melodramatic and well over the top. Roy Carr bangs tambourine on the flip — well, his name forms one third of the title anyway (and you were gonna pay 13 bob for it?)

AMARYLLIS: Cathy's Clown (Splash). The first verse is acapella, barbershop-style. Then it's necrophiliac funk. The B-side is the short version (they leave off the acapella bit).

B. J. THOMAS: Don't Worry Baby (MCA). Chris White has just done this Brian Wilson classic, too. B. J. doesn't fare any better, performing a great song competently. The original is still available.

RANDY & THE U-TURNS: 99 Octane Girl (Rockfield). OK, everyone (except me, bud) thinks The Beach Boys

are a bunch of animated fossils, but do we really have to endure bozos like this feebly attempting to recapture the original transistorised WASP youth of the BBs? Jan and Dean could do better, *after* the accident.

AND SOME OF THE REST

SKINNEE: Na Na Na (Polydor). With its clipped Bo Diddley beat, Latin percussion and vague West Indian lilt ("The cheque's in the post" — Cadbury-Schweppes), "Na Na Na" (oh, and those great lyrics, I almost forgot) is classic summer fodder. Enjoy.

THIN LIZZY: Dancing In The Moonlight (It's Caught Me In It's Spotlight) (Vertigo). Positively dirty and you thought it would be romantic, ha ha. *And* you thought Stevie Wonder had it tough being born black and blind. Try being born black *and* Irish. Phil Lynott must be some kind of genius.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN: You Got Me Going (MAM). Right snappy compared with what you'd expect. All proceeds are going to the Chris Hutchins Benevolent Fund.

THE HOLLIES: Amnesty (Polydor). *"Love is the sweetest amnesty / Floats like a cloud between the sky and the sea."* Ah, very nice, all acappella and angelic. *"I'll give it to you . . ."* Arrghh! You've blown it, you smooth-talking bastards.

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON: The Real Deal (DJM). No amount of Hollywood-en orchestral arrangement (by Mr Guitar hisself) can hide the fact that this is an exquisitely sultry blues right out of the time zone. Watson's got an extremely dodgy voice, a prerequisite for any self-respecting bluesman, and his plaintive appeal to his lady's better nature is all the more piquant for it. When Guitar's guitar does finally arrive shortly before the fade, he effectively obscures it by singing along in harmony. Lovely.

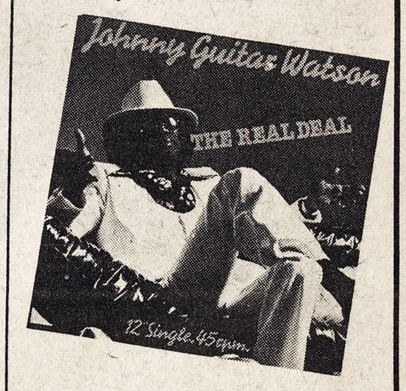
JEFF LYNNE: Doin' That Crazy Thing (Jet). Love ELO (they piss on LSO for starters) but Jeff Lynne should leave this kind of gauche reworking of the - history - of - pop - in - three - minutes to Roy Wood.

THE REZILLOS: I Can't Stand My Baby (Sensible Records). Adolescent angst given a convincing reading by Scots gits and gal, The Rezillos. Luke Warm's guitar is decidedly dementoid and the overall effect is one of sheer hysteria. The Rezillos are quite sexist, but they're not quite sexist enough. Uncool.

BLACK BLOOD: Amanda (Chrysalis). The smoothest, slinkiest slice of Caribbean rhythms you're ever likely to hear. Joyous and irresistible.

APRIL: Summer In The City (EMI International). Would you believe disco versions of The Spoonful's classic and J. J. Cale's "After Midnight"? Surely these four young Dutch judies could have picked on more susceptible songs.

MALDWYN POPE: If I Wasn't There (Rocket). There were four copies of this single in the pile — d'you suppose someone wants it reviewed? Maldwyn is Welsh (you



guessed), 17, church-going and supports Watford (surprise!). Yes, yes, it is very boring, like a Bernie Taupin song without Elton's music.

FRANKIE MILLER: Love Letters (Chrysalis). Been reading some good things about Frankie recently, so I take it as written that he can do better than this sandpaper version of the early '60s classic. Going for a one-off hit, Frankie?

JOHN CHRISTIE: Time Of Our Lives (EMI). A Dave Clark (it says twice on the label) production, with a McCartney "oh-hey-ho" intro. Undeniably bright and cheerful, but it isn't really worth the effort, is it?

J.A.L.N. BAND: I Got To Sing (Magnet). *"I'm just a guy / Don't have a lot to say . . ."* Right on, bro'. Beautifully produced disco excess. In an attempt to improve their promotion, Magnet have included a short questionnaire in the 12" sleeve. "Do you have any other J.A.L.N. singles?" No thank you. "Which music papers do you read?" They're for *reading?*

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"Italians From Outer Space" the lads get down on cold, hard vinyl the true spirit of their ball-breaking live gigs where they hammer home their own brand of satire (file under Merciless, Hilariously Sadistic TRUTH) with such uncanny accuracy that I'd bet the majority of you New Wavers would RAAAAAAVE over the Albertos.

Tony Parsons N. M. E. 16. 7. 77.

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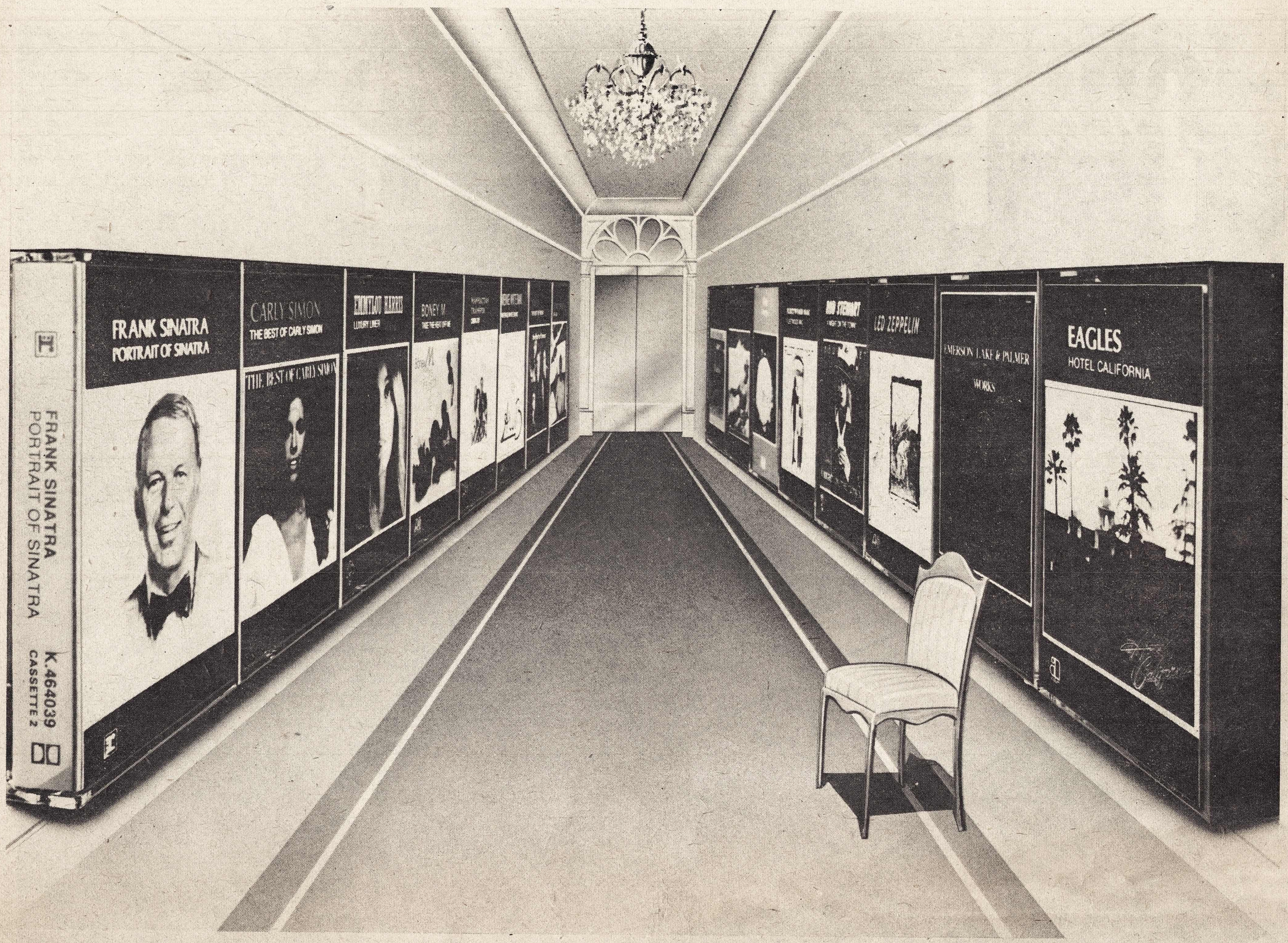

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Fleetwood Mac	Fleetwood Mac
Eagles	Eagles
Doobie Brothers	Greatest Hits
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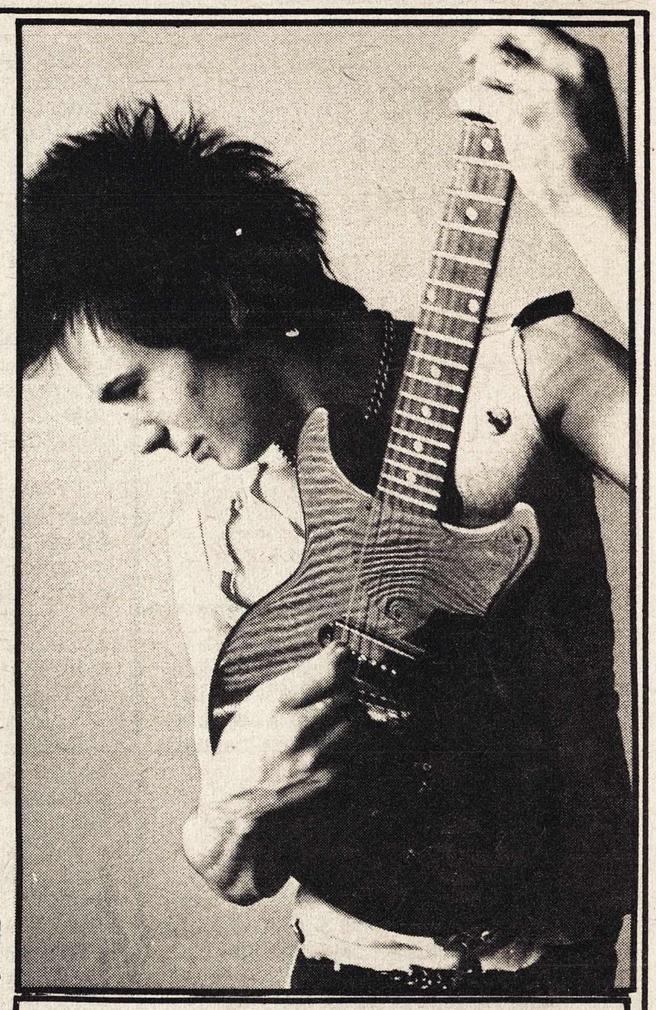
The Social Rehabilitation of the Sex Pistols



In which Sid Vicious opens a babysitting service. . .

Steve Jones stands a round of drinks. . .

Johnny Rotten catnaps on the G-Plan — just like A NORMAL PERSON. . .

And Paul Cook plays the part of Ringo Starr.

Pics this page: DENNIS MORRIS

THE PROSPEROUS CYBORGS at the next table in the backroom of this expensive Stockholm eating-place are sloshing down their coffee as fast as they possibly can, with such indecent haste that one plump, middle-aged Swedette disgraces herself in the process. As they vacate the premises, another troupe are ushered in, take a look at the party in the corner and usher themselves out again.

John Rotten — a discordant symphony of spiky crimson hair, grubby white tuxedo embellished with a giant paper clip on the lapel and an absolutely God-awful black tie with orange polkadots — looks at the departing Swedish posteriors with no little disdain.

"It must've been my aftershave," he remarks in his fake-out voice, halfway between Kenneth Williams, Sweeney Todd and Peter Cook, and returns to his beefheart fillet, which — much to his disgust — is delicious. He eats nearly all of it and that night he doesn't even throw up.

In Stockholm, The Sex Pistols are a big deal.

"God Save The Queen" is in the Top Ten, just as it is in Norway, where they also have — for their pains — a monarchy. They've been splattered all over the national press in Scandinavia just like over here; more so than any other visiting rock band, or so they tell me, anyway.

It hardly bears thinking about: "The outrageous young superstar of Britain's controversial punk-rock group The Sex Pistols knocked over an ashtray this morning while having his breakfast. MPs commented, 'Is this the kind of behaviour that we want our young people to emulate? We must certainly think carefully about allowing this kind of performer on television.' See editorial: page two." And all in Swedish, too . . .

In general, though, Sweden has been less willing to take John Rotten at his word and identify him with the Antichrist than the good ol' U.K. They've stayed four nights in the same Stockholm hotel without any complaints from the management, despite Sid Vicious taking a leak in the corridor because two girls had locked themselves in the bathroom of his particular chamber. When the local equivalent of Teds (a bunch of kustom kar kruisers/*American Graffiti* freaks known as *raggare*) began harassing the Pistols' fans as they left the gig and, indeed, followed the band and their admirers back to — and into — the hotel, the Police were right there for the protection of the people.

I even saw one Swedish copper at the back of the hall on the second gig doing a restrained but joyful pogo to the lilting strains of "Pretty Vacant". Can you imagine that at a British Pistols gig — in fact, can you imagine a British Pistols gig at all these days? In Britain, if the police were informed that The Sex Pistols and/or their fans were getting the shit whacked out of them somewhere, the most you could expect would be that they'd show up an hour or two later to count the bodies and bust the survivors (if any) for threatening behaviour.

At home The Sex Pistols are public enemies. In Sweden, they're an important visiting Britpop group. So it goes . . .

LEMME TELL you a little bit about Stockholm, just for context and perspective, before we get on to the good bits. They've got the highest standard of living in the world over there — weep, Amerika, weep — with an average weekly wage of £120 and prices to match. A bottle of beer will set you back over a quid a throw, and by British standards it ain't even beer;

Fun With The Pistols is chronicled by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

more like a beer-flavoured soft drink that fills you up and leaves you belching and farting and urinating like an elephant and doesn't even get you pissed. You can drink twenty quids' worth of the poxy stuff and still go to bed sober, though the O. Henry twist-in-the-tail comes when you wake up with a hangover.

Somehow the idea of a suffering hangover without even having been drunk is peculiarly Swedish.

The natives don't see it quite that way, though. Through some weirdness or other of the Scandinavian metabolism, they get completely zonko on the stuff, with the result that the authorities think that they have an alcohol problem. You can imagine what effect this would have on a bunch like The Sex Pistols, who are pretty fond of their beer. It got so bad that by the end of the tour John Rotten gave up in disgust and started drinking Coca-Cola.

Swedish television is fun, too. For a start, the two channels only operate for a combined seven hours each night, and the programming seems to consist almost exclusively of obscure documentaries and the occasional mouldy old English B-picture. Radio is impossibly dopey — you can't even dance to a rock and roll station, 'cuz there's nuthin' goin' on at all. Not at *all.*

In the discos, they play the same dumbo records that they play in U.K. discos only six months later, and the girls think you're weird if you don't / can't dance the Bump.

Put it this way: if you think that there's nothing going on in your particular corner of the U.K., then there's *double* nothing going on in Sweden. Make that treble nothing. God only knows what the Swedes get up to in the privacy of their own homes to cope with the total lack of decent public entertainment facilities, but it must be pretty bloody extreme.

We thought some kind of oasis had been discovered when we found a late-night cafe that served Guinness.

John Rotten — who is, after all, an Irisher by roots (the rest of the band call him "Paddy" sometimes) and therefore likes his Guinness — was enchanted by this revelation until we discovered that it was — are you beginning to get the picture now? — a special Scanda variety of Guinness even though it's brewed up in Dublin, and therefore no stronger than the rest of the stuff they have over there.

We ordered up about ten of the bloody things, swilled them down and discovered to our horror that we were all still sober, so we celebrated the fact by doing a burner on the establishment in question and vamoosing without settling the bill. We'd got as far as the car of our self-appointed guide — a Chris Spedding lookalike who runs a punk boutique called Suicide and who calls himself "the only true punk in Sweden" — before a search party from the cafe catches up with us and hauls The Only True Punk away to face retribution.

At this stage in the proceedings, the Pistols are only three-quarters strong.

Sid Vicious is in London, where he has had to appear in court on charges of possessing an offensive weapon of the knifish variety and assaulting a police officer.

That leaves the rest of the party as Rotten, Steve Jones, Paul Cook, roadies Rodent (borrowed from The Clash) and Boogie, and Virgin Records' International Panjandrum Laurie Dunn, an amiable Australian (stop laughing at the back, there) whose room seems to function as an assembly point. People at a loss for anything to do seem to end up going to Laurie's room as a convenient way of running into other people with nothing to do.

Steve Jones plays guitar. He's been playing the guitar for little more than a year and a half, which would indicate that he's going to be a monster player by the time he's been playing for a bit longer. The reason that he sounds far more professional and experienced than he actually is is that he sticks to what is simple and effective and — within the confines of a hard rock aesthetic — tasteful.

He knows what constitutes a good guitar sound, his time and attack are impeccable, and he plays no self-indulgent bullshit whatsoever.

There are a lot of musicians far "better" than Steve Jones (in the

● *Continues over*

2nd & 3rd pages of Fun With The Pistols; in which something peculiar comes over J. Rotten.

● *From previous page*

technical-ecstasy sense, that is) who could learn a lot from listening to him, could remind themselves of what they were originally looking for when they started out and how they lost it along the way.

Steve Jones is the oldest of the Pistols at 22, and his stolid features and blocky physique make him, visually at least, the most atypical Pistol of 'em all. On the first evening, he went out to dinner in a Normal Person costume of dark blue blazer, grey slacks and a neat shirt and tie; camouflage so effective that I nearly didn't recognise him when he passed me in the corridor. It was only his fluorescent hennaed hair that gave him away as being a rock and roller.

He's a friendly, relaxed, goodnatured geezer; could be anybody you know and like and drink with, could be you.

Paul Cook plays drums, and has done so for three years now. Like Jones, he plays with an ear for what sounds good, a straight-ahead high-powered no-bullshit approach to what he does and no distance at all between himself and his drums.

Again, he's an ordinary guy in the best sense of the term; he was in at the roots of the band when a convocation of kids with heisted instuments were jamming around in Shepherds Bush: no formal groups, just a bunch of people playing together.

The nucleus was Cook and Jones (the latter then singing as well as playing guitar), Glen Matlock on bass and sundry additional guitarists including Mick Jones (now of The Clash), Brian James (now of The Damned) and Nick Kent (now of no fixed abode).

The Sex Pistols had their dark genesis when Jones, Matlock and Cook got together with Johnny Rotten under the Cupid auspices of Malcolm McLaren.

Since Glen Matlock got the push and was replaced by Rotten's old college (not "university" — *college*) buddy and neo-bassist Sid Vicious, the Pistols have consisted of two factions: Cook/Jones and Rotten/Vicious.

These factions are by no means opposed or unfriendly or at cross-purposes: it's just that Paul and Steve get up earlier and go to bed earlier (with all that implies) and John and Sid get up later and go to bed later (with all *that* implies): Paul and Steve hanging out together before Sid and John get up and Sid and John hanging out together after Paul and Steve have gone to bed.

John and Sid are the public face of the Sex Pistols: Jagger and Richard to the other two's Watts and Wyman, even though it'd be highly misleading to assume that the creative chores are split that way as well.

Anyway, that's as much background as we've time or need for, so zoom in on the Happy House, a Stockholm club run under the auspices of the local university's Student Union where we're a few minutes early for the sound check prior to the first of the band's two nights there.

ONE THING you have to say for Rodent: it takes a lot of bottle to set up gear while wearing a pair of those dumb bondage pants that strap together at the knees.

Rodent, Boogie and this Swede called Toby (though the band and their own crew call him Bollock-Chops) have just schlepped a massive P.A. system, three amps, a drum kit and all the rest of the paraphernalia that it takes to put on a rock show up to the second floor of this horrible structure, and Rodent's done it all in bondage pants. He does it the next night with his sleeves held together with crocodile clips. It's a man's life in the punk-rock business. Join the professionals.

Sid Vicious has caused everybody a massive amount of relief by returning from London with the news that he beat the assault rap completely and copped a mere (?) £125 fine for the knife.

How'd you dress for court, Sid?

"Oh, I wore this real corny shirt my Mum got me about five years ago and me steels. I must've looked a right stroppy cunt."

Oh yeah, we haven't really met Sid yet. He got the name "Sid" when he was named after an allegedly really foul-looking albino hamster of that name that he and Rotten used to have.

"I hate the name Sid, it's a right poxy name, it's really vile. I stayed in for about two weeks because everyone kept calling me Sid, but they just wouldn't stop. Rotten started. He's 'orrible like that, he's always picking on me . . ."

Rotten: "Sid's the philosopher of the band."

Vicious: "I'm an intellectual."

Rotten: "He's also an oaf. He listens to what everybody else says and thinks, 'How can I get in on this?' "

Vicious: "No I don't! I'm a highly original thinker, man, he's just jealous because I'm really the brains of the group. I've written all the songs, even right from the beginning when I wasn't even in the group. They was so useless they had to come to me because of they couldn't think of anything by themselves . . ."

Thank you, boys. We'll be returning to this conversation later, but meantime there's this soundcheck to do and it sounds *terrible*.

The stage is acoustically weird and means that by the time Sid's got his bass amp set up so that he can hear himself the bass is thundering around the hall with an echo that bounces like a speedfreak playing pinball. The drums and guitar have been utterly swamped and everybody has a headache. Even me — the man who stood ten feet in front of Black Sabbath yelling, "Louder! Louder!" — I have a headache. Oh, the shame and degradation of it all!

The problem is partially solved by the simple expedient of moving the amp forward until it's beside Sid instead of behind him. It's unorthodox but it works and it means that a semi-reasonable balance can be obtained. The sound still swims in the echoey hall and everybody's brought down something — you should pardon the expression — *rotten*.

Outside, a youthful horde of Swedish punks decked out in fair facsimiles of Britpunk outfits are milling around looking up at the window behind which the band and their entourage are lurking.

None of these kids are going to get in tonight, however, because Happy House gigs are mostly for over-23's only — a fact which causes bitter amusement because it means that the audience is, officially at least, all older than the band.

When the group make a break for it to go back to the hotel, it's Sid Vicious who stays out in the street listening to what the people have to say and assuring them that the band are on their side. He's out there for more than five minutes before he's virtually pulled into the car.

"I don't think we should be playing for them poxy student hippies. I reckon we should tell 'em that we don't play unless they let the kids in — either that or open up the back doors and let the kids in anyway." In the end, the kids have to wait until the following night when it's 15-and-over, but it's not a situation that the band are particularly happy with.

In the dressing room back at the Happy House a few hours later, John is ostentatiously asleep on a couch, Steve is tuning up his white Les Paul with the aid of a Strobo-Tune (more accurate than the human ear, totally silent so you don't bug the shit out of everybody else in the room by making horrible noises, hours of fun for all the family, get one today!) and Sid is whacking out Dee Dee Ramone bass lines on his white Fender Precision bass.

Sid's musicianship (or lack of same) is something of an issue with some people, so let's say right here that he's coming along pretty good.

His choice of Dee Dee as his model is a wise one, since that's just the kind of clean, strong and simple playing that the Pistols require.

At present, he's using a kind of flailing-from-the-elbow right-hand action that takes far more effort than the notes require, but he keeps time, doesn't hit more than his share of bum notes (not *much* more than his share, anyway) and takes his new-found role as A Bass Player as seriously as he takes anything.

Pics: PHOTOFEATURES

Up in the hall, the student audience is milling around ignoring the reggae that's pumping out of the P.A. system. There are signs of movement from behind the silver curtains and then they're on, revealed in all their scummy glory.

Rotten's behind the mike, staring out at the audience through gunmetal pupils, mouth tight, shoulders hunched, one hand clamped around the microphone.

"I'd like to apologise," he says harshly, "for all the people who couldn't get in. It wasn't our fault."

And the band kicks into "Anarchy In The U.K.", Jones' guitar a saw-toothed snarl teetering on the edge of a feedback holocaust, Sid's bass synched firmly into Cook's walloping drums and Rotten an avenging scarecrow, an accusing outcast cawing doom and contempt like Poe's raven.

There's been a lot of bullshit laid down about the Pistols' musicianship by a lot of people who should know better (but the world is full of people who "should know better" but never do).

I played "God Save The Queen" to Mick Ronson when he was over here a little while ago and he looked at me in amazement and said, "I don't understand why people keep telling me that they can't play! They're fucking great!" And, of course, he's right. They put down a blazing roller-coaster powerdrive for Rotten's caustic vocals to ride and it sounds totally *right.*

Except that there's something wrong. Somewhere along the line the monitors have completely dropped out, and Rotten can't hear himself singing, with the result that he has to shout even louder, his pitching becomes ever more erratic and his throat gets put under more and more strain.

Between numbers, Rotten mercilessly harangues Boogie, who's responsible for the live sound-mix, but there's absolutely nothing Boogie can do. The monitors are completely shot, and they'll just have to be patched up before tomorrow's gig.

Still, the Pistols flail on through "I Wanna Be Me", "I'm A Lazy Sod", "EMI" (by far the best song so far written about a record company), "God Save The Queen," "Problems," "No Feelings", "Pretty Vacant", the encore of "No Fun" and sundry others, and it's hard to see how anyone who digs rock and roll couldn't dig the Pistols; while they're onstage you couldn't conceive of anybody being better and John Rotten bestrides the rock and roll stage of the second half of the '70s the way David Bowie did for the first half.

If the last few British rock and roll years have produced a superstar, Johnny Rotten is *it.* And let Fleet Street, the BBC and the rock establishment cope with that the best way they know how, because it isn't just happening, it's already happened. And if the definitive British rock band of *now* feel that they have to go to Europe or Scandinavia or even America just to be able to play in front of people, then there's something worse than anarchy in the U.K. right now.

"Never are tyrants born of anarchy," wrote celebrated fun person the Marquis de Sade. "You see them flourish only behind the screen of law." And right now in 1977, who's to say he's wrong?

Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights . . . and segue straight into Marley's "Exodus" pumping out of the sound system of a hideously twee rococo disco deep in the 'eart of Stockholm. It's playing at least twice as loud as anything else that they've played so far tonight, and that's because John and Sid have commandeered the disco DJ's command post and they've found it among his records. They've also found "Pretty Vacant" and that comes up next . . . even louder.

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON finds the Pistols' party signing autographs, hanging out, posing and nicking things at The Only True Punk In Sweden's boutique.

The verdict seems to be that everything there is pretty much like SEX was a year or so ago and, in keeping with the celebrated Swedish standard of living, everything is around twice the price that it would be in London. A photographer is on hand to capture the golden moments. Swelling almost visibly with pride, Sweden's Only True Punk unveils with a flourish a deluxe leather jacket that he's ordered up specially for Sid.

Vicious — charmingly clad in baggy pink pants, a floral blouse and sandals with a little pink bow in his immaculately spiky coiffure — takes one look at it and declares it poxy, vile, corny and twee.

Sweden's Only True Punk looks deeply hurt.

Over the other side of the shop, Rotten is trying on a pair of repulsive leopard-skin-topped shoes.

"They're really 'orrible," he beams. "I must have them. I could start another absurd trend . . . like safety pins." The way that previous sartorial quirk of his had caught on with The Youth and become an industry virtually overnight is a source of vast amusement to him — as well it might be.

With the Only True Swedish Punk and his girlfriend are two 12-year-old kids, neighbours of theirs from out in the country, where they live. These two kids immediately latch on to Vicious, and he spends much of his day sitting with them and playing with them and talking to them . . . generally keeping the kids amused. He's really great with them . . . if you know anyone who's got a pre-adolescent kid who's into punk-rock and needs a babysitter, allow me to recommend you Sid Vicious, Mary Poppins in punk's clothing.

The previous night, the air had been thick with rumours that the raggare had eyes for trashing, and for the second gig — the one open to the tenage punk rockers — the talk is intensified.

The band's limo — shaddup at the back there! — and the attendant dronemobiles are waved through a police cordon and everyone's hustled through a back door *mach schnell.*

"Get that poser inside!" snaps Rotten as Sweden's Only True Punk dawdles to make sure he's noticed in the exalted company. There's less dressing-room ligging than last time and the band are on fast as shit.

The punkette audience tonight is a lot cooler and better behaved than the beer-chucking beardies who made up last night's crew, and the band feel a far greater kinship to the crowd.

"It's our night tonight!" shouts Rotten as the band crash into "Anarchy" and tonight his contempt is not directed at the audience but — on their behalf — at a phantom enemy: the crowds of raggare who lurk outside the police cordons in their Dodges, Chevies and Cadillacs.

Tonight everything goes fine. The monitors work, the sound's fine and the band relax and play a better, longer set, graced by a couple of additional numbers that they hadn't bothered to get into the night before, including "Satellite Boy" and "Submission."

Next to me, a girl sits on her boyfriend's shoulders, oblivious to the little bubble of blood welling up around the safety-pin puncture in her cheek. After a while, she switches the safety pin to her other cheek so's she can link it up with the chain in her earring. Pretty soon, that begins to bleed too. She doesn't care.

A little way away, another girl has tossed away her T-shirt and is happily bouncing her tits around until her boyfriend wraps his jacket around her, he keeps dancing. She doesn't care, either.

Everybody — band, audience, even the cop at the back — is high as a kite and happy as can be. There's no violence and not a bad vibe in sight; everybody's getting off.

And this is the show that our guardians won't let us see?

Listen, all the Pistols do is get up on stage, play some songs and get off again. Shit, officer, t'ain't nothin' but a little rock and roll fun; no chicken-killing, throwing of clothes into the audience, nudity, or any of that dirty stuff. No audience manipulation, no incitement.

This is *healthy*, Jack.

The trouble comes after the audience leave; it ain't the Pistols' fault, and there's nothing at all that the Pistols can do about it. We're all upstairs drinking rats' piss when there's a commotion outside and someone reports in with the news that a bunch of raggare have just chased a couple of young girl fans and ripped the pins right through their faces to prove what big bad tough guys they are.

Sid wants to go out there and lay into them. Someone else suggests ramming them with the limousine like the cat in the South did to the Ku Klux Klan awhile back. Ultimately, there's nothing that can be done except call the Fuzz and feel very, very sick about the whole thing.

SO ULTIMATELY, why are the various Establishments — governmental, media and even rock and roll — more frightened of the Pistols than of any other previous manifestation of rock and roll madness?

"Because they were all to some extent slightly controlled by the industry," says Rotten, ensconced with Vicious and Cook in the relative peace and quiet of a hotel room. "There was always an element of the Establishment behind it, but with us it's totally our own. We do what we want to do and there's no industry behind us. *That's* the difference. *That's* what frightens them."

"Or rather," interposes Vicious, "the industry is *behind* us rather than with us."

Hey, if the industry's behind you it's got a knife in its hand . . .

"Yeah," says Sid, "but we've got a Chieftain tank."

"They can't control us," continues Rotten. "We're uncontrollable. They've predicted all down the line against us, and they've failed. This scares them. They've never been able to do that before. They've always known before that the money would come into it, but they've missed the boat so many times."

Paul Cook: "The thing was that everyone in the beginning was so sure that no way was it going to take off. People like Nicky Horne said that they'd never play punk rock and now he don't play nothing but."

Which is an equally narrow attitude . . .

Rotten: "If not worse. With us it used to be 'They won't catch on because *we're* going to stop it' and there've been a hell of a lot of organisations out to stop us, and they've all failed."

Me, I don't think the Pistols can be stopped unless the kids are tired of them.

Rotten: "They're the ones who make all the decisions now. They're the ones that count, and I hope they've got the brains to suss it all out for themselves and not be told by the press, 'This band is finished' and then think, 'Yes, that's right, they're finished and I'm not going to like them any more. I'm now going to like *this.*' They've got to decide for themselves."

Cook: "I think it's gone beyond the point where people can be told. They wouldn't play 'God Save The Queen' but that went to the top of the charts, and that usually dictates what goes in."

We talk about the Only True Swedish Punk's boutique, and Rotten opines that places like that should only be there to inspire people to create their own look, and be what they are instead of adopting a readymade facade. The same dictum, *naturlich*, applies to Moozic:

"That's what music should be about," says Rotten. "I get very sick with the imitations. I *despise* them. They ruin it. They have no reason to be in it other than wanting money, which shows. You've got to have your own point of view. You can have an idol, like you may see a band and think, 'God, that band are *really fucking good,* I'd like to be like that.' So you start up your own band, and then your own ideas come in as well on top of that and you have a foundation. But a lot of those bands don't *leave* that foundation and they stay in a rut and they listen to all the other songs in their morbid little circle and they do rewrites of them. Hence fifty thousand songs about how hard it is to be on the dole."

"Been listening to The Clash, obviously," says Sid. "The Clash only wrote those songs in the first place 'cause of me and 'im (Rotten) moaning about living in a poxy squat in Hampstead. It was probably them coming up there and seeing the squalour we were living in that encouraged them to write all that shit."

Squalour in Hampstead, the bastion of liberalism?

"Oh no," says Rotten. "You shoulda seen it."

Vicious: "It was liberal, all right. It didn't even have a bathtub."

Was there any particular plan or strategy in mind right at the start of the Pistols?

Rotten: "Instinct. It hasn't really worked out like that. We never sat down and wrote a thesis. There's no rules, and no order. We just do it, which is more to the point. *Do it,* and when you can't do it no more, then don't do it at all."

Vicious: "If it requires any real effort, then there's no point in doing it. I should just *come.* If you have to force it, then there's something wrong."

● *continues over page*

4th page of Fun With The Pistols; in which Steve & Paul re-run A Hard Day's Night.

Rotten: "Yeah, if you have to sit down in your room and go, 'I've *got* to write a song, but *what about?*' . . . that's rubbish. It just comes. It's there."

Yeah, I know just what you mean, John. Pure, untainted, burning creativity . . .

"Oh *yeah,* man. *Far out.* It's very hard not to run into those hippie bullshit phrases, because some of them were good, some of them actually meant something. It's just a shame that they ruined a lot of 'em with silly ideas about, 'Yeah man, I wanna be *free,*' which meant fuck all."

Vicious: "Free from what they never even said."

'Course we did, man, free from the same things you want free from: preplanned existences, boring jobs, stifling media . . .

Cook: "Yeah, but they were like that themselves, weren't they?"

Rotten: "I can remember going to those concerts and seeing all those hippies being far out and together, maaaaaaaaan, *despising* me because I was about twenty years younger than they were and having short hair. That's when I saw through their bullshit. A lot of punks are like that as well, which makes me really *sick.*"

Cook: "The only memory of hippies I have was when I was in a park once when we was skinheads and we was throwin' conkers at these hippies and they were goin', 'Hey that's really nice, man, I really *love* conkers.' "

Rotten: "Well, that made you a fool then, didn't it? I think they won hands down, because you were wasting your energy and they were laughing at you."

IT MAY OR MAY NOT seem ironic now, but when Johnny Rotten was 15-year-old John Lydon of Finsbury Park, he was tossed out of school because his hair was too *long,* the old find-out-what-the-kids-are-doing-and-make-them-stop trick.

"Yeah, but when they find out it's always too late," he says. "In five years' time they'll have schoolteachers with safety pins in their ears. It's so predictable with those oafs."

Vicious: "The definition of a grown-up is someone who catches on just as something becomes redundant."

The kids Rotten went to school with weren't really into music, "except the geezers I hung around with. It was in skinhead times and they couldn't understand how a skinhead could like The Velvet Underground. It was quite apt. I went to the Catholic School in Caledonian Road, opposite the prison. What a dungeon!"

Forcefeeding you religion along with the lessons?

"Yeah, it was terrible. They really destroy you with what they do to your soul. They try and take away any kind of thought that might in any way be original. You know when caning was banned? In Catholic schools that didn't apply, because they're not state-run. They get aid from the state, but they're not entirely state-run. I don't know where they get their money from . . . I'd like to know. It's probably some Irish mafia.

"What they try to do is turn you out a robot. When it comes to allocating jobs for a student who's about to be kicked out into the wild world, it's always jobs like bank clerk . . . be a railway attendant or a ticket collector. Even the ones who stayed on for A-levels . . ."

Were any of the teachers halfway human?

"The ones that were got sacked very quickly. Everything was taught in a very strict style, in the same way that they taught religion: this is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and if you don't like it you're gonna get caned. But Catholic schools build rebels: a lot went along with it, but a lot didn't. There was always a riot in religion classes. *Nobody* liked that subject.

"I got kicked out when I was nearly 15 — 14 and a half — because I had too long hair. I had *really* long hair . . ."

"A balding old hippy with a big pair of platforms on," sneers Vicious. "That's what you were. I went to the same college as him . . ."

". . . to get O-levels," Rotten finishes the sentence for him. "I waited a year and a bit because I went on building sites working, and then I went to get some O-levels because I still had it in me that *O-levels were the way to heaven* . . . plus I didn't want to work no more. I got a grant. It was very easy. For some reason I always liked Technical Drawing and Geography. At college, I did maths, English, physics, technical drawing and chemistry . . ."

Cook: "I've got an O-level in woodwork."

Vicious: "I've got two O-levels . . . English and English Literature . . . and I'm very intelligent."

Rotten: "English Literature was a joke. I passed that with flying colours without even trying. It was stupid fucking Keats poetry, because I did my English in my Catholic school. They kicked me out halfway through the course because they said I'd never pass, but they'd already entered me, so I went and took the exam privately because I was still entitled to down at County Hall.

"And I passed with an A . . . and I went down there with the certificate and showed it to 'em."

UNLIKE FELLOW reggae freaks in The Clash, there's no reggae in the Pistols' repertoire.

"I find that slightly condescending — and that is *not* a slag-off of The Clash. I'm white, and I'm rock. I don't like rock music, but I like what we do with it. How could we sing about 'Jah Rastafari'? Even 'Police And Thieves' is full of innuendo, it's about three in one God on the cross and on each side are the police and the thieves; Rasta in the middle. That's what the song implies. It doesn't need to say more, because a Jamaican will know straight away. Besides, I don't like Junior Murvin's voice."

He's very much like Curtis Mayfield.

"Yeah, very much like Curtis Mayfield."

And you don't like Curtis Mayfield?

"Yeah, I do. I like the music; there's a different feel about it.

Do black kids dig your music? Do they understand it as part of the same thing?

"For sure. Where was that gig where a lot of dreads turned up? That was really shocking. I think it was an early Nashville, years ago. There was a few of them at the back, and I was really shocked that they'd be there. I talked to them afterwards and they said, 'Understand, just understand, man will understand, mon'. You never get any trouble from blacks. They understand it's the same movement."

Yeah, but reggae singers talk about what they love at least as much as they do about what they hate.

"Don't we?"

Only by implication: in the sense that if it's known what you stand against it can then be inferred what you stand *for.*

"Yeah, but it's the same with reggae. There are so many people who refuse to listen to them: 'No no, it's all a big con. All this terrible Jah and Rasta stuff, it's all a big con to make money.' There's been loads of reviews . . ."

"That one by Nick Kent was just classic ignorance, comparing reggae with hippies."

MANY PEOPLE like to feel that Malcolm McLaren is in total control of The Sex Pistols: Svengali to Rotten's Trilby. Maybe they feel happier thinking that Rotten's controlled by McLaren, than they do feeling that maybe he isn't controlled at all.

"They need to do that because they don't want to think differently than they already do. They like their safe world. They don't like realising the way things actually are."

Cook: "They fucking do that with everybody. They don't like admitting that anybody actually is the way they are. They always say, 'They got it from *them*, they're just like *them*'."

Vicious: "The trouble is that the general public are so contrived themselves that they can't imagine how anybody else could *not* be contrived. Therefore, if you're not contrived, they have to find some way of justifying their own contrivance . . ."

Ghost voice-over from the past: Jack Nicholson in Easy Rider *telling Fonda and Hopper: "They're not scared of you. They're scared of what you represent to them . . . what you represent to them is freedom. But talking about it and being it — that's two different things. I mean, it's real hard to be free when you are bought and sold in the market place. 'Course, don't ever tell anybody that they're not free, 'cause then they're gonna get real busy killin' and maimin' to prove to you that they are. Oh yeah — they're gonna talk to you and talk to you and talk to you about individual freedom, but they see a free individual, it's gonna scare 'em."*

But I don't tell 'em what my ghost voice says, because that's hippies, and that's past and gone . . . and it was bullshit anyway.

Or so they tell me.

A FEW MORE THINGS about Johnny Rotten. When he was eight he had meningitis, and it left him with weak eyes, permanent sinus, stunted growth and a hunched back.

The once-decayed teeth which got him his nickname are held together with steel rods.

They only time I saw him throw up was because his dinner had disagreed with his somewhat unstable digestive system . . . and then some twisto went into the bog after he'd finished and started taking polaroids of it.

He uses foot powder on his hair because it absorbs all the grease. I never saw him hassle anyone who didn't hassle him, and I never saw him bullshit anyone who didn't bullshit him, and what more can you say for anyone in 1977?

"Turn the other cheek too often and you get a razor through it" — John Rotten, 1977.

Still, 1977 is a prize year for violence, and talking about the Pistols nearly always ends up as talking about violence so — in the words of Gary Gilmore — *let's do it.*

"When they push you into a corner like that, what are you to do? You either kill them or give up, which is very sad, because we're fighting people who ought to be on our side . . . or *are* on our side, but don't know it. They say we're using them, but the real people who are using them they don't even know about."

Vicious: "We're quite nice friendly chappies, really, but everyone has a beastly side to them, don't they? I can't think of anyone I know who if somebody messed around with them they wouldn't do 'em over."

Rotten: "People are sick of being used, but they're now attacking the wrong people, eg. *us.* When I was a skinhead, everyone I know used to go to the football games, and the match had nothing to do with it. What else was there to do? Disco? The Youth Club? *Talkin' 'bout my generation* . . . there was nothing else except alcohol."

Yeah, but having a barney with a bunch of people who're there to have one too is one thing, but random picking-on in the streets — like some skinheads used to do to hippies — is a whole other ball-game.

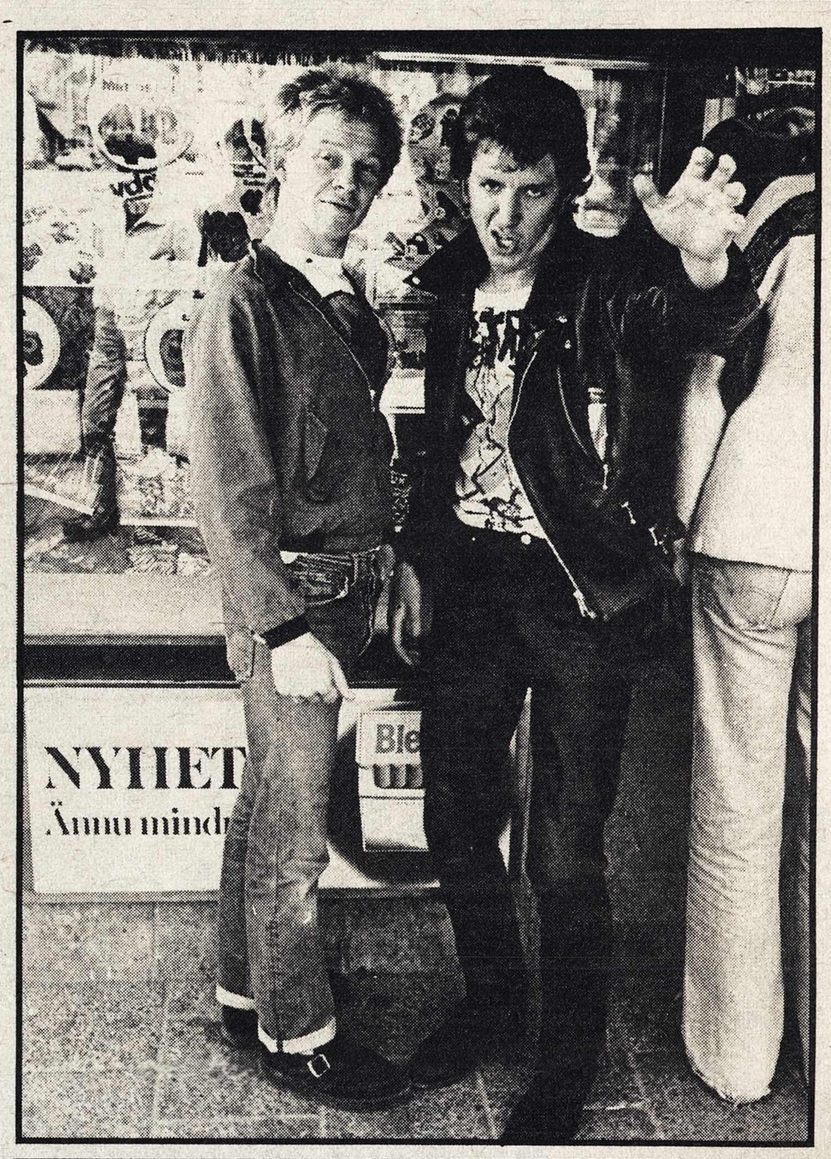
Rotten: "Yeah, but to a skinhead it looked like: 'These geezers are having fun doing what they're doing and we're not just because of the way we look, so smash 'em up and stop their fun.' It's just like the raggare here and the Teds in London, 'cause like I said, when I had a crop and I went to a festival, the reaction I had was terrible.

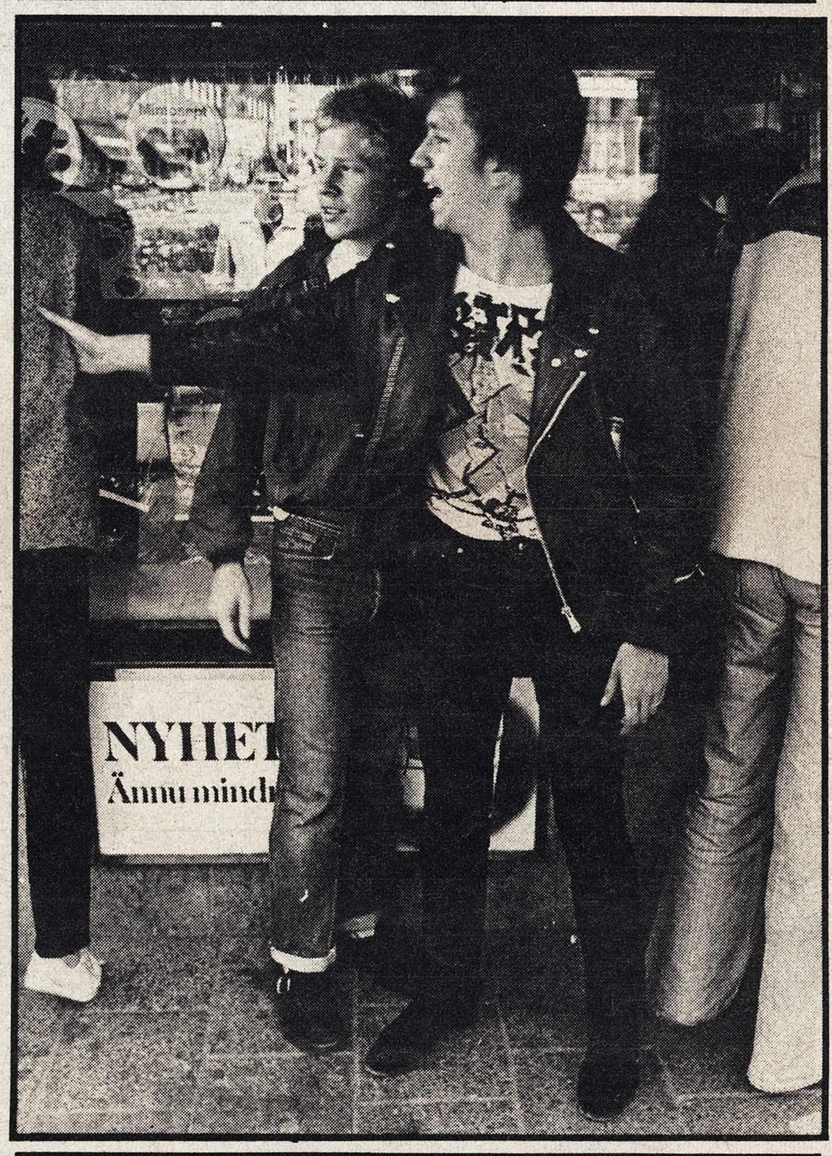
"Violence is always the end result of nothing to do. And it's very easy, and it's very *stupid.*"

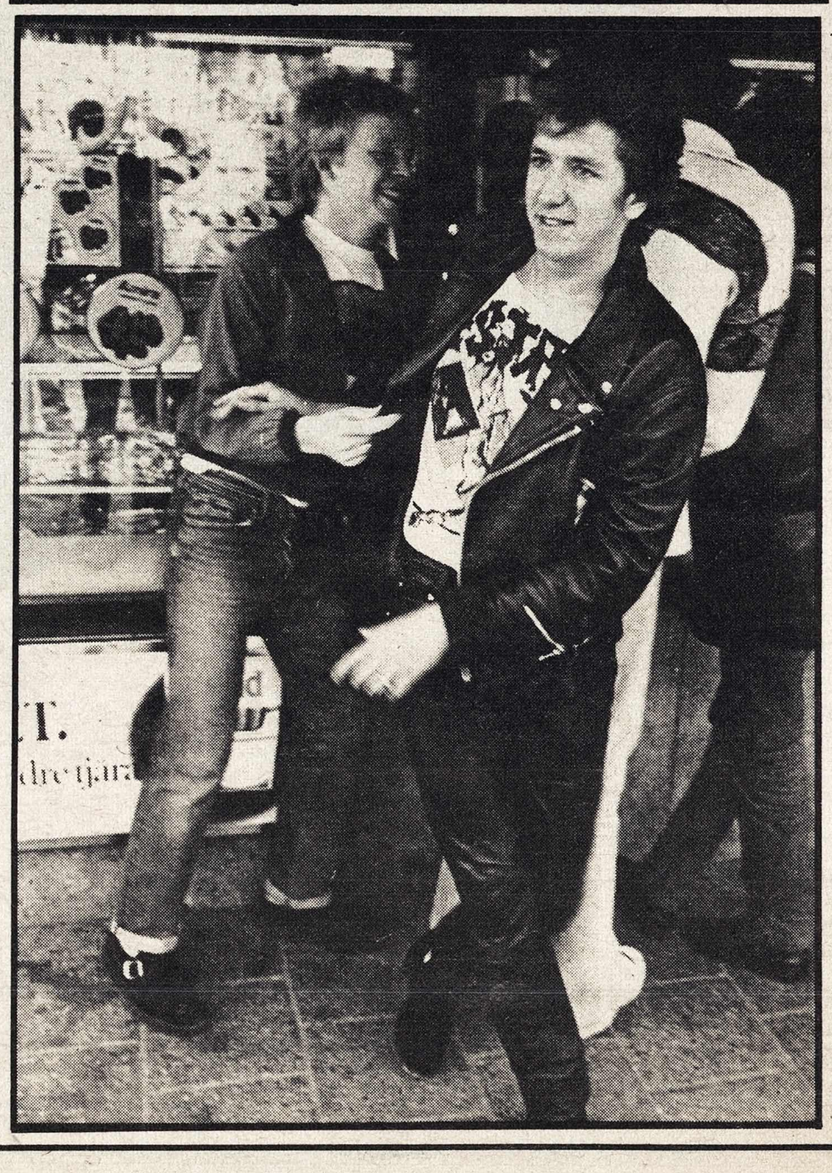
JOHNNY ROTTEN is an avid fan of *The Prisoner,* which figures. After all, he's not a number. He's a free man.

And no matter what they put him through, he'll always be a freer man than any of the people who've tried to tear him down.

Now can we have a gig in Britain?







Pics: DENNIS MORRIS

ALBUMS

BURNING SPEAR
Dry And Heavy (Island)

LIKE A primal colour, a pure gemstone, Burning Spear's music admits few comparisons; it defines itself.

In a field notorious for artistic plagiariam, not to mention outright commercial piracy, Spear's music stands apart, distinctive — influential, yet like the work of true originals, virtually uncopiable. You can't steal a man's soul.

Burning Spear is the soul of Winston Rodney. Formerly a trio with Rupert Willington and Delroy Hines, Burning Spear is now Rodney alone.

He comes, like Marley, from St. Anne's parish, grew up in the country, and in the early seventies he cut two albums' worth of material for patriarch producer Coxsone Dodd, some of which has resurfaced on later albums.

Cursed / blessed with the atmospheric hiss and gauze of Dodd's old style JA production, "Burning Spear" and "Rocking Time" (neither of them released here) are simple, moving testimonies of faith, kinship and pride. Vocally, Rodney was just beginning to evolve; a blueprint for what was to come, *"Chant Down A Babylon . . ."*

Later, living at Ocho Rios on Jamaica's north coast, the collective Spear met up with Jack Ruby, a young producer with whom the group cut the epochal "Marcus Garvey", a haunting and impassioned evocation of black pride, black heritage, suffering and redemption. *"Do you rmember the days of slavery?"* challenged Rodney. *"They took us away from Africa and attempt to steal our culture . . . Meet me at the bank of the beautiful river . . ."*

"Man In The Hills" drew on the same spiritual roots, followed them into everyday life, evoked damp tropical foliage, still mountain chasms, the swell and enormity of the ocean, the calls of children along the beach, fused them all into songs that are hardly songs at all.

With Spear songs cease to be a question of verses and rhymes and equal lines — he takes you where he wants with short hypnotic chants and rambling looping runs of consciousness, pinned into form and sense by his exquisite voice and uncanny timing. Snatches of everyday conversation and snatches of memory are sometimes thrown in. The symbolism is fierce, potent; *"Don't kill the lion, don't kill 'im don't kill 'im".*

The music itself has always been in the Jamaican mainstream; rich fruity horns blown by some of the island's veterans — Trommy, Bobbie Ellis, and married to a young rockers rhythm section boasting the charging unstoppable bass runs of Robbie Shakespeare, and the cracking rimshots of Leroy Horsemouth Wallace. Ruby's production always crackled with energy, gave space and light. Ruby also issued "Gharvey's Ghost", a dub of the "Marcus Garvey" album more interesting for its playing than any psychedelic dubwise trickery.

Rodney produced "Dry And Heavy" himself. Rumour has it that he disliked Ruby's overembellishment, and certainly the new record sounds different, more sparse, more muted . . . yes, drier.

With Rodney as producer nothing strays too far from the ground. The horns that rippled through "Garvey" and "Hills" are subdued, quieter. Ruby's flute passages are banished. The back-up vocals are fewer, and feature a double tracked Rodney on some, but not all, cuts. Since Willington and Hines didn't contribute material (and weren't even particularly apparent on "Hills"), the change back to solo isn't as drastic as might at first seem. Not offstage anyway.

Like other "third" albums, its direction seems at first oblique, and it sounds flat after the buoyancy and drive of Ruby's production. But the new mood — slower, more relaxed — grows with familiarity. The congas on half the cuts salt the proceedings with a gravelly clatter.

The opening tracks promise nothing less than another classic; "Duns River" leads with a fluent easy beat and a lyric that shifts between the universal and particular and fuses the two; *"Any river could be Duns river . . . All I know I love a girl, she could be from Africa, she could be from America, she could be from Jamaica . . ."*

"Are You Ready" maintains the mood, its symbolism primal, archetypal: the journey for which Rodney calls his brother could be the trek home after a day's fishing or the train to Jordan, the ferry across the Styx.

And you can dance to it.

"Long Way Round" is less impressive, a meandering song that reworks the theme of The Wailers' "Soul Rebel", tottering on the edge of droopy-eyed ganja lethargy. "I. W.I.N." too, lacks the edge to lift it from its rather leaden listless groove.

But "Throw Down Your Arms" is a rumbling, sensuous invocation; *"The ignorance no work, the brute force no work . . ."* He who feels it knows it.

Side two offers a more consistent spread of four tracks. The title cut is self-descriptive. The rhythm labours ponderously, standing still at the top of each beat, for the hill is steep and the wood in your arms, though dry, is heavy to carry in the sultry Caribbean heat. Each step become a sweat, the mind starts to slip sideways; *"Schooldays, this is schooldays . . . We are more than one of two or three or four . . . lend me your axe . . ."* Subtle stuff.

"Weeping And Wailing" is a re-recording of an old Spear song. Despite the apocryphal sentiment, Rodney's delivery is cool, relaxed, deceptive, the atmosphere almost sprightly. Are you ready?

Like the rest of the album, it suffers from a surfeit of the flashy American style of lead playing that Jamaican players seem to import (John Martyn played some of the runs on "Hills" incidentally). The island, though it has some fine rhythm players with a style of their own, has yet to produce a truly individual lead player, and as usual on JA records, it's the horns and keyboards that are worth listening to.

On the latter Touter Harvey and Wire Lindo provide provocative pastel shadings and discreet fills while Roots Kinsley and occasionally Chinna Smith add their usually inappropriate guitar frills.

"Black Disciples" is Rodney at his majestic and shimmering best, an invocation of rights and commitment — *"I shall never run away"* — a pledge to ideals and action delivered with soulful majesty.

"Shout It Out" takes the album out with what is in effect electrified *bungu* chant, the sort of song offered up in the great outdoors, pure Rasta music.

Burning Spear's music was born less in the grisly slums of Kingston than in the dazzling panoramas of rural Jamaica. Likewise his songs are concerned less with any passing street youth fads than with the timeless quandries of the soul. And if that sounds pretentious, that's just too bad.

Neil Spencer

Winston Rodney (& main pic).

Burning Spear's Black Soul Blazes On

Max Romeo

MAX ROMEO
Reconstruction (Island)

REMEMBER WHEN? On second thoughts don't bother, since Max Romeo's overnight notoriety as reggae rudie with "Wet Dream" is of strictly historical interest.

A more recent string of singles and two albums, "Revelation Time" and last year's "War Ina Babylon," have marked the man as one of JA's most convincing righteous rockers.

Seasoned cynics may voice misgivings about the sincerity of Romeo's changes — but then that's their affair, not yours or mine. Like any scene that adopts a zealous, militant stance, JA has its share of opportunists. Romeo isn't one of them — and on songs like "Rasta Bandwagon" and "One Step Forward" castigates the freeloaders — and anyway, both rudery and revelation have well-defined places in JA's scheme of things; it's nothing but a nat'ral progresshun from one to the other.

Romeo has latterly severed his ties with producer Lee "Scratch" Perry, so don't anticipate a repeat of the viscous mixdown or headstrong rhythm tracks that veined "Babylon" so richly.

Although often astounding per se, Perry's productions have a habit of overshadwing those involved. But whilst "Babylon" was, I felt, pretty much a "Scratch" show with a(ny) singer happening by, "Reconstruction" (reconstitution?) is all Romeo's own work.

He's produced and arranged himself. Studio sound is straight-forward (no sidewise specials), archetypally sparse yet splendid with organ and cleanly charted horns well upfront, plus on occasion some delicious sax soloing from one Glen Dacosta.

"Reconstruction" is a well varied style sheet. "Melt Away," built on a sturdy ascending-descending piano scale, and Martin Luther King," muted with whispered eddies of flute, are the psalm songs.

The one calls down the Lord's wrath on the wicked with fundamentalist fervour: *"He who sits in his heaven shall laugh / For Jah shall have them in his region / Batter them batter them to pieces."* The other lovingly places the murdered civil rights leader's memory alongside that of Marcus Garvey. The JA pantheon continues to expand.

"Reconstruntion," "Let's Live Together," "Where Is The Love" and "Give To Get" are four natural highs, their melodies at once strong and gentle.

Fortunately Romeo's not alone among JA artists in being able to commit himself wholeheartedly to verses that — on paper at least — appear fairly banal.

All the same, there are enough mainforce couplets to hold the heat, as in *"Oh born in sin and raised in iniquity / If Love is gone it's shadows we're chasing / The pride of human dignity alone remains / Our land is crying shame and refuses to yield"* from "Live Together." (A word of warning though — whoever transcribed the lyrics needs an earwash).

Much the same might be said of the plaintive "Poor People"; once again Romeo's performance transcends. Just surrender to the rhythm and catch the soul in his deceptively dry woodsmoke whiff of a voice.

"War Rock" is strident and yes, embattled with its choppy clavinet lines and rhythm section switching to insistent "Four O'Clock Roadblock" mode. And here's the clarion call: *"No bombs and guns can make it right this time / We've got to look at this world as one ghetto / I scratch your back and them brother scratch mine / The Holy Books is the one key for better."*

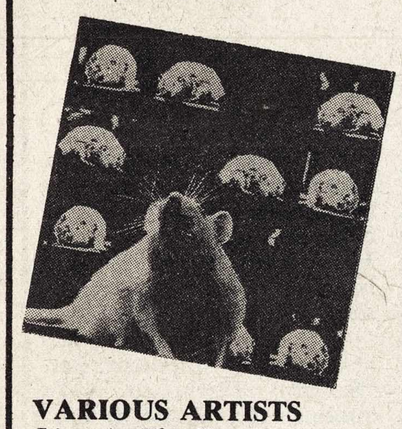
There are also two interestingly non-standard arrangements. "Take A Hold" *("You've got to pick sense from the crap you've been told")* leans into a forward-facing shuffle with bass and drums hitting where you'd least expect: "Destination Africa" receives a suitably Afro-brass treatment. Both tries work well.

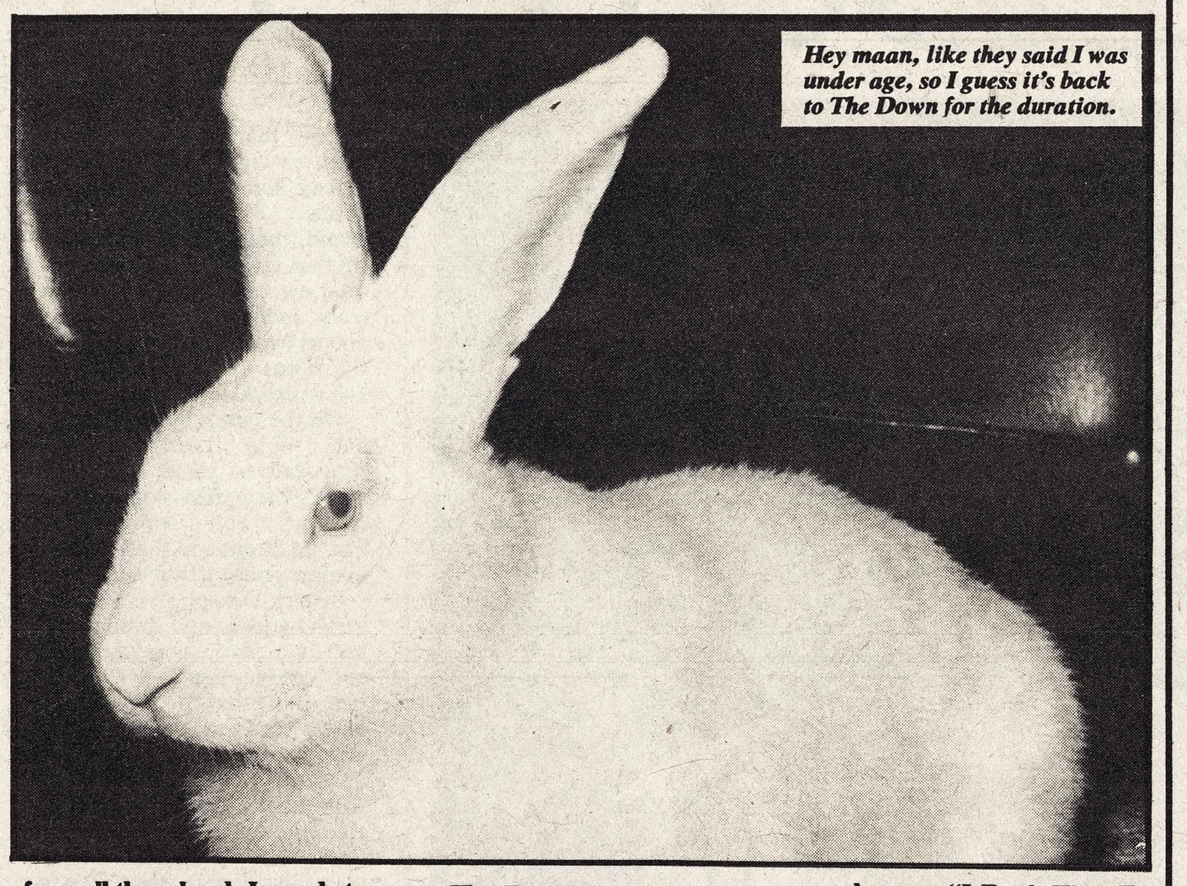
Altogether I'd rate "Reconstruction" as better, braver even than "Babylon." And remember, you don't *have* to be a punk person to check it out.

Angus Mackinnon

Welcome to the rodent-ridden sewers of Boston, USA

Where even rabbits fear to tread





Hey maan, like they said I was under age, so I guess it's back to The Down for the duration.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Live At The Rat
(Rat)

MASSACHUSETTS MEETS The Roxy and comes out on top! The Boston boom. Maxanne Sartori plays punk on WBCN and just round the corner from Fenway Park, beneath Kenmore Square fester a cellar called The Rat.

The good, the bad and the indifferent all come over with immeasurable class compared to those featured on the recent rave from the Convent Garden grave. Indifference is merely relative, after all.

The Infliktors get their inspiration from The Kinks and Garland Jeffreys, though you wouldn't reckon on it after hearing "Norkis Of The North", a chilly stalk through hot-icy creepy instrumental hinterland. The totuously exotic cabaret overkill of "Da Da Dali" sees these bitter-eyed boys playing guitars almost painful in their potency.

You wanna hold my hand? You wanne be my boyfriend? Na, "I Want Sex" say The Boize, a raw prole combo with a refreshingly direct line of attack; *"I wanna meet you baby 'bout half past three/When I see you, I'm gonna knock you down on your knees."*

Give 'em hell, Boize!

***This* is the kind of sexism I can swallow; no malice or forethought, just lust. The Stranglers could learn a lot from these Boize, if Cornwell and Co weren't already educated beyond all instinct and honesty.**

A lot of learning is a boring thing; *this* **is what I wanted from all those bands I gazed at empty-eyed down the Roxy. A tune that breaks your heart, it's so tough and untouched by technology, a bunch of dumb Boize and raw power.**

The catalyst leaders of the pack are Willie Alexander and The Boom Boom Band, and the song that started it all was the single "Kerouac", in which even the abysmal Jaggerian whine can't detract from this strung-out-beyond-belief cameo; *"Oh Kerouac, you're at the top of my shelf/Oh Kerouac, up there with nobody else,"*

C'mon kids — remember Kerouac? Remember Casady? Ya don't? Well, he never was as good after he left The Partridge Family.

The Boom Boom Band wisely abstain from attempting to outdo their *meisterwerk:* **"At The Rat" is pleasant trash and "Pup Tune" breaks the needle with its Lou Reed fascinations.**

Sass are a creepy trio of psycho-killer young lawyers whose "Rockin' In The USA" is standard HM Brit boredom. Thundertrain are so subtle they make Kiss sound like the McGarrigle Sisters

The Real Kids dish up the clumsy "Who Needs You" and the deliciously wet behind the ears "Better Be Good." Third Rail, led by freelance mortician Richard Nolan (they should be signed by Stiff, heh heh) warble the respective joys of "Rondey Rush" (a real live sadist who Richie ran across in a leather bar) and "Bad Ass Bruce", your archetype malevolent hustler.

The songs of DMZ are the offspring of chanteur Mono Mann, who likes to forsake his piano after a few minutes to grovel at the feet of audience girleens, as befits an Iggy acolyte.

Here they chuck at us the full-frontal *j'accuse* **"Ball Me Out" and the listless "Boy From Nowhere." DMZ met as students at Boston University, though the preferred punky version is that they found each other in the subway. They want to grow up to be The Standells. Don't we all?**

The four boys of the succinctly named Susan show soft-hearted nastiness in the real racous "I Don't Want To Know Your Name," then capitulate in the dumb blind repetition of "Right Away", which moves through a fine reverie melody into an almost-soul slooow love song which manages to be both killingly commercial and real brilliant. Why, more love songs like this and everyone might give up drugs!

But The One is Marc Thor and "Circling LA"; a silk-cut, semi-precious gem sitting on the sidelines; *"LA International Airport/I've been up here for hours now/I've seen the movie ten times/I've had six whiskey sours."*

The ethereally rough-edged melody ambles after its own tail in a smart spiral ending in derangement all too soon. Much scarier than actual anger, this track is totally *now* spacey reserve — this age is the apothesis of the apocalypse.

He's so pretty, and he don't care; *"Going down to the studio/I've got contracts to sign/I've got records to make/I'll just circle L.A."*

Julie Burchill

THE COUNT BISHOPS
The Count Bishops
(Chiswick)

THE COUNT Bishops sound like a blueprint for the Ideal Bar Band.

Listen, they're into Chess blues, '50s rock and 1965 Beat Group music; they roar through every song they touch in 125mph overdrive and with a leering, lipsmacking enthusiasm — gravy on the chops, big smile. The rhythm section's turbine smooth, all power and propulsion, the guitars have a beautifully nasty rusty jagged edge to them and the vocals are in the best Ruff Tuff Creempuff tradition.

Plus they don't exactly put on the kind of act that you can't bear to look away from, so you can *keep on drinking* while they're on stage!

Their album — their first and Chiswick Records' first — balances off the Chicago blues-/Beat Boom repertoire they started with against the band's own material — three in the Ruff Tuff Boogie vein by bassist Steve Lewins and two by rhythm/slide guitarist Zenon de Fleur (Gawd, all of a sudden everyone's got funny names).

Zen's two songs — "Baby You're Wrong" and "Stay Free" — were the band's last single, and the former, with its almost-but-not-quite incongruously West Coastish 12-string and harmonies veneered over the Bishop's Harley-Davidson powerdrive, betrays a melodic pop sensibility that would do Nick Lowe himself honour.

The oldies are drawn from disparate but complementary sources: The Standells ("Good Guys Don't Wear White"), The Kinks ("I Need You"), Howlin' Wolf ("Meet Me In The Bottom"), Chuck Berry ("Down The Road Apiece"), Slim Harpo ("Don't Start Crying Now"), Elmore James ("Shake Your Money Maker") and Savoy Brown ("Taste And Try").

Savoy Brown???? Jesus, talk about eclecticism! The oldies mostly work just fine with the exception of "Shake Your Moneymaker" — which sounds unenthusiastic and thin, as if they were bored with the song when they went in the studio — and "Down The Road Apiece", which is such a goddam cliche by now that it's a drag however well it's played (gold star in the margin, incidentally, for Jool Holland from Squeeze, who plays fine pumping roadhouse piano on the song).

Since these two tracks are back-to-back at the end of the first side, it results in a dead area midway through the album, which is a pity.

In general, "Count Bishops" is a meaty, satisfying album: a nice blend of traditional rock and blues basics presented with their individual flair which prevents the Bishops from merging into the wallpaper with all the here's another Chuck Berry number bands. Dave Tice sings tough and sardonic without any hint of posturing and Johnny Guitar — guess what instrument *he* plays, gang! — comes on like gangbusters with a snaky electric barbed-wire attack that lashes out in all the right places.

If they looked as good as they sounded, they could be the most successful blues-based British band since the Feelgoods. Still, that's the breaks . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

PATRICK MORAZ
Out In The Sun
(Charisma)

I DON'T mind the fact that in the course of a mere eight tracks Patrick Moraz finds it necessary to play Polymoog, Oberheim Polyphonic, Minimoogs, Synthesizers, Digital Sequencers, Taurus bass pedals, voice box, Steinway grand piano, ARPS, Polyphonic Polymoog, Hammond C3, vibraphone, double moog, ARP 2600 & pro-soloists, Micromoog Bass Sequencer, tambourine, Fender Rhodes 88, clavinet, AKS effect, *and* Vibrotronic Bubbletron. Oh, and *birds!*

I don't mind the fact that he jetted off to record this album in both Rio de Janeiro *and* Geneva.

I don't mind the fact that it's unaccountably gone Top Fifty, and I don't even mind the fact that Patrick Moraz has a Chinese gong player called Jean-Luc Bourgeois.

But I suppose I really ought to mind all that effort and expense going into creating something as bland as this unremarkable mixture of quasi-jazz rock symphonia, latino-funk-rock, and semi-cosmic grunge-rock.

Alright then, I do. It's my duty I guess. Some if it's actually quite nice, He's got Wornell Jones on bass and Andy Newmark on drums, and an unobjectionable singer called John McBurnie, and there's a pleasant Todd-soul MOR song called "Tentacles" and a jolly jolly Brasiliano-rock title track.

Some of it's quite horrible. He's got another singer called Francois Zmirou who screeches something awful on "Love Hate Sun Rain You", while "Kabala" takes funky muzak to lengths even the CTI crowd haven't essayed.

Still, I don't mind that — it's not the sort of record that makes you care much either way.

What I do mind is having to write about the bloody thing. So I won't Go on, sack me!

(You're fired — Ed.)

Phil McNeill

QUARTZ
Quartz (Jet)

PRODUCED BY Tony "Sabbaff" Iommi, with lots of echo and bass, it'll come as no surprise that Quartz are HM riff merchants, with all the panache of a Panzer tank floundering in marshland.

They even ressurect the hoary old occult bit with their risibly melodramatic "Devils Brew" — *"In blood I write my name before the children of the dead/And curse the light of day that I must fear."* Wow! If they keep this up much longer I'm going out for a drink, keeping my fingers crossed that I don't get knocked down by a bus.

We're soon into the relentless "Around And Around" (something about Gorgons, Nostradamus and Eve's apple), the re-relentless "Street Fighting Lady" (no paean to militant feminism, this, just a predictable woman-as-predator anthem), and the re-relentless "Pleasure Seekers" (*"We are the Devil seekers/I speeded up my mind/Served you from the gravestones/I tried it from behind"* — pardon?).

For the cynics out there, from the same song comes the presumably apocryphal *"Some use black magic that burns out tragic/We take the money and run."*

As you've doubtless gathered, the words are pretty dreadful, and I think the inclusion of a lyric sheet is uncalled for, as profligate a waste as, say, a leatherbound copy of *Love Story*.

Bang your head against the wall? Quartz want you to splatter your brains against the carpet.

Monty Smith

FOREIGNER
Foreigner (Atlantic)

YOU CAN count the number of genuine rock albums on the American charts on the fingers of one hand and still have one vital digit free to make an appropriate gesture as to the current state of the game.

Apart from an alarming predominance of sonic wallpaper and disco bumpery, the Land Of The Bland's young proles have this unhealthy notion that rock 'n' roll is personified by Kiss, Boston, Nugent and Foreigner. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Within weeks of release both Foreigner's debut album and single, "Feels Like The First Time", have automatically been struck in everything from tin to plutonium. Yet in no way is this indicative of its actual merit.

This six man Anglo-Yank band haven't made it on their originality, but like so many bands polluting the charts, by sticking religiously to a proven formula. In very much the same way as Boston recycled every HM cliche into a palatable consumer product for millions of indiscriminate buffs, Foreigner have done nothing new except flesh out the Free and Bad Company recipe with Synthetic additives.

I'm sure you must be familiar with the routine: push hard against a half-paced beat, stagger the songs with melodromatic riffs and pauses and bring a tousled haired singer (Lou Gramm) who can lip-sync to just about every note that Paul

IMPORTS

A NEW "live" Clapton album? Well, sorta.

For John Mayall's "Primal Solos" (London Collector Series), subtitled "Legendary performances from the archives", contains a whole side of previously unreleased "in concert" material by the 1966 Mayall band with El Clappo heavily featured on axe.

Cut at the Flamingo just seven months prior to the debut of Cream, the band — Mayall, Clapton, Bruce and Hughie Flint — bluescruises its way through such items as "Maude". "It Hurts To Be In Love", "Have You Ever Loved A Woman?", "Bye, Bye, Bird" and "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man". Though the vocals would appear to be recorded in the best bootleg mode, the instrumental work comes through loud and clear. Side two of the disc contains further live cuts by later Mayall outfits.

In the wake of the deluxe Stones set comes the **Beatles** collection offered by Pathe-Marconi of France. Containing no less than 12 albums — all the "real" albums, excluding "With The Beatles" and "Beatles For Sale" — the collection comes packed in a large and highly decorated box at a recommended price of £48. We understand Barclaycards will be accepted.

And while on the subject of best buys for the tax exile who has everything, I'll mention that Flyover Records are currently importing such highly priced Nip goodies as "Crossover Hits" (Sony/CBS) — a compilation that contains such cuts as **Freddie Hubbard's** "Midnight At The Oasis", **Lee Ritenour's** "Wild Rice" and various jazz-rock extracts by Weather Report, Al Di Meola, Herbie Hancock, Ramsey Lewis, Return To Forever etc. — and "Great Hits Of TK Soul" (Victor), a 24 track job by the likes of **John Tropea, George and Gwen McCrae, Latimore, Timmy Thomas, K.C.** and the **Sunshine Band** and **Little Milton.**

Also around, on Japanese MCA, is "An Evening With Boris Karloff", on which the late William Pratt (as he was before he got a bolt through his neck) introduces snippets from "The Mummy", "Dracula" and various "Frankenstein" soundtracks in suitable goose-bump raising manner.

Star-bedecked is "Let's Clean Up The Ghettos" (Phil Int) on which the title song is performed by **Lou Rawls** together with **Billy Paul, Archie Bell, Dee Dee Sharp Gamble, Teddy Pendergrass, The O'Jays** and others. Most of these also add further solo tracks, only a couple of which (namely, Dee Dee's "Oooh Child" and The Intruders' "Save The Children") would appear to have surfaced on disc before.

Meanwhile, good reports have been comin' in regarding Mountain Railroad, a label which hails from deepest Wisconsin. "Devil Take My Shiny Coins", by **Dick Pinney** a singer similar in style to Jesse Winchester, is the release that's won most of the plaudits to date, but **Jim Post's** "Back On The Streets Again" and "Get Folked", a various artists job, cut live at Charlotte's Web, an Illinois club, are said to be worth checking by all who believe in the Rounder-Flying Fish-Arhoolie way of things.

Fred Dellar

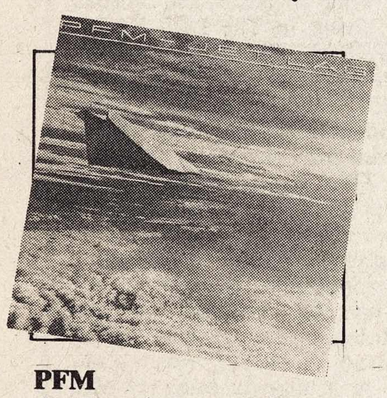
Rodgers has ever uttered.

Only trouble is, Gramm comes out sounding more like Christine McVie with a strep throat. Over this framework, Foreigner carelessly drape some occasional Fab Four harmonies, a smattering of synthesized keyboard and ten of the worst rock lyrics ever printed on a dust sleeve.

As it transpires, Ben E. King and the AWB have already looted the only half-decent song on the entire album ("Fool For You Anyway") and given it the vigorous interpretation of which Foreigner seem incapable.

Foreigner may include ex-Spooky Toother Mick Jones and former Crimso sideman Ian McDonald, but at no time do they threaten to recapture the glory of their past affiliations.

Roy Carr



PFM
Jet Lag (Manticore)

IT OPENS OK with Franco Mussida's acoustic guitar playing pretty filigrees on the instrumental "Peninsula".

All too soon we're into the title track. Gregory Bloch's hypnotic violin, Flavio Premoli's loose piano and the fragmented tempi could have emerged from Zappa's middle period. But the lyrics — well, how about *"Got a flash preview of deja vu"* to decribe jet lag?

Bernardo Lanzetti's vocals are quiveringly nasty, much like Roger Chapman's would sound after a Leicester City home defeat, but he's saddled with lyrics as daft as *"Think of da Vinci/His ambidextrous arts / Hendrix's guitar sang / Sweet feedback lightnin' farts, er, sorry, from Mars"* (on "Left Handed Theory" — southpaws rejoice in your deification!)

And "Cerco La Lingua" is apparently an attempt to find some kind on Esperanto utopia where language represents "the culture of the individual, his background, experience, as well as his feelings, personality and creativity." Sheeze, I don't know *anyone* worthy of that kind of attention, leave alone stumbling across some half-assed nation full of the buggers.

But PFM sure do play fast. Does that mean it's good? Well, trouble is, they're not half as good as *they* think, and not half as bad as most people reckon they are. Even if they are wops.

Monty Smith

JAMES TAYLOR
J.T. (CBS)

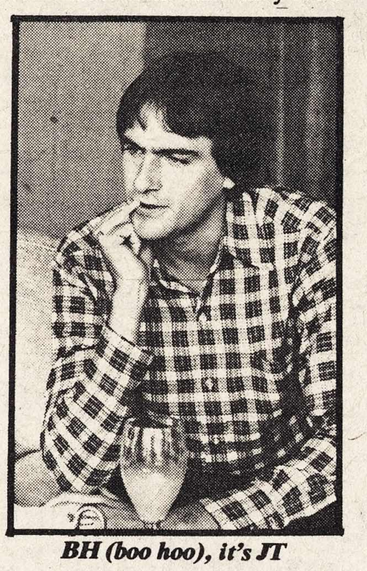
BACK IN '71, it seemed that the Sweet Baby was everybody's favourite. He'd already had a massive hit with "Fire And Rain", while a previous contract with Apple proved that even the Beatles had recognised his potential.

"You've Got A Friend", he sang. And Taylor obviously had plenty. Not only friends — he also had relatives. Which meant that the record companies — who believe strongly on genetics — signed 'em all.

James' forte was the intimate love-letter set to music. Just a few bars of any Taylor album acted like 100% proof aphrodisiac upon the right girl. But yesterday's love letters are often today's embarrassments. And so in recent years, Taylor has found it harder to find an audience for his seductive serenading.

However, it seems that he's wooed someone at CBS because, obviously impressed by our clean cut hero (I wonder what he did with those Mud Slide Slim braces and Woodstock thatch?).

They've released this album to the accompaniment of such blurbs as "When you've heard James Taylor, all the rest are just singer/songwriters", a sentiment I'll have to remember next time they send



BH (boo hoo), it's JT

me a Paul Simon or Dylan album.

But just pleasant is what this album is — no more, no less. There's little doubt that Taylor still thinks of himself as the Browning of rock, though often as not he's just Rod McKuen without the laryngitis.

The opening lines of one song reveal: *"If I keep on talking now, I'll only start repeating myself. And all I can say is I love you, I love you, I love you."* Which explains just about all you need to know and also indicates how Taylor's version of "Handy Man", a delightful hit for Jimmy Jones in 1960, turned out to be so anaemic.

Now it would be totally unfair to write this album as a non-stop trip to Droopsville, because there are times when Taylor really does drag himself out of the rut dug by Cupid's arrowtip. He suceeds on "Traffic Jam", a kind of talking shuffle (as opposed to a talking blues) set against the stark background of Russ Kunkel's brush-work while "Bartender's Blues", on which Linda Ronstadt helps out with the bottle-opening, is a fair attempt on the traditional, honkey-tonk angel inspired, bar-room ballad.

There's one moment of genuine beauty at the close of "Terra Nova", a "Homeward Bound" thought for today, when Mr and Mrs J.T. render a multi-dubbed, round-styled coda in a fashion that leaves one's nerve ends tingling.

But generally things end up a little too much like the last reel of 'Camille" for comfort. Listen by all means then — just remember to keep that box of Kleenex handy!

Fred Dellar

BARBRA STREISAND
Superman (CBS)

REACTION TO Streisand's new album must inevitably be coloured by her grotesque performance in the dire *A Star Is Born.*

The evident aim of the film was to bring about a drastic improvement to Streisand's sagging career. To change her from a bombastic balladeer into a MOR act with appeal to a rock audience.

Only the unquestionable charisma of Kristofferson saved the whole twisted project from disaster. Any rock fans who got off on the movie soundtrack deserve what they got — a limp parody of the real thing.

Still, the success of "Star" was enough to make musical semantics reduntant. Streisand's high in the American charts with this new set and the title track single; the ploy seems to have worked.

Ironically, this album turns out to be a far classier piece of work than the "Star" music. The likes of Jack Nitzche have been roped on to help authenticate the fakery, and the result is a cunning mix of rock and disco. It's only marred by one thing. Streisand still comes on like a torch singer.

"Don't Believe What You Read", for example, has a nicely blasting guitar riff, with the vocal mixed well back, but Streisand simply can't handle the rhythm or the reel.

"I Found You Love" also starts out promisingly. An engaging disco arrangement and a melody strong enough to score a hit single but Streisand's unchecked melodramatic approach wrecks it needlessly.

The "Superman" track itself manages to be both unbearably twee and absurdly overblown. Far from giving their blessing, DC comics should have sued her for every last cent.

Streisand's problem is that, no matter how much rock expertise she buys, she still ends up out of place.

If Julie Andrews were to team up with Black Sabbath, the result could hardly be more comic.

Bob Edmands

BARBARA DICKSON
Morning Comes Quickly (RSO)

IT MUST have seemed a good idea at the time to send Ms Dickson off to the States to work with a producer of venerable standing; Mentor Williams was the brains behind Dobie Gray's "Drift Away". But it doesn't quite seem to have achieved the desired effect.

Ms Dickson is in fine voice throughout; it's hard to imagine her ever turning in a below parperformance. What's inadequate is her material and William's surprisingly lightweight production.

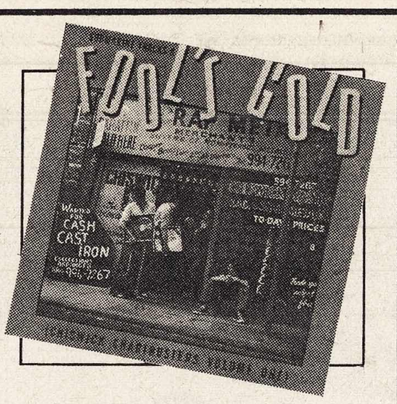
Part of the blame lies with the performer. The three songs she wrote here — "High Tide", "I Could Fall", and "Who Was It Stole Your Heart Away" — reveal a largely unsuspected potential. But the ones she's chosen to make up the rest of the album are somewhat weak.

Much of the problem stems from the fact that Williams and his buddy Troy Seals appear to have laid a lot of their own songs on her. "Deep Into My Soul", for example, is a limp opener that's barely saved by a bouncy, chiming riff in an electric keyboard.

Even if they've fallen down somewhat on the strength of their melodies, some nifty, busy arrangements might have made up for it.

Given the right songs and encouragement Ms Dickson has the voice to make her career soar, as witness the success of "Another Suitcase". But this won't help.

Bob Edmands



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Submarine Tracks and Fool's Gold/Chiswick Chartbusters Volume One. (Chiswick)

"THEY SAY love can move a mountain, love's gone in our teens . . ." The 101'ers' Joe Strummer howls with strangled larynx over the "Jumping Jack Flash" derived riff that the band's finest moment is built around, their Juke Box Classic entitled "Keys To Your Heart".

"Joe used to come into the shop all the time," says Chiswick's Ted Carroll in reference to his *real* record shop, Rock On in Soho, the temple that Chiswick Records evolved from. "I went along to see 101'ers and they were at the stage that's best for a band — hungry, on their way up, fresh, full of enthusiasm and total energy. By the time they reach the Hammersmith Odeon level, a band has lost something."

Chiswick Records, born Summer '75, used imagination instead of old sales figures. They were a direct reaction against the giant record company corporations in much the same way as the Pistols were a direct reaction against the dinosaur bands of the sixties.

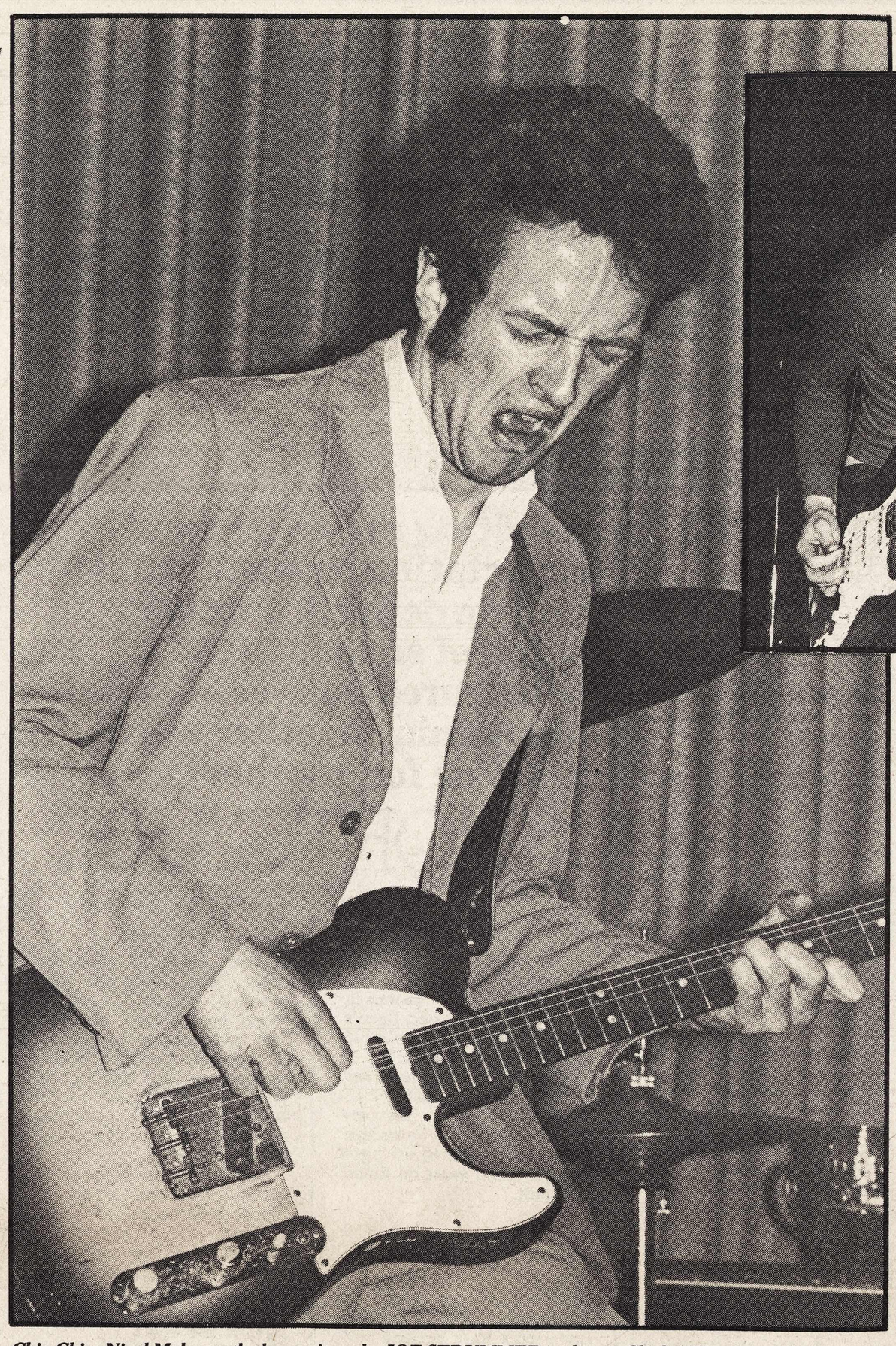
Along with Stiff Records, Chiswick has been largely responsible for the resurgence of the quality rock single (usually lovingly picture-sleeve packaged) aimed at a neglected section of youth. Chiswick thought that putting out records should be about music, not product, that sales should be earned on merit, not reputation. Hey, Ted Carroll and his partner Roger Armstrong must be crazy bastards, right?.

Wrong, kid. This superb anthology modestly subtitled "Chiswick Chartbusters Volume One" is £2.25 cheap and living proof that good guys win. A dozen tracks in all, the 101'ers open the show with the stuttered chording of "Keys To Your Heart", a quintessential recording for any of you troops interested in seeing where The Clash grew from, dateline early last year, pre.Sex Pistols satori and the gathering storm clouds.

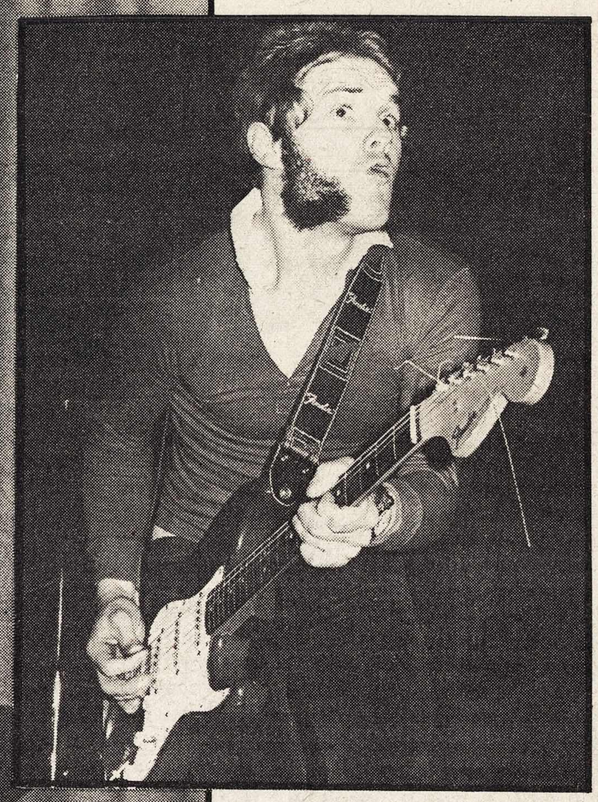
There are also three songs from the only true inheritors of the legacy left by the Small Faces, the band who warranted a stream of hit singles, Jesse Hector's vision of London Mod omnipotence — The Gorillas!

Note the superb early '77 single "Gatecrasher", its addictive riff slashed out with good natured malevolence by Hector, also the intoxicated raunch of the tribute to the chicklet of your heart, "She's My Gal", and the echoed repetition of the Skinhead moonstomp-flavoured "Gorilla Got Me."

There's a brace of Le Havre rivvum 'n' blooze tracks from Little Bob Story, the frantic chord changes of lost-lust frustration in "I'm Crying", and the comparatively sedate "Baby Don't Cry", both of them recorded in December 1976.



Chiz Chiz: Nigel Molesworth plays guitar aka JOE STRUMMER in the pre-Clash 101'ers



Hi! I'm Jesse Hector of The Gorillas

CHISWICKED!

The Count Bishops have a trilogy of cuts that include their junk-sick paen to obsessive sexual craving, "Train Train", when the girl you need ain't around, and the ones that *are* around just ain't good enough. Their best song and Love psychosis incarnate.

The Bishops' other two songs are the Chuck duck-walk derived "Teenage Letter" (the absorption and expression of influences works), and that boring old warhorse "Route 66" which has an effect similar to swallowing all your Mum's National Health valium.

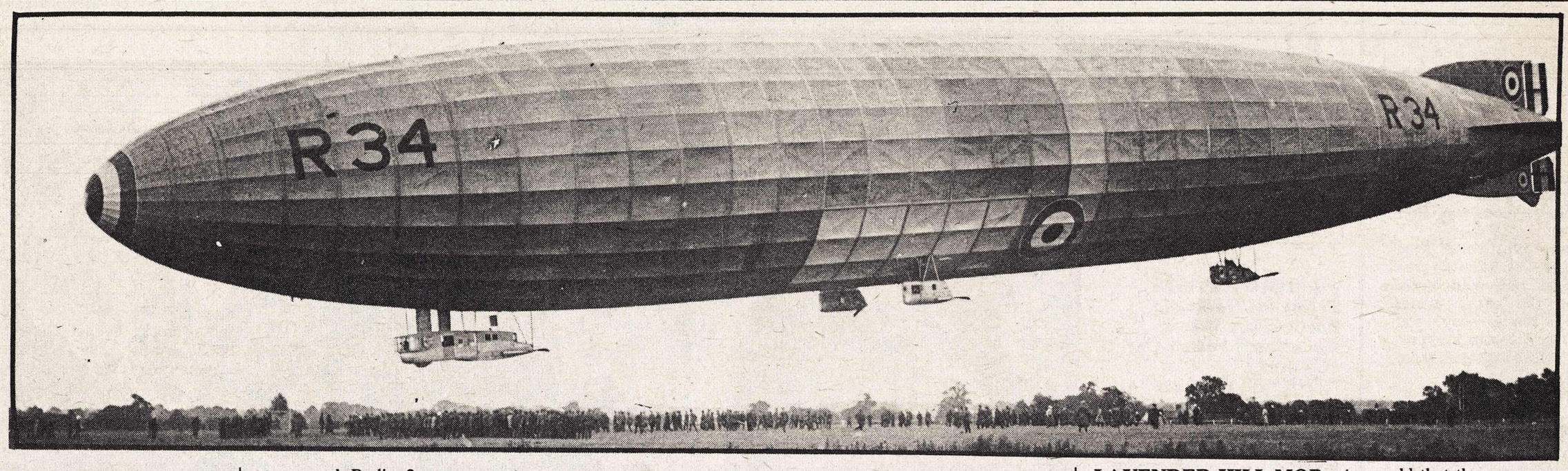
Rocky Sharpe And The Razors evoke the emotion and imagery of beautiful self-pitying *American Graffiti* Rock Dreams for lost teenage angels with "Drip Drop" and "So Hard To Laugh".

Which leaves the acceptable face of the Page Three mentality, "Dirty Pictures" by the Radio Stars. Chuckling pop meets a parody of nasty New Wave with its flies undone and lines like *"I get my kicks up in the attic, with a Kodak Instamatic"* and other such nonsense.

"Yeah, the big companies took a while to catch on that something new was happening," Chiswick's Ted Carroll says, "and then they went apeshit. Sometimes I think it'll kill it. Then some unknown kid walks into the shop with some new band's amazing tapes and it all seems worthwhile."

Rock on, Chiswick.

Tony Parsons



Awaiting masses throng in expectation as Britain's R34 airship delivers another batch of sounds to the beleagured natives of far-off Mookania. In other words, it's time for another

SHORTCAKE

By MONTY SMITH

THE BYRDS
Byrds (Asylum)
I'VE LOST count of the times Charles Shaar Murray has taken swipes at this album, the much-vaunted reunion debacle. Charlie obviously hates it but it's not **that** bad, and Asylum have re-issued it now that the flak has subsided.

"Byrds" is disappointing — all of the participants have owned up on that score — but there's still much to savour. Most of that is down to Gene Clark ("Full Circle", "Changing Heart") and David Crosby ("Long Live The King", "Laughing"). Clark's songs remain gloriously Byrd-like, soaring harmonies and sorrowful harp, while Crosby's have that sinister cutting edge which marks his better work.

It was probably a mistake to include songs by Joni Mitchell and Neil Young, and the numbers contributed by McGuinn and Hillman are undeniably mundane. A crash landing, then, but a few healthy survivors.

ENCHANTMENT
Enchantment (United Artists)
FIVE BLACK singers from Detroit, Enchantment are hot on the "uh-huhs" and "yeahs" and are surrounded by some class session players — bassists Alvin Taylor and Chuck Rainey, guitarists Elliott Randall and John Tropea — but the mixture of mediocre, string-swamped funk and sub-Motown ballads gives the album an overall sound as outmoded as the dreadful cover art work.

ALBERT HAMMOND
When I Need You (Epic)
IN WHICH Albert teams up with co-writers Hal David, Molly Ann Leiken and, the latest Little Miss Chic, Carole Bayer Sager. New versions (it says here) of "To All The Girls I've Loved Before", "Rivers Are For Boats" and "99 Miles From LA" jostle with lots of other wimpy love songs, all ripe for plucking by cabaret turns and Radio 2 programmers.

Albert's weedily uncertain vocals make this elpee seem more like a demo-disc for prospective cover versions rather than a serious attempt at making One For The Fans.

THE BRECKER BROS
Don't Stop The Music (Arista)
I'M RANDY (trumpets and flugel horn), he's Michael (tenor sax and flute). We play disco-junk!

As the background vocalists bleat the lyrics to "Finger Lickin' Good" — written by Ticky Brecker (Mom!) — Michael's sax is in no way distinctive from scores of session players. Indeed, that's just what the Brothers Brecker are, glorified session men, elevated to the status of leaders by a record industry intent on saturating the market with entirely gratuitous 'product'.

Bits of "Funky Sea, Funky Dew" (awful titles, too) work on some sort of super-muzak level, but the mediocrity of the compositions will irritate jazz fans as surely as their constantly shifting tempi will frustrate disco dancers. Don't stop the music? It barely gets going.

TANYA TUCKER
Ridin' Rainbows (MCA)
NO LONGER the Lolita of contemporary C&W, Tanya's developed into a young vixen who, going by Frank Lafitte's Cadbury flake cover shots, wouldn't look out of place in some chintzy New York nitery.

The topics she warbles about in that deceptively mature voice are mainly concerned with those exploits generally considered to be the domain of consenting adults ("Knee Deep In Loving You"!), and if her blue eyes aren't exactly of the come-to-bed school, they definitely cheekily suggest "Don't wake up Mom".

The string arrangements are, inevitably, top-heavy and the title track is about the sickliest song, all dago picking and angelic choirs. Most of side two is in fact yukky. Without the strings, she rocks gently, as on Dave Loggins' "Wait 'Til Daddy Finds Out" — a potential scenario for all manner of juvenile disasters is contained in that phrase — and there's even some kind of anti-drug ditty in "White Rocket".

No mention is made of the supportive musicians — Nashville perfect, whoever they are. Anyway, Tanya can go forever — after all, she's got about a dozen years on Linda Ronstadt.

LIAR
Straight From The Hip (Decca)
LIAR ARE the band, as *Thrills* noted a few weeks back, that Decca have decreed will fill the gap between Status Quo's unsubtlety and Bad Co's sophistication (sic).

The music is marginally more subtle than Quo's (thus less enjoyable), largely less sophisticated than Co's (not easy). The delightful cover shows a bikini-briefed young lady's torso about to be branded with the band's moniker. Subtle. Sophisticated.

ATTITUDES
Good News (Dark Horse)
DANNY KOOTCH and Jim Keltner have teamed up with bassist-singer Paul Stallworth and keyboards man David Foster to form Attitudes, though just what attitudes they intend striking remains an enigma.

Soul-pop, perhaps? "Sweet Summer Music" is watered-down War, although the presence of the Tower of Power horn section on three cuts lends them a deceptively fat sound, whilst others resound to the tinkling of Warlike timbales. Stallworth's vocals are a shade anaemic, not helped by occasional prissy backing voices.

Kootch's compositions are a cut above the rest (especially "In A Stranger's Arms" and "Manual Dexterity"), although even these are fatally soft-centred. I wonder if Hari actually listened to this.

ANDY BOWN
Come Back Romance, All Is Forgiven (EMI)
YET ANOTHER immaculately performed, hideously over-arranged contribution to the Deadly Dull Competence syndrome. Just a musician's jerk off.

OK, Bown's lyrics aren't as pretentious as Steve Harley's (easy), nor as dopey as John Lodge's (easier).

But Romance? *"I dreamed last night about your fishnet tights"* ("Too Good To Last"). Forgiven? *"Bought a power penis from a sissie bar/Sat a blind black boy in my Jaguar"* ("I've Got God On The Phone").

How shocking. He's no Peter Skellern either, though he tries that too on "The Real Thing". Go home Andy, all is not forgotten.

LAVENDER HILL MOB
Lavender Hill Mob (United Artists)
ONE OF their B-sides was a fine hand-over-fist version of "The Nazz Is Blue", proving that this Montreal mob could cut it if they wanted to.

But this debut album is mainly the synthesized pop ("Head Over Heels") and sub-Queen trickery ("Magic Lady") Pilot themselves recorded at Morin Heights. They go in for twee whimsy ("The Loneliest Man On The Moon"), and lead singer Nicky Prigeno's voice is well wet.

Pity, 'cos Ronny Jones is a pretty fair guitarist (as evidenced on his snorting "Nazz" performance — not included here, natch); the only time he's allowed to cut loose here is on "Chibougamau", a pseudo-boogie woogie.

FRESH
Get Fresh (MCA)
AMERICAN six-piece with a dated quasi-rock-soul sound suitable for dread discos maybe, but not entirely welcome for home consumption. There's some neat bass work from Milo Martin, especially on "Sweet Music" and the instrumental title track, but the horn and string arrangements (yet again!) are a bleedin' headache.

PAUL BOGUSH JR
Expect To Hear From Me Again (Private Stock)
GOOD, SOLID, poppy numbers ("You Can't Cry For Help"), pseudo-rock ("Ain't It Wonderful") and mainstream ballads ("Me").

So why did Larry Carlton involve himself as producer-arranger and how did he convince ex-fellow Crusaders Wilton Felder and Joe Sample, *and* guys like Dean Parks, Jim Gordon and Michael Omartian to play along?

They're all Bogush compositions and he's an undistinguished vocalist. Don't call us.

ERIC SIRKEL
Sirkel & Co (Affinity)
ERIC Sirkel wrote all 13 cuts (he plays guitars and sings, too), and they're short but would that they were snappy.

It's merely super-snazzy pop of gargantuan ephemerality offering cliches by the cartload ("Living In The Laid Back", "Riff A Bit", "East Coast Rocker", "Get Your Roll Up") and, one would have thought, of flickering appeal even for Eric's Co.

They include special guest star Mick Taylor (writ large on the sleeve even though he's only on four cuts), twin saxophonists Mick Eve and Chris Mercer, and producer Robin Millar showing off on piano, moog and French horn.

A stunningly ordinary platter and, since it was recorded at Rockfield in March *last* year, someone must have shared my doubts about its validity.

DAN FOGELBERG
Nether Lands (Epic)
"HAUNTED COUNTRY music — a synthesis of the feeling of an environment. The antithesis of modern living, and the mystique of the Hills." — Dan Fogelberg.

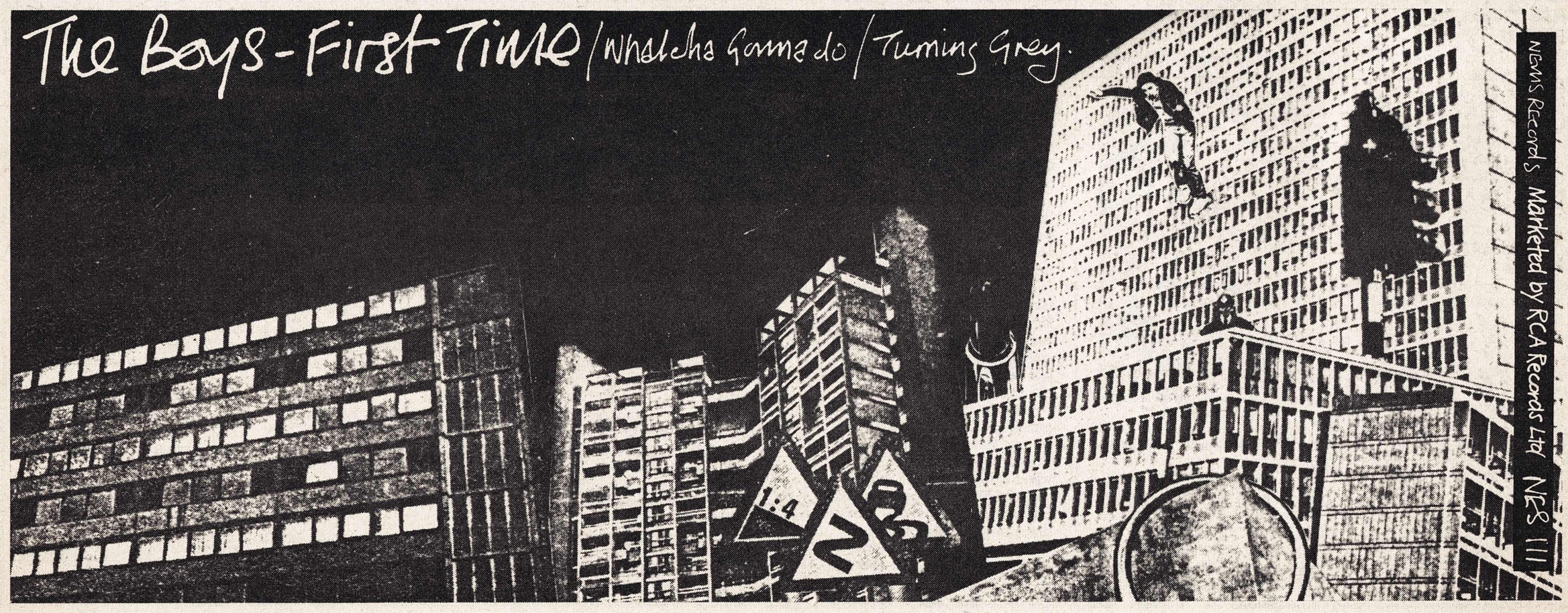
"Sophisticated mainstream music — a synthesis of all that's wrong with West Coast blandness and sophomoric intensity. The antithesis of real life and the smugness of the LA rock set up." — Monty Smith.

BAY CITY ROLLERS
It's A Game (Arista)
IF ALL this talk about The Rollers 'growing up' means anything, I guess it's that now their albums are to be swamped by elephantine string and horn arrangements.

Lulu, Cilla, Shirley — don't worry girls, here's the guest star act for your next series.

The group compositions are best for a giggle, like "Don't Let The Music Die" *("Thought rock'n'roll would bless my soul forever"*, to cabaret orchestration!), though their lethargic version of Bowie's "Rebel Rebel" doesn't score too high on the old macho-meter, either.

Come on, I just don't want to play this game — I can't even be bothered to be convincingly bitchy about it.



Presenting, live from the launderette

. . . The KURSAAL FLYERS, who lost a guitarist and found true love in self-service laundry emporia. Report by PHIL 'Everything comes out in the wash' McNEILL.

GRAEME DOUGLAS of Eddie & The Hot Rods (or Rods, as they now seem to be known) appeared to put his finger on it in these vey pages on July 16: "The Kursaals got unfashionable. Their credible market went overnight."

Douglas should know, of course. Until February he was The Kursaal Flyers' lead guitar player. But maybe the new Rod was simply stating the obvious: despite — or maybe because of — a chart hit single in December with "Little Does She Know", as a rock act the Kursaals seem to have stiffed out this year.

Last month I went down to Oxford to confront The Kursaal Flyers with this — and was astonished to find the band playing tougher, faster, louder and better than ever before. What's more, the set featured as many new as old songs, and some of the new ones ranked among the best rock songs I've heard for ages.

A large part of the band's renaissance is no doubt traceable to The Split. Whereas Douglas told Max Bell it was "the best move I've made", the Kursaals feel they are "more potent as a group — because we feeel we *are* a group again."

If you wanted to finger one incident or person responsible for Graeme's alienation, you wouldn't be far wrong in nominating Mike Batt, who produced the "Golden Mile" album and broke the band into a wider pop market last year.

"I've never loathed a geezer so much," Graeme said of Batt when I phoned him a couple of days after talking to the Kursaals. You could hear his heavy brows beetling as he went on: "If he hadn't worn such big platform boots I'd have bopped him."

The Kursaals, on the other hand . . .

Ritchie Bull: "Mike was tremendous. We worked really well with him."

Paul Shuttleworth: "We got a lot of respect for him, like what he does."

And the friction between Batt and Douglas?

"Basically," Shuttleworth reckons, "it was an artistic thing. There was a sort of violent interaction where they weren't prepared to give ground to one another. We never got the best out of Graeme, and he spoilt some of the things that could have been good with Mike."

GRAEME DOUGLAS had always seemed a little sidelined in The Kursaal Flyers, his harsh lead guitar grating against the pastiche furrow the group ploughed so often in their days with UK Records, his face always intense while the others grinned like cats.

In the final analysis, both parties agree, the split had little to do with music: put five guys together for several years and something is just bound to give sometime. Douglas says they were "in each other's pockets, and I got to hate what they stood for — their middle-classness, smugness."

The band aren't so vitriolic. "It's very difficult for us to talk about it," Ritchie Bull says. "The band with Graeme was great, we've all got a tremendous respect for Graeme's talent as a guitar player and musician — and that's about all we see of it really."

I spoke to Will Birch after Max's Douglas interview was printed, and he said he'd been "very hurt by it".

Okay, case closed. Douglas' replacement is a 6'4" Southender called Barry Martin, who played with Graeme before the Kursaals were formed in a combo called Slim and The Lizards, and who's jammed with Douglas occasionally since then as Eddie and The Blizzards.

Ironically, rather than going "the Sailor-type way" that Douglas envisaged the band heading, Martin's easy-going presence seems to have lifted some kind of psychological barrier the others may have felt with the aggressive Douglas, and in Oxford at least they rock rock rock.

They admit it's a change that has been influenced by punk rock.

A similar drive recently prompted them to play at the Hope & Anchor and the Nashville. "The business is geared to not going back, not stepping down out of your league," Will Birch observes drily — but the Kursaals reckoned it was okay for them to do London's Hope & Anchor six months after the New Vic because they'd broken firmly enough away from the pubs for there to be no stigma attached. They just wanted to get the pub/club atmosphere again.

"But the real reason we're doing it," Birch laughs, "is that one guy in the band hasn't paid his dues — so we're going back and doing a coupla places like the Hope & Anchor."

"Just so Barry *really* pays his dues," adds Ritchie, "he's humping all the gear in."

Vic Collins glances up momentarily from his paperback thriller about rabies, grins and ducks back into it. Even when I located the band earlier in the evening, Collins had been leaning against a pillar in a crowded pub devouring his novel with blissful oblivion.

WILL BIRCH, who has sat fairly quietly during our discussions of Graeme and Barry, perks up as the conversation turns to songwriting. The World's Only Articulate Drummer now becomes the focus of attention for all the bodies slumped round the dressing room up in the rafters of the thirteenth century college whose annual Ball the Kursaals are gracing tonight.

"We had some guy the other night who asked 'Why do you stage all your songs in laundrettes?'

"The way I think of it is that young people throughout the ages go to traditional places to find love. They go to discos, the dance hall.

"In fact there's more chance of picking up a bird in Sainsbury's than there is in a disco. You go up Sainsbury's, and there are lonely women in there — and you can get very romantic situations."

"There's more chance of picking up a bird in Sainsbury's than there is at a disco"

The others chuckle, but Birch is dead serious. I ask him what his new songs are about, as the current Kursaals set contains no less than ten songs written since "Golden Mile" came out.

"They're about, uh, launderettes," grins Ritchie.

"Nah, they're not," Paul counters, but before he can crack *his* funny Will Birch takes it up:

"The new ones are about the problems that people have with living in an age where everyone's conditioned to being great and fab. Magazine life.

"Magazines are just dreams, right? You buy a glossy cover, a new picture — like the new *Men Only* has got a different picture on the cover to the month before, and it's *new*, 60 pence — and it's that gloss that sells it.

"That's the whole idea of record marketing in America. Frampton has a new album out, and it has a new sleeve, and it's there in the rack in front of you, and it's glossy . . . And you almost wanna pay more than list price for it. It oozes a quality that only money can buy.

"You buy magazines, and they urge you on to being, y'know, bigger an' better . . . We've got a song called 'The Questionnaire' that's about those things you get in *Honey* or *19* — but there's an irony to it, because you can either answer the questions how you think the answers should be, or you can answer honestly. And if you answer *honestly*, then you tot up the points at the end of it . . . and you come out being a total prick.

"Which we all are.

"We've got another new song called 'Girls That Don't Exist'. I was just riding up the escalator at Tottenham Court Road one day, and you know those posters they have up for bikinis, and you see these really incredible birds . . . and if you look in fashion magazines, like your girlfriend gets, *19* or something, and there's all chicks wearing fantastic costumes . . . And you just *don't* see birds wearin' 'em.

"So that's all bullshit. That's all crap.

"There's another song about people who are glued to the television, being totally educated by television ('Television Generation'). And there's another song about a girl who lives on frozen foods, because she lives alone and she can't be bothered to cook, and she gets really fat on it ('TV Dinners')."

"There are 50 million stories in the Naked City," quips Shuttleworth.

"There are," Birch asserts. "I believe there are 5000 more which are going to fill up our next ten albums. It's just getting under the skin of all this shit that people live with."

IRONICALLY, some of the shit The Kursaal Flyers have had to live with recently has come from the political snob school of 'punk' followers. At one recent gig one girl made a great show of standing with her back to the band all evening, while Birch heard a bunch of kids yelling "Kursaal Flyers are wankers" at The Clash's Rainbow gig. ("At least they recognised me," he smiles. "But I was really hurt for a couple of days.")

The fact is that the Kursaals' view encompasses slightly more than right-to-work pull-it-down diatribes. Songs like "Girls That Don't Exist" spotlight the way we all debase and exploit one another, how we fall for dumb image games devised by people who are falling for dumb games devised by someone else who's falling . . .

And so on. Like his great influence, Ray Davies, Birch's songs mock the subject yet break your heart. He's evidently only now realising his true forte, and the cameo masterpieces are queueing to trickle out of his piano finger.

Whilst I'd hate to see the end of Birch's brilliant stylistic pastiches like "Hit Records" and "Speedway" this newer style is a whole different ballgame.

The band are also hitting unparallelled peaks onstage right now. I suspect Graeme Douglas is a more original, fiery guitarist than his replacement, Barry Martin (who, incidentally, Graeme taught to play). But Martin is a more accommodating personality, and his style blends more unobtrusively with the Kursaals, seeming to encourage Bull and Birch to push harder from the back and giving the truly excellent Vic Collins freer rein on pedal steel.

They look far more streamlined now, and they *rock* far harder than ever before. They're a rock band again.

They've just cut their next single, "The Sky's Falling In On Our Love", with Muff Winwood producing. It's a great song, and if playlisted it should be a big hit.

"The Sky Is Falling In" is released in about a week's time, and a tour starts August 4. Will Birch won't say what's going on, but it seems something fairly extraordinary is being cooked up in the Kursaals' camp for August.

That camp, of course, has recently been sadly depleted by the exit of manager Paul Conroy, who's now become general manager of Stiff Records. According to Birch, this split was mutual and amicable: despite working 24 hours a day, Birch says, Conroy was unable to give the band the extra lift they've required this year.

The Kursaal Flyers are now managerless, though that's not hampering their date sheet, which is apparently lengthening rapidly. Conroy says he's "well pleased" with the Stiff appointment: "Back into madness," he grins. The KF's also seem to have hit hectic times.

LAST WEEK the band finished mixing their next album. Recorded live by Vic Maile at the Marquee in May, its working title is "Five Live Kursaals". Birch, replying to Graeme Douglas's slights in *NME*, confidently predicts that "it will prove we can do it live."

The 13 tracks include seven oldies, as a kind of summation of the band's past, plus a live version of the new single, two other newies — "Original Model" and "TV Dinners" — and an encore medley of Mike Berry's "On My Mind", The Beatles' Arthur Alexander number "Anna", and The Easybeats' "Friday On My Mind".

That should be released in September, at which time the band go into the studio with Muff Winwood again for the first of two recording stints — the other in October, with another tour in between — to get a studio album down. Winwood was chosen for his '60s beat group experience.

The album's due in February. Yeah, February 1978! Still, it'll be worth the wait. Guarantee you.

Graeme Douglas may have a superb record of his own on his hands — but I reckon The Kursaal Flyers will make him eat his words.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Komm Gib Mir Deine Money

I RECENTLY got hold of a copy of "Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand" (I Want To Hold Your Hand) backed with "How Do You Do It?" on the U.S. Swan label. Thing is, I thought the fab four's version of the first Gerry and Pacemakers' hit was never issued — so how come it turns up on the Swan label? Is the single a collector's item? The number on the disc, by the way, is S,4197-1. — **TONY NEALE, London W.2.**

● There is no mention of this particular release in either Podrazik/Castleman's extensive Beatle discography or in Jerry Osborne's *Record Collector's Guide* — though "Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand", backed with "Sie Leibe Dich" (She Loves You) was originally released in single form on German Odeon 22671. Normally I'd say that you'd got your mitts on to one of the world's great rarities — except for the fact that I know some shops are selling the very item you mention for a mere £1.50 a throw. I will, therefore, leave you to draw your own conclusions.

COULD YOU give me the names of the original members of the Little Richard Band and tell me the instruments that they played. Also — when will his Creole album be released and when is he going to tour here? — **JOE SINCLAIR, Clapham, London SW9.**

WHICH LABELS did Little Richard record for after he left Specialty? Could you also provide his real name? — **DAVE BERRYMAN, Yiewsley, Middlesex.**

● Little Richard, real name Richard Penniman, first began recording, for RCA, in October 1951, his band at that time being Willie Mays (trumpet), A. Dobbins (alto sax), Fred Jackson (tenor sax), J. Hudson (bar. sax), Julius Wimby (piano), Charles Holloway (piano) and Don Clark (drums). Later he moved on to Peacock and cut sides with the Temp Toppers, a vocal group, and Johnny Otis's band; then during 1955-59 he cut a number of classic sides for Specialty using a band usually drawn from the following pool of musicians — Grady Gaines, Cliff Burkes, Wilbur Smith, Lee Allen (tenor sax); Lenny Linnear, Sam Parker Jnr., Red Tyler (bar. sax); Tom Hardwell, Justin Adams, Nat Douglas, Ernest McLean, Roy Montrell, Edgar Blanchard (guitar); Frank Fields, Ossie Robinson (bass); and Charles Connor or Earl Palmer (drums), with Edward Frank, Little Booker and Salvador Doucette sometimes helping out on piano.

After leaving Specialty, Richard worked for such labels as Little Star, Vee Jay, Okeh, Brunswick and Reprise. His latest album, "Little Richard — Now" is to be released by Creole during the next few weeks but there are no plans for a British tour. The scam is that Rich is waiting for God to give him the go-ahead on a trip to these isles. But so far HE-WHO-CREATED-US-ALL has decided that we're not worthy to receive the testament according to St. Richard. We figure he just doesn't like The Sex Pistols.

COULD YOU please print some info on The Ramones and tell me: (1) Are they really brothers? (2) How tall is Joey? (3) Have they any singles out other than "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker"? (4) Have they got a fan club — or is there anyplace where I could write to them? — **RAMONES FREAK, Southampton.**

● According the info tape spewing out of the office punkograph, the sons of Sire really **ain't brothers. They have two other British singles around in "Blitzkreig Bop" (their first) and "Swallow My Pride" (their latest) and though they have no fan club, you can contact the band via Sire Records, 16 Mag, 745 5th Avenue, NY 10022, USA. According to Sir Edmund Hillary, the north face of Joey Ramone reaches a height of 6ft 4ins while the punkograph goes on to reveal that page 78 of *The Voice*, a 1946 book about teenage rage Frank Sinatra, states: "The fave futility word is "hey" which Sinatra occasionally uses, as if it were a period (full stop), to end his sentences. The word has now been incorporated into one of the most popular Sinatra cheers, which ends "Hubba, hubba, Frankie, hey!". So what's new with the "gabba, gabba" bit then?**

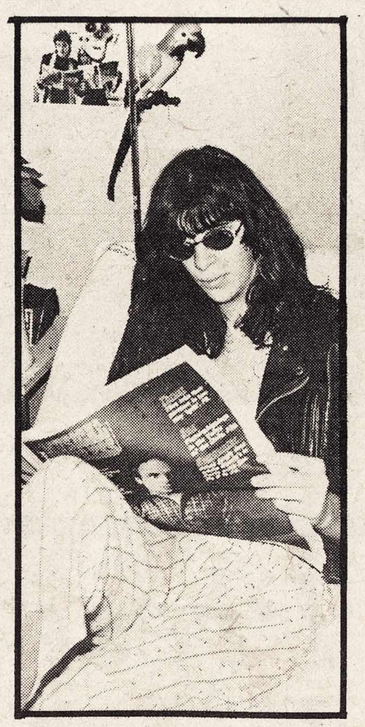
WHERE CAN I buy the deleted "Buckingham-Nicks" (now of Fleetwood Mac) album? — **STEVEN BECKETT, Coventry.**

SOMETIME AGO, an Arista album called "NBC's Saturday Night Live", which contained tracks by Paul Simon, was mentioned in *NME*'s Imports column. I've since written to Arista — who didn't reply — and even tried to import a copy myself but had little luck because I didn't know the catalogue number. Can you help? — **M. J. TOASE, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear.**

DOES LARRY Carlton have a solo album available? — **ROD SMITH, Rotherham, Yorks.**

● The Buckingham-Nicks album is not deleted and is readily available on Polydor 2391 093. "NBC's Saturday Night Live" was released on U.S. Arista AL4105, though I'd like to point out that Simon's contribution to the proceedings was negligible. Finally, no solo album by Larry Carlton is currently in the catalogue, though the guitarist did cut "Singing/Playing" (BST 46) for Blue Thumb in 1973, an elpee on which he fronted Crusaders, Hooper, Felder and Sample, plus such other sidemen as Michael Omartian, Joe Osborne, Jim Gordon, John Guerin, Max Bennett, etc.

I SHOULD very much like to know of any popular music cassette lending libraries (preferably postal) that exist within the United Kingdom.



JOEY RAMONE reading th' Info City page in hopes of findin' facts about Fred Dellar.

This is not such a strange request as it may at first appear, for I am a disabled person and being unable to indulge in "active" pastimes, spend a great deal of my time listening to music. The local County Library supplies classical records but rock and pop are badly catered for and I cannot afford to buy many albums in these categories as I have but a modest income. However, I have a tape machine and if you could supply details of a pop/rock lending library, maybe this could help fill a gap. — **TAPE FAN, Moulsham Lodge, Chelmsford, Essex.**

● The Central Cassette Library, 176A Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey offers a varied selection of rock and folk tapes. Just send a large S.A.E. for details. In the meantime, we're sending you cassettes of C.C.R.'s "Pendulum" and Ray Russell's "Ready Or Not" just to keep things ticking over. Cheers!

PLEASE CAN you provide me with a complete album discography for Can? Which of their LP releases are now deleted, and where can I get hold of them? — **NICK, Faversham, Kent.**

● While with U.A. Can released "Monster Movie" (1969), "Soundtracks" (1970), "Tago Mago" (1971), "Ege Bamyasi" (1972), "Future Days" (1973), "Soon Over Babaluma" (1974), "Limited Edition" (1974) and "Opener" (1976), the latter being a budget-price compilation of material taken from previous albums. Since signing for Virgin, Karoli's cosmic Cologne contrapuntists have cut "Landed" (1975), "Flow Motion" (1976) and "Saw Delight" (1977) while "Unlimited Edition" (1976) released on Virgin's Caroline label, proved to be a double-album that included a straight re-issue of "Limited Edition" plus a number of previously unissued cuts. All these albums — with the exception of the original "Limited Edition", of course — are still in the catalogue.

Spots aren't exactly a turn-on. But then, neither is a face full of plasters. Anyway, why waste your time covering up? When you can do something positive to get rid of spots.

Start right away with Valderma Cream. It attacks the bacteria that help cause spots. In tests it kills over 98%. No other cream is more effective. And by killing off bacteria, it can stop spots from spreading.

Meanwhile Valderma soothes away the inflammation. So the spots can clear up faster.

And washing with Valderma Soap can help to keep you spotless. It leaves a protective barrier on your skin. So use it every day.

Start using Valderma, and you'll come out from behind those plasters. Because soon, you won't have anything to hide.

Valderma leaves you spotless.

SIDESWIPE

TRAVELLIN' THE USA BY GREYHOUND BUS

Established in 1914 to ferry iron miners the 4 miles from saloon to fire station, the Greyhound Bus Corporation just grew and grew.

Today, Greyhound's 4,500 buses cover 100,000 miles from Yukon to Arizona and from coast to coast, toting more folks than all the world's airlines combined.

A legend in Blues and Rock and still the cheapest way to see America, NME spared all expense in sending Brian Case to investigate.

It takes all sorts to make a Greyhound Bus. ***Illustration by PETE WINGHAM***

GO GREYHOUND!

"EVERYBODY TOIN to da neighbour and say Howdy."

"Howdy!"

"Everybody lean across da aisle and say Howdy."

"Howdy!"

"Kay. Nice to have ya aboard, you know?"

The driver replaces his microphone and steers the Greyhound bus through the suburbs of New Jersey — mailboxes perched like aviaries, picket fences — and up into the tree-clad Appalachians. New York is just a memory now, brutal vital fevered, a needle-spray sauna, a siliconed skline. A young man in a nephew-style pullover moves up the aisle, proferring cookies. Middle America is surfacing. Folks . . .

Somewhere on Route 76, the first hard-hat breaks cover. Beer-bellied, crew-cutted, Mister 5 × 5 plants himself beside the driver. "Jeeze — I just can't take sittin' there no more. Goddamn readers, huh? Hey — I take over da wheel, ya want? Awrite, joke, joke . . ."

He's a truck driver without a truck, reads the road aloud like a comic book, braces a hip against the chromium rail, key chain tolling from his belt on the bends, and engages the lip. "I haul meat. Swingin' meat, boxed meat. Went off da road in Winnetka. I wan' one a dem new Mack trucks, ya know, foot down fifteen hours to Illinoise, betcha fuckin' A, buddy."

In the front row, an old lady makes a tart smack of disapproval around a boiled sweet. Other polarizations begin to appear, as if the San Antone Fault runs clear through America. "— by its distinctively perfumed odour, so I caught hold of that boy and I shouted until the driver stopped the bus and put him off." The speaker is wearing the habit of some strange order of grounded nuns. "My shins were black and blue from that boy's kicks, I can tell you . . ."

Through the green glare-prufed windows, gorges and gullies give way to the flat nothing-much of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, those magical American names that wear out their welcome as the highway darkens to night. The 3a.m. coffee from the 25-cent vending machine in snoring Toledo: one for the album. After Chicago, the long-haul passengers, giggly or crazed by continental distances that slip a mind's moorings — hum bum numb dumb hum — grapple aboard and commandeer sprawl-room with wild somnambulistic glares.

"I break and take a motel room every third night," says a veteran, biffing his pillow, MOTEL NOTORIOUS, and sealing the air-conditioning vent with a scarf. "One horizontal night, a shower, and a chance to change my pillowcase."

Everything changes on the red-eye shift. The bus is disinfected from stem to stern. The crapper is emptied. The relief driver, lacking the do-cee-do and allemande of his predecessor, guards the door against the press of newcomers. "Gotcha boarding pass? Ya deaf, pal? Get in line."

An unfortunate mountaineer, his equipment misrouted to Nebraska, jumps salty: "Chalk the Star of David onna side, why doncha?" And stands there forlorn, arms hanging from holiday sleevelets like dead rabbits as the bus pulls away. Maybe he can make a new life, really make a go of it here in Springfield Greyhound bus depot, while he waits for his luggage.

'I'm gettin' tired ridin' that old Greyhound,
I ain't no worry 'bout the service,
But they just keep on layin' my bags around.'

THE BUS hums on through the night. Turnpikes, tollgates, headlamps, tail-lights. Deep, confessional conversations start up in the darkness between Americans who have never seen each other, and will look away in the morning. Is there a life before death? Is love worse living? "I mean, I'm rilly rilly resolved that this second half of my life is gonna be inner-directed and meaningful and all like that. No more Hershey bars for me. Phew! Rilly."

Dawn breaks on Route 66. St. Louis, Missouri, paddleboats, the muddy Mississippi and curving high as hopes over the banks, the tin slenderness of Gateway Arch.

The terminal is thronged with backcountry blacks up from the South, cheap fibre suitcases and two-tone shoes, the lucky ones asleep on the arm-rest televisions, 25 cents for 15 minutes. Round and round the concourse, pushin' broom, crushing cans, out-of-state newspaper in his hip pocket, goes the Greyhound sweeper, Johnny B. Goode who got no further.

Now here come that Greyhound
With his tongue stickin' out on the side,
If you buy your ticket
Swear 'fore God an' they'll let you ride.'

An hour away from Tulsa, a black stowaway vacates the crapper and slides into a seat. "Folks, I feels lighter," he says, tips his skimmer down over his eyes. Smug, squatting oilwells hop like toads into Texas. Longhorns, barbed wire, prairies, sky.

At Amarillo, deep in the Panhandle, township of rusting cadillacs and one-storey brownpaper liquor stores, a lone-star reading of the federal smoking regulations: "Waal, Ah guess Ah'm yuh driver clear down to ole New Mex, an' Ah'd purely admire if'n y'all con-fined yuh smokin' to th' rear seats of muh bus, chaw-plug, booze, no pipes, an' none of that there Mary Warner 'cos Ah'd take that kinda hard.

"Figure I'm gonna be hoggin' that crapper some, that bein' the case," titters a hippie, stroking a beaded pouch. "Got me a 20-dollar Acapulco Golden Highway Reducer right here an' mellow."

His octagenarian neighbour dips thumb and forefinger in the mixture, wafts it under the smeller: "T'aint no Acapulco Gold, young feller, durned if it's gage at all. I say you kin blow this sage-brush clear to Flagstaff an' never miss a mile. I live smack-dab on the Arizona-Mexico border, an' I make it my business to know. Dadblame it! I was makin' an' movin' moonshine way back in the '20s, made a grubstake an' lit out for the North Western Territory prospectin' for uranium, bought a hotel outa that. Don't rightly know how old I am, family bible got burnt in a fire . . ."

The hippie trips out on boredom. Two rows up, a girl sits cross-legged under a blanket, meditating. She emerges beatific. "If you're ever inna slammer, pal, make sure its Houston," her neighbour advises. "Color T.V. plenny chow. "The girl frowns up at her luggage, gnaws at a nail.

Taco 'n Coke at Tucumcari, loneliest pull-in in the West. Mesa, butte and tumbleweed at twilight, everybody hugging close to the silver flanks of the bus, lost under a skyfull of astronomy, trying physical jerks.

'You may bury my body, ooh, down by the highway side.
So my old evil spirit can get a Greyhound bus and ride.'

A silent Navaho and his girl get off at Albuquerque. The Rockies rear up like breakers around the twinkling town, cradle of 30-odd killings a week. "If you're so rich, how come you're travelling Greyhound?" says a voice in the darkness. "Because I plumb forgot about my Smith & Wesson anti-personnel. Got turned around at the airport barrier. Toted that shooter so long, slipped my mind. I shoot like Starsky and my buddy, he shoots like Hutch."

". . . knew an archaeologist at Taos carried a handgun for snakes, made the moral switch to karate . . ."

SANTA FE, Spanish township of boardwalks, rich potters and sunken Indians. Chained to the trading posts, Indian Charlie & Annie Bear Foot, life-sized wooden salesmen, the wood warping as with suffering Catholic Christs.

Wildly dissimilar social groups board the bus. A middle-aged man in a Brooks Brothers suit, pigskin luggage, dropped a bundle on the baize at Vegas and pleased about it: "I'm an accountant. All year I'm careful and cautious with clients' cabbage. I allow myself a Mad Month. Analyst's order."

A black-bearded dropout wearing what looks like a dugout canoe, two dumpy silent squaws, sharing the pregnancy roster between them, bob in his wake. "Too hard, man, We only got through last winter by offing a bear. Another season in Arcady and I'd have been understudying for Lieutenant Calley."

An elderly Australian couple inflate their Greyhound cushions to a nicety, unzip carpet slippers, and drift into a prickly argument with a Nebraska woman. "Of course we've got bauxite. We've got gold mines and diamond mines, oil wells and tropical fruit. Quonset huts too. It's bloody huge."

"But ya haven't got The Bomb."

"Well . . . not when we left we hadn't . . ."

"When did ya leave?'

"Er — three days ago. But the wife and I have got a pair of adorable Sydney Silkies, long-haired little dogs, and they can outstare anybody."

Montain Standard Time. Heads bend overthe watch winders, back an hour from Central Standard Time which was back an hour from Eastern Standard Time. Timetables become a poser. An irate black abruptly realizes he's scheduled to arrive precisely one day late for his sister's wedding in Milwaukie. "When I get back home, that booking clerk's gonna be shittin' teeth for a week!" But it's nothing four thousand miles of highway can't cool. He's come one, got one to do and two back before he can deliver his grievance over the counter. "Aw — shee-it."

Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver. East of Cheyenne, the landscape flattens into the geometry of agriculture: the endless plumbline of Interstate 80, the bright crimson of a harvester, white grain elevators with checkerboard tops. Wyoming, The Equality State; Nebraska, The Cornhusker State; Iowa, The Hawkeys State; Illinois, Land of Lincoln. A dust storm at North Platte brings the bus to a halt, and the natural-disaster count to four: hail storm at Joplin, Missouri, dissolving hardtop in 105 degrees at Shamrock, Texas, and frozen surfaces at 7000 feet along the Rockies.

Two little sisters in faded dresses and pale red hair sit carefully among the midnight flotsam of Omaha bus depot. Carrier bags, sandwiches, they're being mailed to relatives, courtesy of Greyhound. A flustered 14 year-old mother tries to change the baby on the floor, mouthful of pins, watchful of passing boots.

A whooping bunch of good ole boys are seeing off the troops and a fifth in the lavatory, holding foreheads, straining at plugholes: "Wahoo! Give them ole German girlies one from me, Luke!"

Puerto Rican pinball wizards comb their quiffs and kick shit from the Automats, per favor.

"Thank you for going Grehound," says the address system. "Thank you for going Grey-".

The dinette door slams behind the black. All along the counter, eyes turn and stare flat farmhand stares. The waitress grudgingly takes his order.

"Thank you", he says.

"You're welcome", she says.

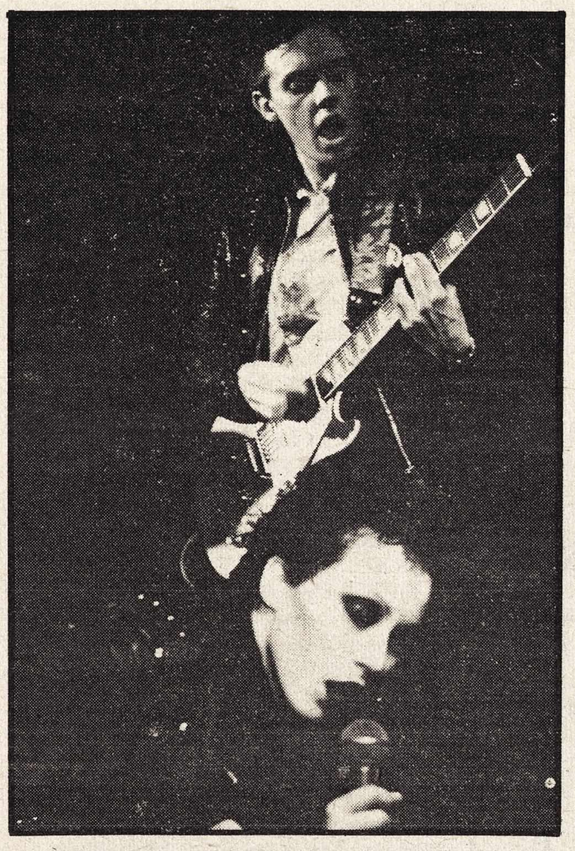
"I doubt it," he says.

Behind the grill, three spattered posters for this year's Prom Queen, each girl wholesome as the model on a knitting pattern. Middle America . . .

From the panavision Americruiser window, a solitary 40-foot neon sombrero that says "There's A Howdy-Do-Dee At Fatty's In 44 Miles". Trucks with rows of polished klaxons on the cab and shining stovepipes grind to Chicago and beyond. Standing in a creek bottom of the Illinois River, a bent-pin freshwater fisherman shakes the droplets from his joint and buttons his fly.

Heck, it's only the ole Greyhound, no-one I know.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



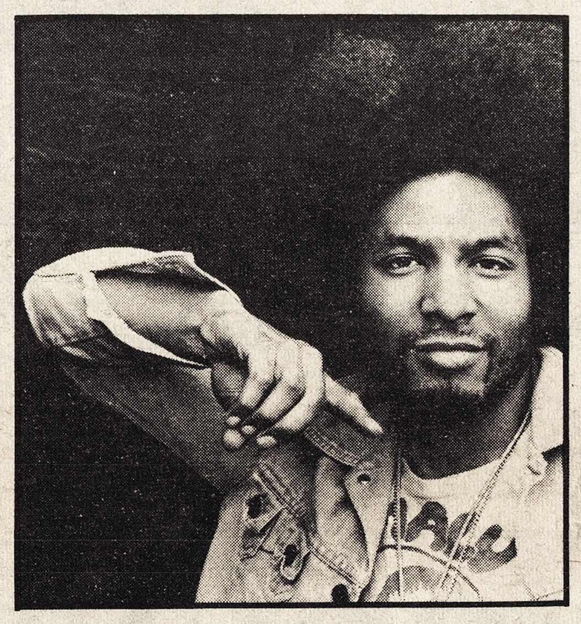
ABOVE: PENETRATION lead chanteuse Pauline. After last week's stint with The Vibrators at the Marquee, Newcastle's premier punkos are out this week with THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS (Newcastle, Sheffield, Middlesbrough).

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Nite Spot: TRAPEZE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: STANLEY CLARKE BAND
BURY ST EDMUNDS The Griffin: AMAZORBLADES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: INVERSION
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: ACKER BILK BAND
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: ALVIN STARDUST
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: KURSAAL FLYERS
COVENTRY Mr Georges: ELVIS COSTELLO
COVENTRY Tiffany's: SOUL DIRECTION
EASTLEIGH Crown Hotel: ZHAIN
FALIKIRK Maniqui: RADIATOR
GOSPORT HMS Dryad: MATCHBOX/TOPPER
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: THE REZILLOS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE MODELS/SOS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MARSEILLES
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BEN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: XTC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TYLA GANG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: IGNATZ
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: BLOODGROUP/ROUGH TRADE RECORD SHOW
LONDON Marquee: BUZZCOCKS
LONDON MORDON The Rose: U.K. SUBS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: SLOWBONE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Carter: TURNING POINT
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON Rainbow: LITTLE FEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Pegasus: STAN SMITH BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
MANCHESTER DIDSBURY Midland Hotel: CRY WOLF
MANCHESTER Rafters: PENETRATION
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: CORTINAS
POYNTON Folk Centre: MICHAEL MOORE
ROMFORD White Hart: THE CRUISERS
SKEGNESS Sands Club: BILLY OCEAN
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: THE HEAT
STOKE Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS
TAMWORTH Two Gates Club: STAGE FRIGHT
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
WOLVERHAMPTON RAF Cosford: ZIPPER

FRIDAY

ALDERSHOT Roundabout: TOPPER
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas: RACING CARS
BIRMINGHAM Gay Tower Ballroom: WINSTON GROOVY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: BILLY OCEAN
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: COUSIN JOE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: SQUIRE
BRECON Trewalter Farm: XTC
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa: HEAVY METAL KIDS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE ZOOBIES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SKREWDRIVER
BRIGHTON Hanbury Arms: SHAM / THE MEAT
BROWNHILLS Top Club: FORCE
CHESTER Northgate Arena: THE REAL THING
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: KURSAAL FLYERS
DURHAM Folk Festival: ALBION DANCE BAND, MIRIAM BACKHOUSE, BONNIE DOBSON, WATERSONS, JEREMY TAYLOR, MR GLADSTONE'S BAG, TONY FOXWORTHY, TAVERNERS, CHEVIOT RANTERS, CHRISTY MORE ETC.
FORT WILLIAM Coppercabana: HOTEL
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
GLASGOW FSTS Club: MOONSTRUCK
IPSWICH Kingfisher: AMAZORBLADES
LEAMINGTON SPA Pump Rooms: ACKER BILK BAND
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: WARSAW PACT
LOCKING RAF Rondel Club: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON BARNET Duke of Lancaster: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IGNATZ
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIDER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SLOWBONE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN The Basement: SUCKER
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STANLEY CLARKE BAND
LONDON HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE DARTS, TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: RADIO STARS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: THE HILLSIDERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE DARTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REZILLOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Pegasus: BARBAROUSA
LUTON Royal Hotel: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: MOTORHEAD / COUNT BISHOPS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ELVIS COSTELLO
NEWBURY USAF Greenham Common: MUSCLES
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PENETRATION



ABOVE: BRAND X guest drummer Kenwood Dennard. After a while away from UK gigs, they return to support THE STANLEY CLARKE BAND in Birmingham, Hammersmith and Liverpool.

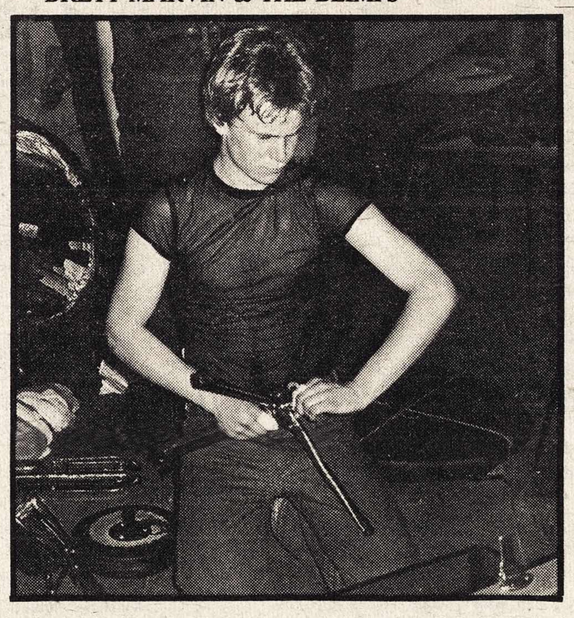
NORWICH Toppers Disco: GONZALEZ
OLDHAM Boundary: S.F.W.
PRESTON Grapevine: LEO
REDDITCH Tracey's: EATER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: OZO
SOUTHSEA Kings Theatre: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY
STOKE Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: MALFUNCTION
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: MIKE ELLIOTT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: NUTZ
WORMLOE Park Hall Ballroom: WHITE PLAINS

SATURDAY

ASHTON New Theatre: OSCAR
AYLESBURY Friars: MOTORHEAD/COUNT BISHOPS
AYR Elms Court: CHOU PARROT
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: SOUL DIRECTION
BEDFORD Nite Spot: DAVID PARTON BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RACING CARS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM (KING'S HEATH) Hare & Hounds: MIKE ELLIOTT
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross; COLD COMFORT
BLOXWYCH Nag's Head: ZETH
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: DEAD FINGERS TALK
BREWOOD Oakley Country Club: JJAG
BRIGHTON Bathing Machine: SHAM / THE MEAT
BRIGHTON Alhambra: STAN SMITH BAND
BROADSTAIRS Folk Festival: WATERSONS, MUCKRAM WAKES, BRANDY WINE, MARTIN SIMPSON, PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN, TANNAHILL WEAVERS, GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS, MARTIN WYNDHAM REED. (Festival runs for 7 days).
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: RAYMOND FROGGATT
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
DURHAM Folk Festival: (See Friday)
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: BULLY WEE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: KURSAAL FLYERS
FORT WILLIAM Coppercabana: HOTEL
GLOUCESTER Matson RFC: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: BETHNAL
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Old Town Hall Cellar: THE BEARS
LEEDS Haddon Hall: JOBE ST DAY
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: STANLEY CLARKE BAND
LIVERPOOL Le Metro: QUAD
LIVERPOOL Park Hotel: MARSEILLES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock : SLOWBONE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ZHAIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BONNIE RAITT/COUSIN JOE
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ELECTRIC CHAIRS / STUKAS
LONDON Marquee: X RAY SPEX
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: STEALER
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: BERT JANSCH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: S.A.L.T.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Pegasus: IGNATZ
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: RAY PHILLIP'S WOMAN
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club : WHITE PLAINS
OLDHAM Bailey's: BILLY OCEAN
OXFORD Morris Cowley Club: TOPPER
PITSEA Railway Hotel: HYMIE BLOWS IT
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: AUTUMN / PROPAGANDA
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE REAL THING
REDDITCH Traceys: ELVIS COSTELLO
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE DARTS
SAFFRON WALDEN Corn Exchange: AMAZORBLADES
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
SOUTHSEA Kings Theatre: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY
STOKE Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS
SUSSEX University, The Crypt: SHAM/MEAT
TAMWORTH Chequers: FORCE
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: ACKER BILK BAND
WESTON SUPER MARE Roundell Centre: MUNGO JERRY
WILLENHALL Calvalcade : PALOMINO
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH / JET HARRIS
WOLVERHAMPTON Roxon Club: MUSCLES

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: ARDAZELL
BASILDON Double Six: IGNATZ
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SCREENS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (Lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLSOVER Bluebell: ZHAIN
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: CILLA BLACK
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS/LEE KOSMIN BAND
CANNOCK Moonraker: FORCE
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
COLCHESTER Castle Park: SPINNERS
CROOK TOWN PEYTON Beehive: JOBE ST DAY
DEESIDE Leisure Centre: OSCAR
DOUGLAS I.O.M. Palace Lido: THE REAL THING
DURHAM Folk Festival: (see Friday)
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: QUAD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock:STAN SMITH BAND
LONDON CLAPHAM Tow Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SLACK ALICE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON KINGSWAY The Abinger: SHAM/MEAT
LONDON Marquee Club: 999
LONDON Music Machine: LEE KOSMIN
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION/PAUL BRETT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS



ABOVE: EATER'S new drummer Phil Rowland. School's out, and the kids are kicking at the Rock Garden (two nights) and Corby.

LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
POYNTON Folk Centre: FARRIERS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCARBOROUGH Royal Opera House: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DOCTORS OF MADNESS, PENETRATION
SKEGNESS Eastgate Leisure Centre: JIMMY JAMES

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: PALOMINO
BOLTON Royal Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: JOHNNY COOL & THE KILLERS
CHESTER Quaintways: ZHAIN
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius : NUTZ
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: PLAYBOYS
DONCASTER Outlook: KURSAAL FLYERS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: JIMMY JAMES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: ZETH
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: STEPHEN WADE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPITERI ALFALPHA
LONDON CAMDEN Railway Hotel: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AMAZORBLADES/EATER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: IGNATZ
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LONDON
LONDON Marquee: THE BOYS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WAVES
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: PLEASERS
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PENETRATION
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: MOTORHEAD/COUNT BISHOPS
ROCHDALE Trafalgar: S.F.W.
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: USA
STAFFORD Top Of The World: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
STOKE Jollees Club: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HEAVY METAL KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKPOOL Mardi Gras: MARSEILLES
CARDIFF Top Rank: AFTER THE FIRE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DESPERATE STRAITS
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: ZHAIN
KEIGHLEY Nikkers: ZETH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BORDER LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: XTC/STUKAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOOM TOWN RATS
LONDON Marquee: RACO
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: FABULOUS POODLES / BETHNAL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STEPHEN WADE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: JOHNNY MOPED
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM University: STEREO GRAFFITI
SCUNTHORPE Top Rank: KURSAAL FLYERS
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: MOTORHEAD / COUNT BISHOPS

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH / FUNKTION
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RACER
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CORBY Nags Head: EATER / ZHAIN
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge: AFTER THE FIRE
ISLE OF WIGHT, RYDE La Babalu: MUSCLES
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TRADER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TYLA GANG
LONDON FULHAM Bishos Park Theatre: SHAG CONNORS CARROT CRUNCHERS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: AMOZORBLADES
LONDON Marquee: CHELSEA
LONDON PADDNGTON Fangs Disco: BETHNAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STATELINE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: 999
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts: SPITERI
MILFORD HAVEN The Theatre: SWEET SENSATION
SALTBURN Spa Pavilion: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: GENERATION X
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: MUNGO JERRY
TORQUAY Town Hall: MOTORHEAD / COUNT BISHOPS
WESTON SUPER MARE Webbington Country Club: SWEET SENSATION
YORK De Gray Rooms: CORTINAS

ABOVE: BONNIE RAITT. She's at Hammersmith on Saturday.

Also on the road: THE KURSAAL FLYERS, ELVIS COSTELLO, CHELSEA & THE CORTINAS, MOTORHEAD & THE COUNT BISHOPS.

Isolated outbreaks: LITTLE FEAT, H.M. KIDS, RADIO STARS, millions of punks and CILLA BLACK.

ON THE TOWN

It's only M.O.R. but I like it. . .

Boz Scaggs
RAINBOW THEATRE

NO BIG DEAL, this one. With no preconceptions or expectations to be lived up to as far as I was concerned, Boz Scaggs played a set last Saturday at London's Rainbow Theatre that despite an obvious leaning towards M.O.R.-ishness was as exhilarating as it was lavishly impressive.

Scaggs' career thus far has seen its share of lurching transitions and the audience for this second London show seemed at a scant glance to have its share of representatives from all the camps: chiefly the *Dark Star* contingent, who'd probably stuck with Scaggs from his time with the Steve Miller Band, through to what can only be described as yer nouveau-ritzy disco crowd.

The show itself is one of those no-expense-spared jobs — two percussionists, two keyboards, two horn players, two guitars plus three spades shoop-dooping it up with all the classic hand-jive moves — but strength-in-numbers can be incredibly beneficial, and from the first bars the band swung with an incredible clout. The opening segue of "I Wonder Why" allowed Scaggs the time to saunter on — the very essence of all things dapper and stylish — even though he was dressed merely in white slacks, denim shirt & loafers.

He handled himself while fronting this ominous collective with a casual mastery of his role as star-of-the-show. His physical movements were loose, and even though he's obviously no dancer in the James Brown style he appeared to know how to use his lean, rangy physique to an elegant end.

Also he's a fine singer with a strong range and a good pitch, which actually impressed more by dint of having the almost obligatory trio of blacks in full voice — much in the same way that Ry Cooder worked with that superb gospel triumvirate for his live gigs earlier this year. Scaggs' repertoire, perhaps not surprisingly, fixated itself pretty much purely on "Silk Degrees", with a handful of jumps back to the "Slow Dancer" days.

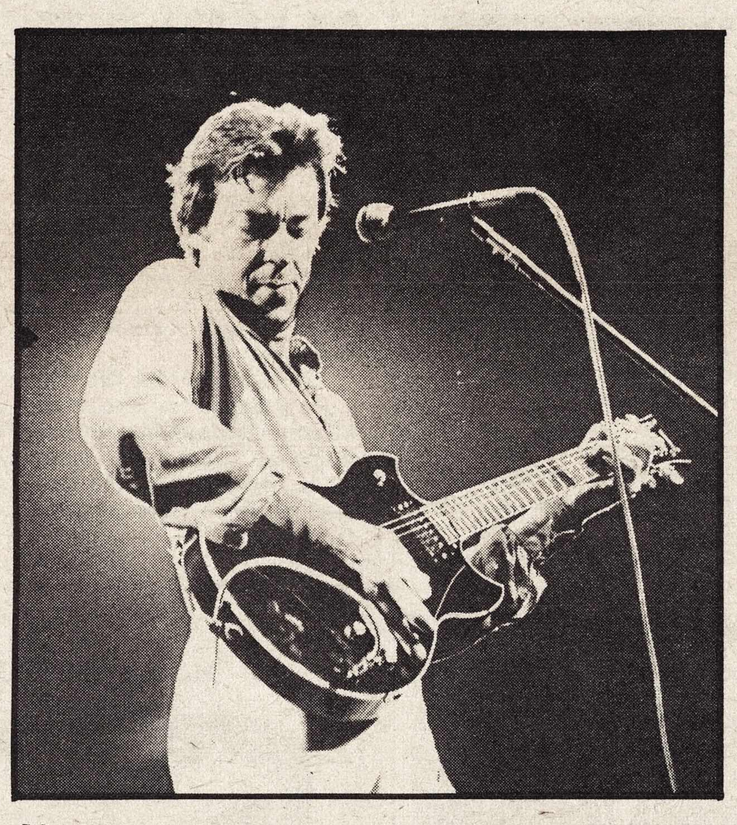
"I Wonder Why" was kissed off neatly, before the whole collective hit proverbial four-wheel drive surprisingly early on the second tune, "What Can I Say," every inflection of this superlative disco item flexed as tight as a bow-string drawn back for action. Scaggs & Co. then went on to display an excellent sense of pacing — doubling back to a slow, foot-dragging stumble-bum blues called "Hard Times" apparently thus far unreleased) — and then on to an elegant big-band 12-bar item, "Running Round Feeling Blue", which threw the spotlight on the quite exceptional 19-year-old guitar player. Looking very much like teenaged Wayne Kramer, he threw himself into each and every solo he played with a brazen enthusiasm and passion that matched his quite brilliant playing.

Scaggs' slower stuff — the obligatory "Harbour Lights" and "We're All Alone", plus "Georgia" and "Star Dancer" — were the lowest points, basically due to their slight substance which, with all the stops out arrangement-wise, drew this segment of his show dangerously close to Las Vegas floor-show stylings. However, they held these shortcomings in check by raking out like proverbial gang-busters on a song the title of which eluded me but which sounded most pleasantly like the old strident rock muscle of his vintage Miller Band-era "Dime-A-Dance Romance" classic.

He went on later to eclipse that with a terse, vibrant rendition of "Jump Street", which proved once and for all that Scaggs hasn't let his old rock'n'roll chops go sour on him since the benevolent hand of M.O.R. super success beckoned "Silk Degrees" way up the U.S. charts, where it remained all last year. "Dyna-Flow" was a disappointingly bland last number, but then Scaggs let fly again at encore-time with two superb non-originals — an almost viciously pulverising item entitled "I've Got Your Number", carried straight on through to a vintage Gamble-Huff scorcher which finalised proceedings admirably.

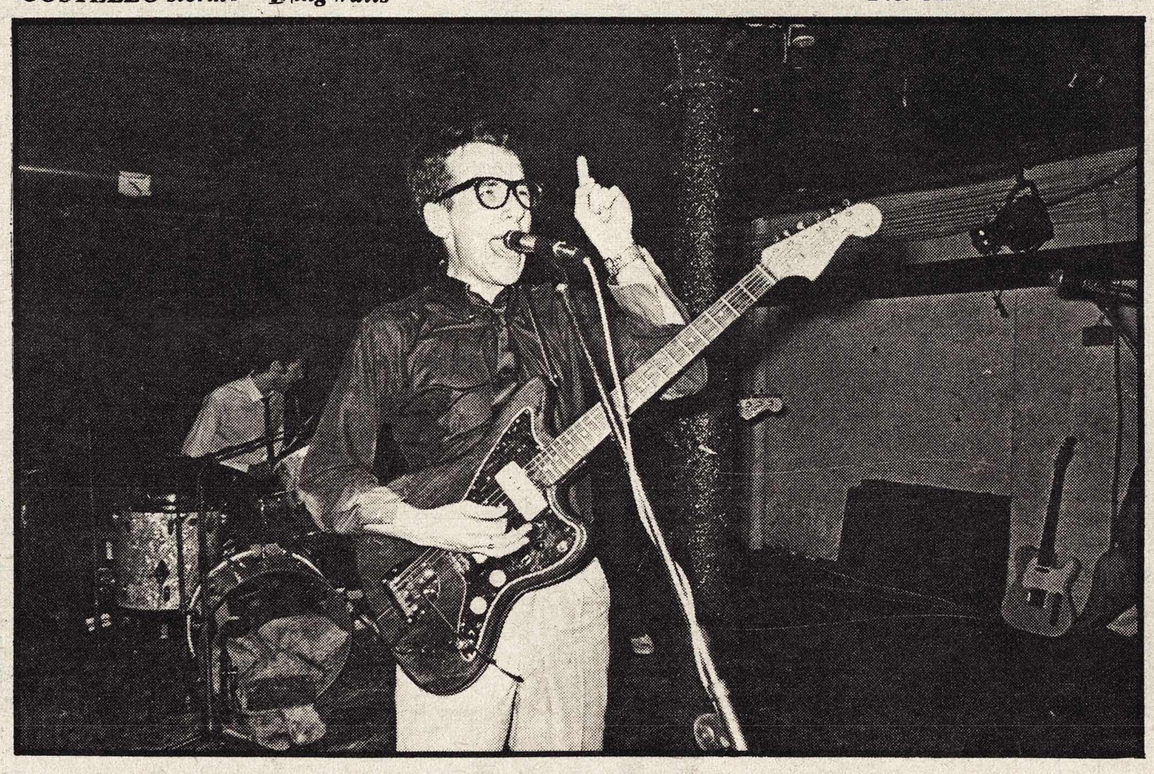
So there you go. Not the best show I've seen this year, nor probably the most memorable, but for one who really hasn't ever placed too much interest in Scaggs' talents, I was more than pleasantly surprised by what I witnessed.

Nick Kent



SCAGGS sends Rainbow *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

COSTELLO storms Dingwalls *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*



Heartbreak Hotel

Elvis Costello
DINGWALLS

"A RAW NERVE," said the boy I was with in the back of a car *apres* Elvis. I studied the streets and sighed to remember a thought from Mink De Ville: *"Love ... what's so good about it? But then again, I can't say what's bad."*

What's bad about True Love in the Modern World is that pollution is rife. (*"I heard you let that little friend of mine take off your party dress"* — "Alison")

Pete Thomas on drums, Bruce Thomas on bass and Steven Young on organ (and *what* an organ!) are the backdrop to the guitar, voice and vitriol of Elvis Costello (22 and still true), who sings beautiful songs for losers.

This is bedsit-room, singles-bar, phone-in agony (*"Why do you have to say that there's always someone who can do it better than I can?"* — "Miracle Man") from which the venom runneth over into that rarity, luxurious rock and roll. The guilty secret, the useless anticipation, the unrequited ache all unite to dam-bust through into bitterness, betrayal and disgust as Elvis asks: *"Why why why?"*

He may not look like a teen wet-dream, but he has the inherent sense of nuance which marks him out as one of the fated feted (*"I used to be disgusted, now I try to be amused"* — "Red Shoes"), a fact which became more and more painfully obvious as Costello bled through every single track of "My Aim Is True", plus songs such as "Watching The Detectives", "Lipstick Vogue", "Lip Service", "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea" and the B-side of "Less Than Zero" (the first single), "Radio Sweetheart".

The second single, "Alison", and the latest "Red Shoes" also came in for a beating; but the song that took the prize was the elpee track "I'm Not Angry", a song that could kill at a fifty foot radius: *"You're upstairs with a boyfriend while I'm left here to listen / I hear you calling his name I hear the stutter of admission / I could hear you whispering as I crept by your door / So you found some other joker who could please you some more / I'm not angry! Not angry, anymore!"*

It also imprisons THE line *"There is no such thing as an original sin!"*

As well as shooting up the mainline to your heart, Elvis Costello also plays nirvana dancing music, and had I not been so spellbound (like watching Iggy at Aylesbury; I was so entranced I barely applauded) I would have Watusi'd.

Beyond all boundaries of excess and decadence, certain people operate as though the Modern World never existed, singing songs of lethal love to pure pop tunes. Mink De Ville does it for America, and Elvis Costello does it for us.

Julie Burchill

Radiator
ROCK GARDEN

PUT IT DOWN to fate.

Because when a couple of so-called rival colleagues and myself decided to check out Radiator playing the first of a week-long season at the Rock Garden the Monday before last we hadn't so much as a sniff of an idea who they were.

In fact, we were almost convinced that with a name like that, and with the way things are in London these days, Radiator just had to be another new wave band. I mean, would famous publicists be getting involved with anything else?

As it turned out Radiator weren't a new wave band.

Radiator are Alan Hull's new band, a name so intrinsically linked with the long haired bands which dominated the scene seven or so years ago that it's a wonder any promoter has the bottle to put them on for a week in the middle of the Big City.

Still, neither Hull nor Lindisfarne, the group of which he was the lynchpin, ever made it to tax exile status. And it's doubtful whether Hull, with his unimpeachable working class hero integrity, would have opted for the Hollywood waltz even if he'd had the resources to do the dance.

Hull's fall from grace was as sudden as it was silent. Christ, it's not that many years since Lindisfarne were everybody's blue eyed boys at all those bedraggled denim festivals. Lindisfarne's bracing singalong melodies and you-can-all-join-in ambience was just the perfect mixture to cheer up a beery longhair who'd just peed himself while waiting half an hour to unburden his bladder in a queue which stretched from one rain sodden field to another.

And underneath all this cheerfulness Hull's songs could be as vitriolic as the next man's. If it's visions of working class Geordie experience you're after then Hull's songs are for you. In fact they were often so damn real and uncompromising, so totally bereft of any glamour, that they failed to strike a chord in those hearts obsessed by the myth that is the rock'n'roll lifestyle.

Anyway, Hull, a notorious boozer and leftie, never really recovered from the original break-up of Lindisfarne, despite his excellent "Pipedream" solo album — and after an abortive attempt to repeat the band's success with Lindisfarne II is back among us starting right at the bottom again.

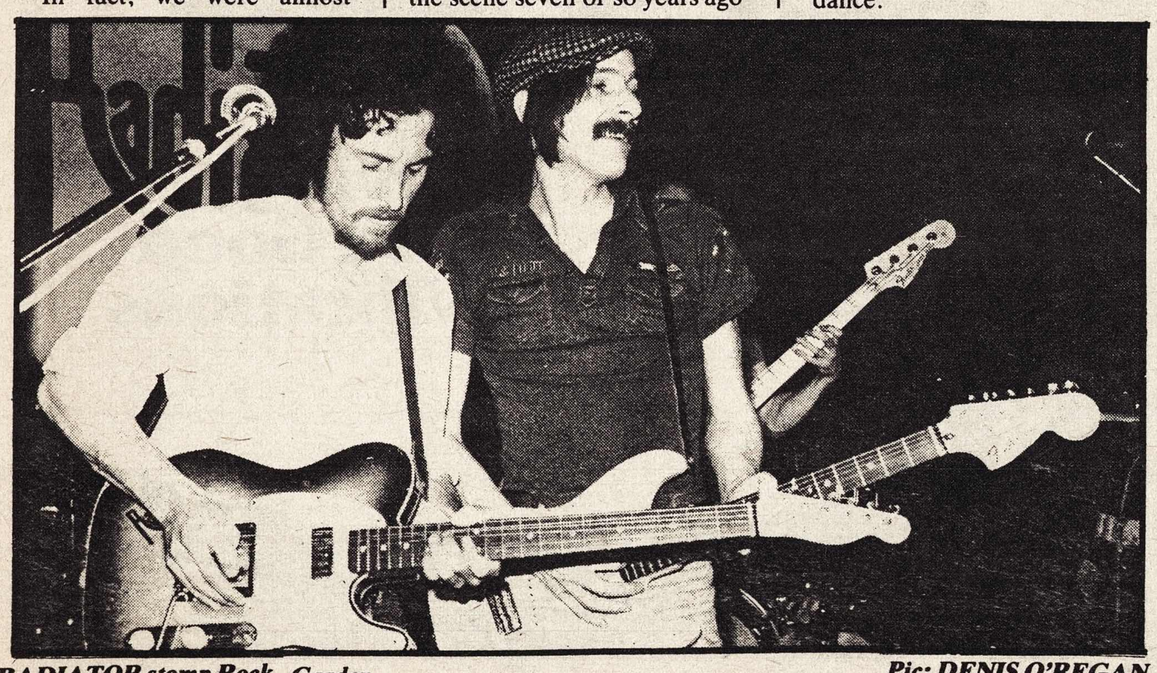
Neither he nor the rest of Radiator — a couple of whom (Kenny Craddock, Colin Gibson and Ray Laidlaw) have been involved with Hull in the past — showed any signs of their going through the mill and coming out the wrong end. They were tight, enthusiastic, fresh and energetic, and maximised their individual skills so that the end result was a band to reckon with.

Although Hull played acoustic and electric guitar, Radiator had none of Lindisfarne's obvious folk club roots. Here the emphasis is much more on rock, yet without forfeiting Lindisfarne's warmth. Several of the songs were characterised by a strong reggae influence.

Throughout the set, Hull's songs were as well constructed as ever, strong on melody lines and hooks — and rather than wheel out a selection of old Lindisfarne chestnuts, the emphasis was on new songs, only the classic "Clear White Light" getting an airing from bygone days.

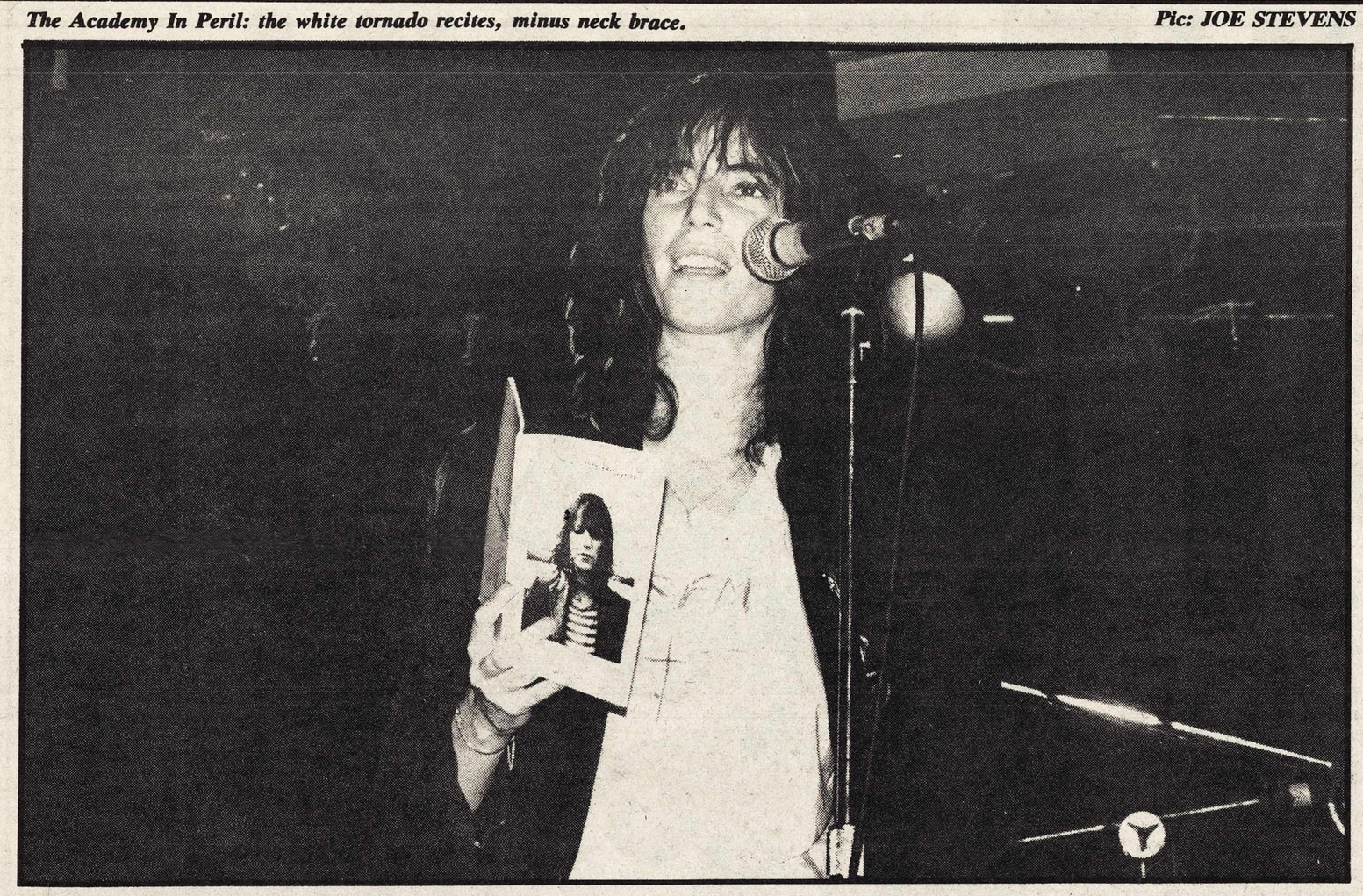
If Monday night's gig was at all representative, Alan Hull is back playing with all the verve of early Lindisfarne days and writing songs which aren't just a pale shadow of former glories.

Steve Clarke



RADIATOR stomp Rock Garden *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

The Academy In Peril: the white tornado recites, minus neck brace. *Pic: JOE STEVENS*



Patti Smith

NEW YORK CITY

PATTI WAS on form for her poetry reading at the Village Gate — she hadn't been to sleep for three nights and was really wired. Though it was a poetry reading she delivered her material as if it were a rock concert, opening up by trying to sing "Debby Denise".

She messed it up, of course: "Just getting my folk act together," she said before spitting on the floor. God, you're not supposed to do that at the Gate. The stage is hallowed and sacred! I thought some of the old Village nostalgia buffs would croak.

What were they doing there anyway? Did they come to hear Patti do her Marianne Faithful imitation? This she did. She sang "Sister Morphine" and knocked everyone out. Some of the poems, however, were pretty disjointed. She thought so herself: "Sometimes I look at this stuff and I say 'Smith?' "

Roll over, Rimbaud

(tell Marc Bolan the news)

She delivered a non-stop inspired rap, like the Kerouac free-association riffs on the Verve-Folkways records. She talked about peak experiences: love, sex, the drug experience. One riff was about a dealer: "Girls, don't buy drugs — just screw the dealer. Fuck 'em and leave. That's how you get hooked — when the dealer's great looking . . ."

She read a poem about making love to a dealer and got so excited she had to stop. "This is the good part. Everytime I get to this point I have to go to the bathroom." Patti is a master of timing and getting laughs. She had the packed audience wrapped round her finger.

Next came a discussion of religion: "I'm just not attracted to guys with beards. Maybe that's why Jesus bores me. Maybe if he shaved I'd dig him!"

Patti strapped on an electric guitar. "Confrontation . . ." She played very random notes — very fast, like a speed freak mandolinist playing Chinese opera at 78 rpm . . .

She returned to Marianne Faithful and read a very moving poem about her — perfect timing, for the audience were very receptive at this point.

Lenny Kaye was persuaded to come and join her on guitar, and together they tried to do "Sweet Jessie James" but Patti just couldn't get the chords right and even when she finally did she'd forgotton the words. Lenny had to help out.

"I'm just jerking off," she told the audience, and went on to discuss Women's Liberation. "I hate that Ms shit. I've never been able to open those big heavy doors in banks or something. I could stand there an hour! Doors slam in my face . . ."

Relaxed now, Patti took her audience anywhere her thoughts raced. She even sang a snatch of Streisand's "People".

"What's the movie like?" she asked.

"It sucks!" bellowed the audience.

"Even if you take drugs?"

Patti dipped and swayed like a dowser's wand, but held the fragments of poems and monologue together with the crazy logic of her own internal power rhythm.

Miles

Wayne County

MANCHESTER

UPSTAIRS IN THE tiny electric Circus dressing room Wayne County fussily fumbles and fidgets; he's got to look *just* right. He's wearing a crisp fawn overall number with paint letters patted neatly on — it'd look great baggy, but he's determined to get it right and tight. His curious nose continually wrinkles frustratedly at his inability to get it right, until finally some kind person proffers a safety pin.

He eyes himself each and every way in the mirror, apparently almost satisfied. "Does this look okay?" Sure, Wayne, sure. "Hmmm..."

A perfectionist — or maybe it's what they call professionalism.

Whatever, Wayne County is an irresistible performer, on stage and off. The Mae West — Dolly Parton ritual paraphernalia may be long discarded, except for odd bursts earlier this year in England to give this little land a taste of that cheerfully cynical, powdered deviation, but in the heart he's much the same. Like Bangs said about Alice Cooper: "A self-invention and technician of forms and poses."

So he's a performer, an actor. A projectionist. But the important thing is, he's in love with rock'n'roll. County in the *New York Rocker* a while back: "I'm a rock'n'roller all the way. That'll never change. Rock'n'roll will not fade away."

And the best rock'n'rollers have always been really great, expressive performers (of recent years — Bowie, Bolan, Cooper, Glitter). Wayne County is a really great performer, a manipulator to some extent and, as with those I listed, there's plenty of self-mockery.

Sure he's five years too late — but that's our fault; he was around then. He was too outrageous in a time of excessive outrageousness. Right now we should be grateful that County found the N.Y. energy level dropping and strutted over here to parade his kitsch, but respectful, marvellous rock'n'roll act — if only because it's fun, and you can laugh and dance and lose yourself and not give a damn that the riffs were patented by Da Vinci.

The three parts of County's expressionism, blended with consummate style, are Rock 'n'Roll, Theatre and Sex. His early experience as part of the New York avant-garde theatre back in the early '70s forms a solid theatrical base; he's quite simply a rock'n'roll fan like me and you and Patti Smith; and there's brutally blatant sexual imagery in just about all his words. "You Make Me Cream In My Jeans," "Bad In Bed," "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me Fuck Off" and, at the Circus, some our pornographic improvisation when the guitarist broke a string.

Like he said in the *N.Y. Rocker* about how he thought it was scandalous that you can't use everyday language in music: "I believe in using the language the people use." Hang on, do you mention fabric lubrication in everyday chit-chat? Thought not. Never mind. Suppose it all depends on environment.

His vamping and flaunting on stage is actually quite raunchy, and he sings like he's got a nosebleed. The Electric Chairs could be any trio of competent boogie bugs — even Budgie — but it's certainly closer to the worst band in the world playing good songs than the best playing mediocre stuff.

County's repertoire is full of good *songs,* however derivative, because within those ancient riffs and constructions they're sharp, almost timeless, for people who love early Stones, early Who, Yardbirds: all of us. They're all flatly arresting collages of cheeky idiomatic borrowings, combined with a distinctly optimistic, delightful outrageousness.

Really, Wayne's in love with the world — modern and old.

The favourites were done, and County drew the reaction

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Patti Smith impersonator makes good

out of the audience he worked hard to attain. There was a lusty work-out of "Rock'n'Roll Resurrection", dedicated to Jones, Joplin and Morrison plus "my own favourite, Jimi Hendrix". There's an almost jealous, disgusting line in that: *"Wash me in the blood of rock'n'roll."* Great!

By the time "Live At Max's" was reached the stage was smothered with fans performing some general combination of the pogo and boogie, as befits County's music. I think "Max's" was the second encore, but things got really out of hand towards the end.

Wayne's tatty woolly hat disappeared; he was very upset. "My mother gave me that hat. She died in a road accident last year. She gave me that hat, can I have it back? My poor mother is in her grave. She was a very religious woman." Consequently, "Max's" was dedicated to both Lou Reed and God, which provokes certain exotic symbolism.

It was a great night, even allowing for the rather lame support The Spitfire Boys, who County christened a few months back. There's a fine distinction to make at the moment between, er, bandwagon jumping and playing punk because you feel right doing it, that it's *the* form of self-expression. For me, The Spitfires fall the wrong side, and even if I'm wrong in doubting their intentions, there has still got to be something new / different being said, because that's part of the whole new wave / punk thing; it should be developing, not static. Wayne County doesn't intrude on this argument because he's back-ward looking and materialistic and doesn't try to deny it.

My favourite three people / stars / heroes for the month of July are Twiggy, Wayne County and Jodie Foster. Guess what they've got in common . . .

(They all get their hats back?)

Paul Morley

The demure Ms County *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

JAZZ DIARY

THE IMPROVISATION series continues at Soho Poly with **Cornelius Cardew & Keith Rowe, Heuristic Music** and the **London Bass Trio** on 6th August, **David Toop & Paul Burwell, Eddie Prevost Quartet** and **Richard Coldman, Martin Mayes** and **Maggie Nichols** on 13th August.

The Portman Hotel in Portman Square is running jazz sessions and Creole cooking every Sunday between 11 am and 5 pm. Still up the snap end, Cobblestones Restaurant in Streatham features a continuous stream of guvner musicians on Wednesday nights, with drummer **Alan Jackson** and tenorman **Don Weller** usually on the strength.

The jazz and rock festival at Bilzen in Belgium is now coming up to its 13th blast-off, featuring the **Stanley Clarke Band, Dom Um Romao** and **Francois Jeanneau,** as well as legions of more misguided musical persuasion like T. Nugent and U. Heep. Jazz Bilzen 77 runs from 11th—14th August.

Always mere putty in the hands of a reference book, lemme tug ya coat to **David Meeker's** *Jazz In The Movies,* Talisman Books. Obviously a labour of love, it lists all appearances or score credits by jazzmen in the movies from 1917-77 — up to *New York New York.* Capsule reviews of the actual movies are usually fair, but the real pleasure lies in finally settling old arguments about flickering appearances. I thumbed feverishly until I found my favourite jazz movies, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and *Sweet Smell Of Success,* and the cat had them covered. Indispensable.

A new release from Milestone, **McCoy Tyner's** "Supertrios". lives up to its title, with the maestro using two rhythm sections, **Ron Carter** and **Tony Williams** — who sounds great — or **Eddie Gomez** and **Jack DeJohnette.**

Brian Case

Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves

HOPE & ANCHOR

"BLAST IS BACK," yelled the barman's badge, and the sawing twelve bar blues curdling the head on my Guinness proved he was right. More, it reminded me just how long it had *been* since I'd heard a goddam twelve bar in the salutary sweat of a pub gig.

And very nice it was too. The Heatwaves, playing their first gig with the (completely) new line-up, espouse a tough pumping brand of Chicago blues/British R'n'B with a rock tinge — sort of early Yardbirds with a blast of Paul Butterfield in there too.

They played it hard and easy on numbers like Albert King's "Cross Cut Saw" and Muddy Waters' "I'm Ready" and rocked out on Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" and Wilbert Harrison's "Kansas City" (done Chuck Berry style).

The feel was loose verging on sloppy, but the band have plenty of ammo in the guitar gunnery, where Blast and Blitz Krieg share the lead and rhythm duties, and an all too rare commitment to the mouth harp, with which both Skid Marx and Blast himself can bellow forth a few sparks.

Blast looked nervous after his long lay-off. Both Skid and Blast come on strong with the moves, hit home as often as not, and both quickly shrugged off pre-match nerves as the audience warmed up.

Hope manager 'Big' John Eichler summed it all up as concisely as usual: "The best support band I've had down here for a while, I can tell you."

Captain Nemo

(Rubbish — it was probably a pile of shit — Ed.)

HEATWAVES (L-R): Blitz Kreig, Skid Marx, Tom Tom, Blast Furnace and B.Bop.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

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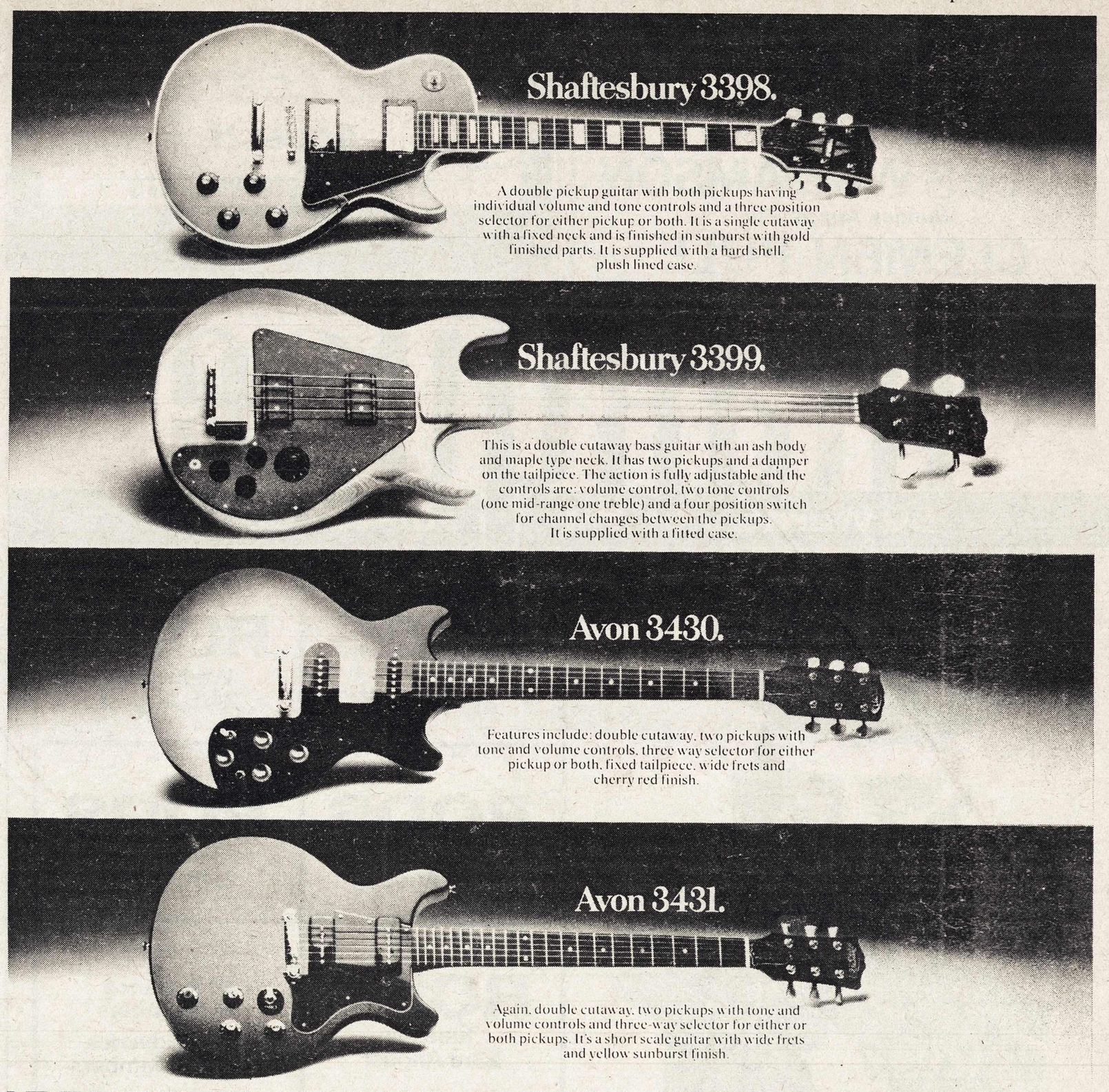
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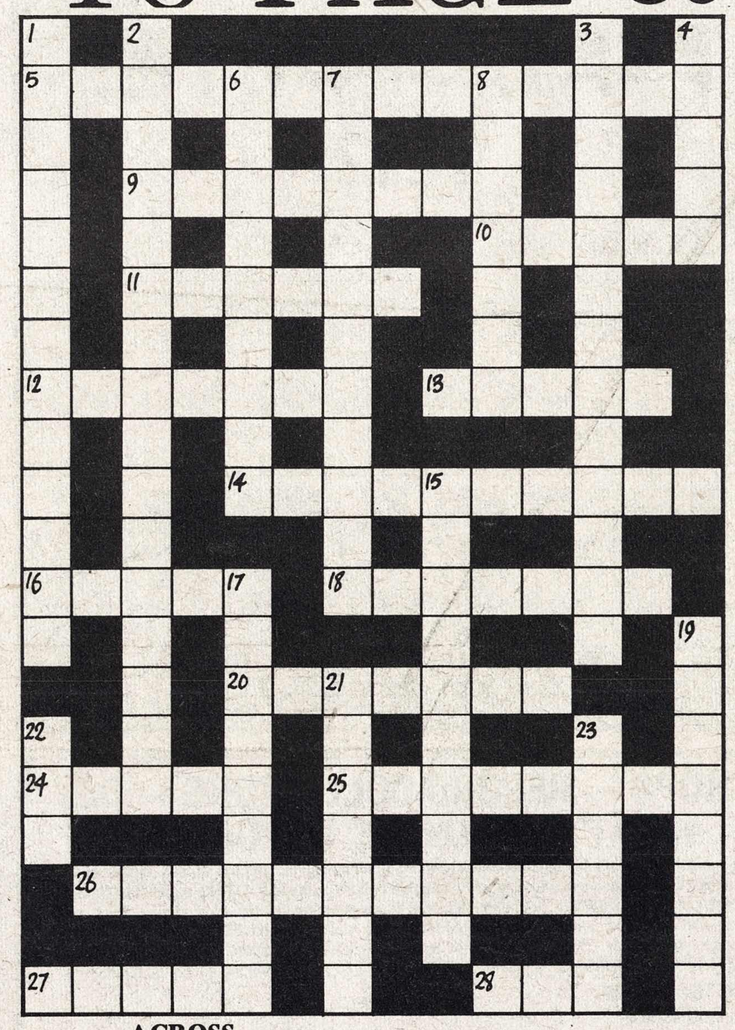

ACROSS

5 From t'other side of Le Channel, Le Common Market's premier nouveau wave combo (6,3,5)
9 Remember axe heroes? This one laid claim to the Fastest Fingers in the West! (5,3)
10 & 19 The former Shark and Womble (5,8)
11 Automated Euro-funksters (5,1)
12 Little Stevie's estranged old lady
13 Big Brother
14 I missed Val (anag.5,5)
16 Denny Wing
18 On which F.Mac meet G. Parker's boys — speculatively?
20 Radiogram on specially low — there's pinheads in the works!
24 Midnight Maria, but where'll we meet?
25 Mataya/. . . . . /T.Ward
26 i.e., looks berk (anag.5,6)
27 Roll over Beethoven and throw off a veteran rock'n'roller!
28 Small Irish vehicle?

DOWN

1 Cheeseburger guzzler's namesake across the ocean (5,8)
2 It was the Moptops' most adventurous 45, and maybe their best (10,6)
3 Captain Lockheed sometimes with and sometimes without Hawkwind (6,7)
4 You could blame them for the Eagles, for country-rock, for Dave . . . come to think of it, you could even blame them for Zigzag
6 *The* drummer of *The* Band (5,4)
7 Tosh and Marley were the other two in the original trio (5,6)
8 Look to respect ordinarily to find Phillip!
15 Founder-member of Fairports, and with them up to "Babbacombe Lee" in 1971 (5,5)
17 Succeeded Mick Ronson as Bowie's guitarist (4,5)
19 See 10
21 Guitarist with U. Heep, or a container for keeping Michaels in?! (4,3)
22 Talking of Bowie, is this descriptive of his sales or his profile?
23 Made his debut with them on "Stranded"

ANSWER'S NEXT WEEK, LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS —
ACROSS: 5 Cortinas; 8 (A1) Jardine; 9 Annie Haslam; 12 Ron (Mael); 15 Stevie Nicks; 16 Tangerine Dream; 17 "Hard Rain"; 19 Ferry; 20 Tams; 23 (Martha & The) Vandellas; 24 P.J. Proby; 25 Roy Harper; 27 Eno; 28 Richie Havens.
DOWN: 1 (Sam and) Dave; 2 Mael; 3 Tim (Hart); 4 New York City; 5 "Cat Scratch Fever"; 6 "Roadrunner"; 7 "I Knew The Bride"; 10 Hart; 11 "Shaved Fish"; 13 Peter Frampton; 14 Jim Morrison; 15 Spirit; 18 Nazareth; 21 Andy (Fairweather Low); 22 Bryan (Ferry); 26 (Wishbone) Ash.

Real Thing
BIRKENHEAD

I'VE BEEN ASKED to train my beady eyes on The Real Thing three times in the last twelve months and each successive occasion has been less of a duty and more of a pleasure. Indeed, this time they were so good it was hard to believe I was watching the same group that I first saw such a comparatively short time ago.

They may have spent the bulk of their seven-year career stumbling through a wasteland of cabaret venues and derivative material, but since they opted for a brighter future last year they've improved so dramatically that, providing they keep up the good work, by the summer of '78 they should just about be ready to headline theatre concerts.

For the time being, though, they're probably still best suited to large club-cum-ballrooms (like this gig at the Hamilton Club, across the Mersey from their home), if only because the most popular songs in their act are the hits that sold to the regular audiences at such venues.

I didn't care for "You To Me Are Everything" and "Can't Get By Without You" on record, not only because they were so calculated, sterile and meaningless, like most productions that are deliberately aimed at the Top 30, but they were also so anonymous. It could have been any quartet of singers slotted into the ready made package.

On stage, however, Real Thing at least invest the songs with character, mainly because their corporate identity now includes a permanent band of four fine musicians (guitar, bass, drums and keyboard) who kick up a considerably better accompaniment than was heard on record. Needless to say, all eight of them sound even more impressive on more adventurous material — which means most of the rest of their repertoire, nearly all of which was written by Chris and Eddie Amoo.

I thought that the best by far were "Keep An Eye (On Your Best Friend)" and "Flash" from their first album, a new version of "Plastic Man," and the Liverpool 8 medley ("Liverpool 8", "Children Of The Ghetto", "Stanhope Street") from their new release. All were amazingly tight and showcased just about the right balance of solo lead, harmony, and instrumental excellence, particularly from guitarist Victor Linton.

Although they were well performed, the other five songs weren't quite so strong, especially a rather wimpy ballad called "Topsy Turvy" and their encore, a rave-up revamp of Stevie Wonder's "Uptight". Still, encores are rarely worth sticking around for. At least by then Real Thing had proved that they're well on the way to a new tomorrow.

Cliff White

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FEAT HEAD OFF FOR FRAMPTON ZONE?!!

Little Feat
MANCHESTER

NO SUPPORT. Does Caesar's Palace have support acts?

Little Feat amble on, an unlikely looking musical aggregation, right on cue as the lights dim. It's a quarter to nine; the stage has looked long ready, this 45-minute lateness probably something to do with building tension.

It just made me stiff. You don't sit at waited-on tables at the Free Trade Hall, you're stuffed uncomfortably into padded sections.

The group drop hesitantly into a choppy recitation-like first song. Towards the end of this number their textural maturity looks messed; tireless gentle washes of almost abstract patterns — restrained but not, if you see what I mean.

Things look good.

The next few minutes emphasize that the Feats seem dead set on delivering a reputation-maintaining hot one. Lowell George zips in with a flashy start slide piece. Bill Payne, elegant as the way he lopes between keyboard batteries is as cool as he looks.

The super-stylish Feat functions, with the spark and studied momentum equally balanced, were all there, waiting to be expanded. But no.

Yes, the functions were all there, no doubt automatically instilled — but the spark that flashed in those opening ten minutes didn't ignite, just returned sparodically. They strolled safely down a well-worn path, making the right slick noises for an audience that held them in awe.

If Lowell George seemed understated, then so was the whole band, only Payne plucking any merit marks because his organ and piano pumped some swing into the sound, something more than plodding competence.

But even Payne didn't contribute any moments of exhilaration — and the Feat should be all about exhilaration, shouldn't they? The skill and sophistication of Little Feat without any spontaneity, depth or force, is like . . . like . . . not acceptable—or rather, acceptable, which rock'n'roll should not be.

There's no business like show business, I sang later that evening — admittedly in a different context — but horrible memories of George stalking the stage with a hand-mike, throwing marracas to an easily baited audience, and of dancing cacti (huge inflatable cacti each side of the equipment moved by ludicrously visible roadies — the cactus on the left danced the best), threw up images of Little Feat in twenty years, playing the lush clubs.

Before that, however, the Fleetwood / Scaggs / Frampton market beckons — seemingly inevitable after this deflated showing.

So you're either feeling sorry for me, or a tiny bit angry that I missed out on what everyone else in the hall thought blatantly obvious.

I'm as cut up as you are. But I'm convinced that there was nothing there.

When I got home I played that gorgeous bootleg "Electric Lycanthrope" - both to reassure myself and to prove that the performance *was* perfunctory. The creamy power that makes you hold your breath all the way through the bootleg was just not there.

I hope I'm dead wrong, or that it was a terribly bad night, and they murdered you at the Rainbow. I really do. Losing Boz Scaggs I can take.

Paul Morley

SQUEEZE persons Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

Squeeze
ALBANY, DEPTFORD

THE ALBANY is one of those places — and there aren't many — that can get packed to the rafters, sweaty and messy, and still be comfortable.

It's a small theatre at weekends and an occasional small rock gig during the week, putting on mostly local bands. Squeeze are obviously a local band, local heroes even; between playing Stranglers, Pistols and Parliament (?) records, the DJ played the first side of Squeeze's John Cale produced EP and the response to "Cat On A Wall" was of the sort usually reserved for such rallying cries as "Anarchy" or "Roadrunner".

It was no surprise therefore that when they came on stage they were greeted with a welcoming roar — probably most of the crowd were their mates anyway. There's no way you can really blow a gig like that, and of course they didn't.

Squeeze are numbered with the new wave through their connection with Step Forward (in the guise of Deptford Fun City) Records, and if you regard it as a general wave of new bands then they fit in — but there's nothing strictly *new* about Squeeze's music.

It's earthy R&B inflected rock that has its antecedent in the Stones (the "Gimme Shelter" to "Exile" Stones) and (this is where it gets interesting) has a streak of English '60s pop — The Who, The Move and The Small Faces.

They are interesting not because the above can actually be heard (apart from some Who-style chord progressions), but because Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford, who write the band's songs, are almost precious when it comes to melodies, hooks and commercial edge.

Glenn Tilbrook does most of the singing and plays good lead guitar; his voice is pitched, sweet and highly individual (pop star material lying dormant somewhere in there), whereas Chris Difford's voice is almost a dead-ringer for Lou Reed's — and another Reed soundalike we don't need.

Three or four years ago Squeeze might have been happy to deliver swaggering R&B-rock and play more solos, but it's '77 so things are kept tight and fairly fast, and the songs make more demands on the imagination — both the band's and the crowd's. Cliches, even current ones, are avoided, though to look at them you wouldn't think so.

The crowd loved every minute of it. They obviously knew most of the songs, and knew what to expect from Squeeze. By the time they did "Backtrack" (which must be the crowd-pleaser, since they played it three times) all attention to what they were playing had gone and the main consideration was how much mayhem could be caused.

One kid stopped bouncing for a moment and breathlessly told me that Squeeze are great. I asked who else he liked and he said The Stranglers, confirming my suspicion that Squeeze might be another new wave band for people who don't like new wave. A rock band '77-style.

Paul Rambali

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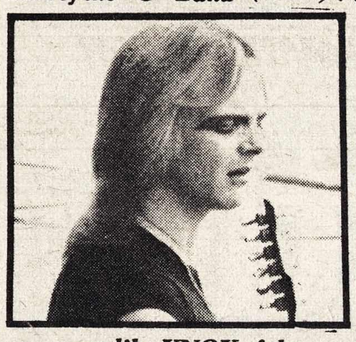
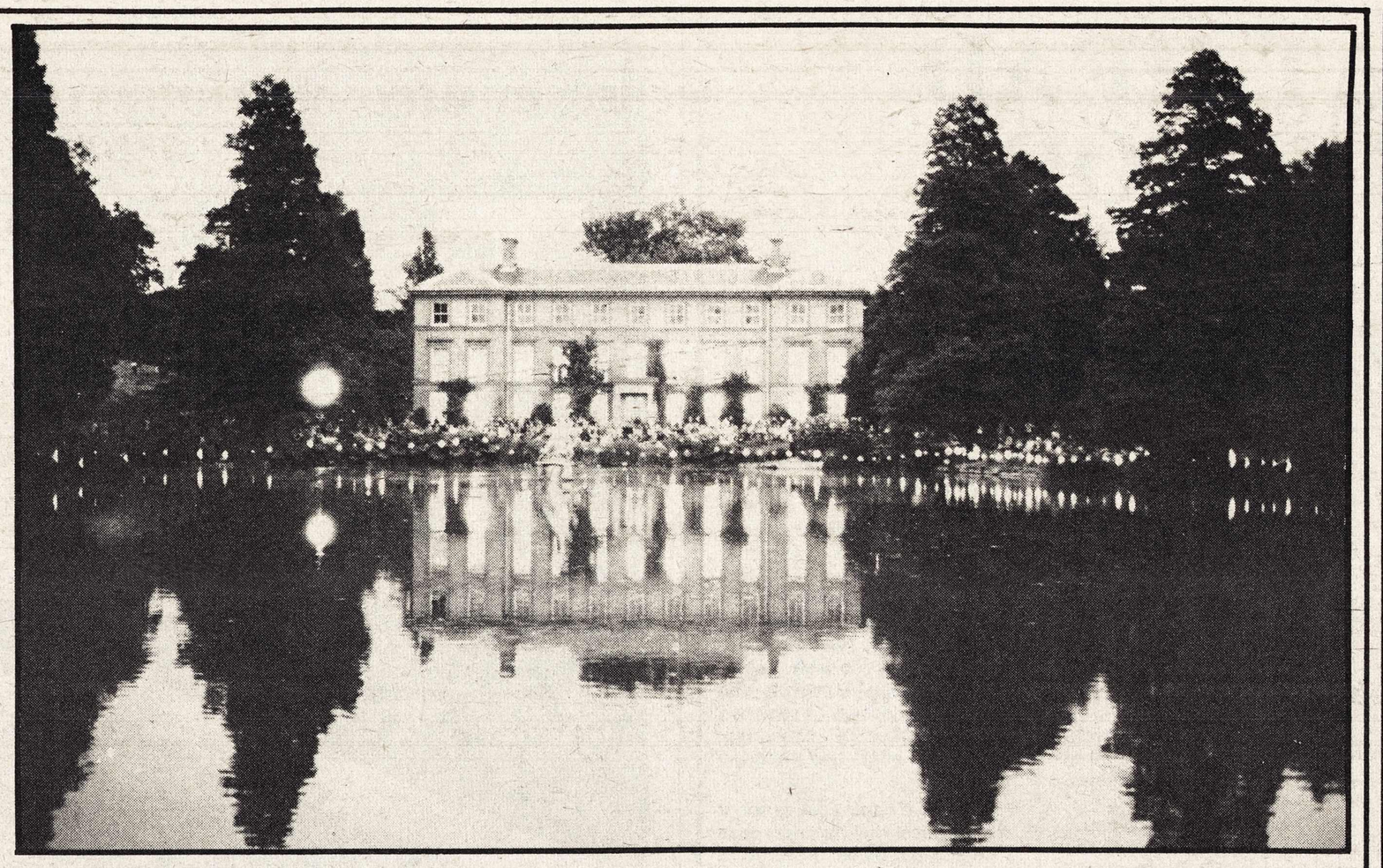
HARVEST

The lay-out person's dilemma: should he use a picture of some hideous looking rock star. like PIX of the "O" Band (below) . . .



. . . or like KNOX of the Vibrators (below) . . .

. . . or should he give you the second in PENNIE SMITH'S wonderful cut-out-and-keep series from the Kew Gardens Promenade Concert (right)? No contest.



O-Band o-kay: o-fficial

The "O" Band

SHREWSBURY

OF LATE, Shrewsbury's Tiffanys has become a mecca for Shropshire rock fans. In an area where the nearest big rock venues are 30-40 miles away, the recent gigs by The Stranglers, Ultravox and The Jam have been manna in an otherwise gigless desert. At last an area where musical addiction is at a peak is getting some of the live music it deserves.

In an astute piece of promotion, all the gigs have been by the new wave of rock acts. With popular media blurb at an alltime high, interest in this *enfant terrible* of popular music was guaranteed. When the novelty had gone the audiences returned, as they had discovered music that really bites the jugular of rock'n'roll.

The O Band gig last Tuesday ran against the surge of this new wave tide. It's Stranglers singles that get played to death in the jukejoint dives of Salop these days. I went to the gig with no high expectations. So much for preconceptions.

From the moment the O Band opened their set with an untitled instrumental, the band showed a guts and musical feel lacking in many old order English combos. The band took a definite American approach to playing — the music's feel and sound being more important than mere antiseptic technical expertise.

Lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist Pix gave the sound real foot-stomping depth, aided by Mark Anders and Dereck Ballard providing a Feat-like backbeat. This was all that was needed to make their version of "The Way You Do The Things You Do" by Smokey Robinson a really joyous bump and grind.

In fact, the band's faultless choice of classics was one of their most impressive facets. They produced a really scorching version of Randy California's "Look To The East, Look To The West" off the essential *meisterwerk*, "Potatoland" (Epic, release that album!) It was made The O Band's own by the stunning slide guitar work of Craig Anders.

The other non originals in the set were John Fogerty's "Almost Saturday Night" and Del Shannon's "Sea Cruise", both on Fogerty's second solo album. They were more than done justice too.

The band's own compositions were right in the same good rocking vein. "Paradise Blue" and "Strange Loving", featuring the natty keyboard work of Jeff Bannister, were particular standouts.

It was when the band took on a more technical stance on "Sleeping" and "Red Light" that feeling and interest flagged. The songs were not really strong enough to stand on their own in such a stark, synthesised musical setting. This was what I had feared would mar the whole set.

When they announced the magnum opus title-track of their new LP, "The Knife", I expected my fears to be horribly confirmed. No chance. The technicolour nightmare of Jimmy living with an addiction to methedrine and knives, was told in true Velvets style. The ill starred hero was reduced in his amphetamined impotency to using his blade as a crutch to cool the heat of his lady's lust, and the bloody climax to the song was screamed out in suitably frenzied crashing manner.

If the O Band can match this positive talent for playing good biting music and using cover versions to such advantage consistently on stage and on album, their future is assured. Who knows — with a little more effort in the songwriting department something really hot could start cookin'.

The local support act, "Civilian", showed a potential unknown in Salop groups. Their musical proficiency will have to be matched by a more diverse musical approach and innovative lyrics to deliver the goods, but they are a hearty and eager bunch who are at least trying to beat the ass of complacent apathy all too present hereabouts.

Michael Pritchard

The Vibrators

MARQUEE

THE TWO-FINGER salute put in a surprise appearance at The Vibrators' gig on Sunday. Whether the dozen pairs of arms frantically waving V-signs were symptomatic of the Marquee's usual quota of foreign tourists, whether it was simply V for Vibrators, or whether it was more proof of punk just being this year's heavy metal I don't know.

But there was something odd about those peace signs in the face of The Vibrators' contrived belligerence. Two empty stances face to face, and both equally oblivious.

The Vibrators came on stage to a reception that was exactly what's expected of a packed Marquee crowd. Singer and frontman Knox grabbed the energy and expectancy level straight away, strapping on his guitar and saying defiantly, "We're The Vibrators and we're gonna destroy you — this song's called 'Sick Of You'."

One second later they're playing "Wrecked On You", and the crowd abandons itself to a hurtling pogo. One minute and forty seconds later the song ends, and three seconds after that "No Fun" begins. And on it goes.

Vibrators: vapid velocity

It wasn't until the fourth or fifth song that they paused long enough between songs to give the applause a chance. Surprisingly, though, there was very little at first. It was only when Knox told us that they were going to do "Baby Baby", their single, that the crowd made any response.

"Baby Baby" differs from the rest of The Vibrators' songs in that it's slower and has a slightly catchy chorus. Otherwise it's the same three-chord work-out featuring standard rock-blues guitar solos from John Ellis, which sometimes add structure and dynamics through shewd arrangement, sometimes not.

The backbone of fast, noisy chords from Knox and rock-hard drums was solid to the point of being inflexible. Even "Jumping Jack Flash" was lost in this merciless approach.

The Vibrators' music basically reworks The New York Dolls. They remove the trashy panache and low taste pop aspirations, and replace them with a Cockney sneer and some vaguely antagonistic sentiment.

They also leave no gaps between songs, and work hard at battering the crowd into a frenzy. This they do partly by keeping the attack relentless, and partly by goading the crowd with mild verbal abuse. Knox keeps it all carefully under control, though, and not once did it threaten to backfire on them.

But it all looked very empty when it came to the encore. The band left the stage after a suitably explosive ending that got much less than the expected roar from the crowd. It took a voice over the PA saying, "Come on you fuckers, get 'em back for an encore," to get the shouts for more to begin.

Naturally they didn't do "We Vibrate". I suppose they're much too tough to play corny crap like that now.

Paul Rambali

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Little River Band

NEW YORK CITY

SHAEFFER BEER no longer sponsor the summer concerts in Central Park, and it seemed strange to see Dr. Pepper plastered all over the outdoor stage. It was a hot day — in the 90s — a fine day to settle down with a six-pack and hear some music and even take a few notes . . .

The lead singer in Little River Band is very Californian looking — for an Australian. The Aussies seem to relate very much to American West Coast music — same sun'n surf, I suppose. His name is Glen Shorrock, he looks like Bobby Darin, and he spends rather a lot of time smiling at his own little antics.

The bass player, George McArdle, and guitarist David Briggs are the two best players; the rest are nothing special.

McArdle slaps and picks with a vicious concentration at times — which made me wonder whether had he been living somewhere other than Australia, he might have been in a new wave band. He played solo on the opening of "The Days On The Road", using special tuning which enabled him to hit a jazz-blues riff, playing the bass as if it were a guitar and making it sound like an amplified rubber band.

Briggs, a clean cut young man playing a Gibson, seemed a little nervous being on stage in New York — until he reached his solos; then he became totally absorbed in his music. He does the usual note-bending and Eagles country-rock runs, but handles his instrument with an easy familiarity which gives him an edge over many of his contemporaries.

Little River Band are at worst MOR imitation Steve Stills, and at best a competent workmanlike band who have forgotten that even country rock needs energy. They have none of the foot-stompin' shit-kickin' of The Outlaws but their numbers are good and their arrangements okay.

They dissappointed me by doing a grovel number for the audience: "So This Is America". They didn't need to do that.

Miles

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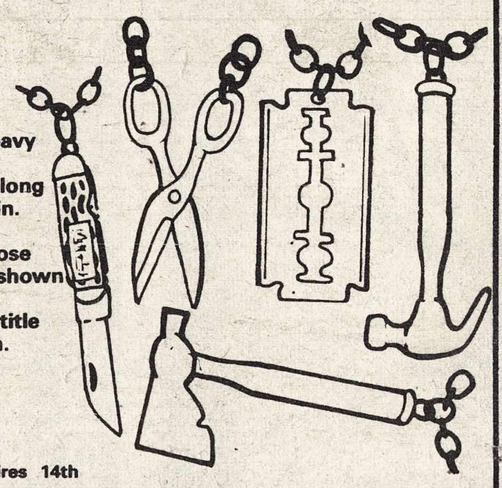

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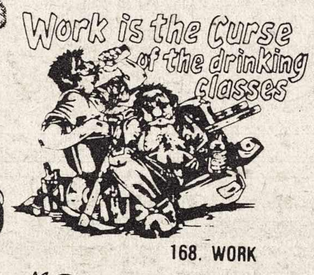

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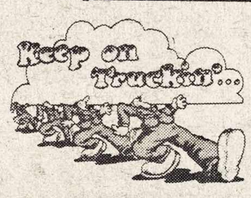

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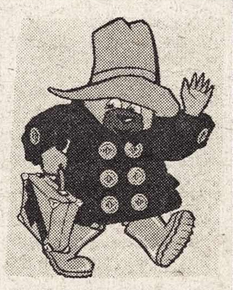

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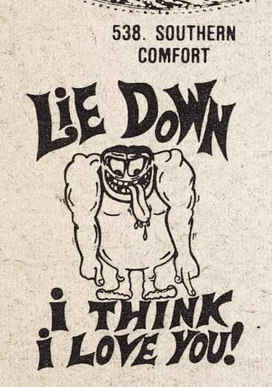

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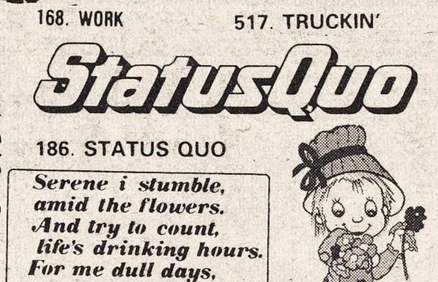

186. STATUS QUO

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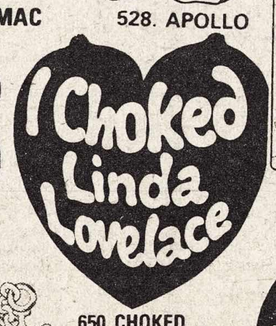
248. POPPET

506. STATUS QUO



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121. BAD COMPANY
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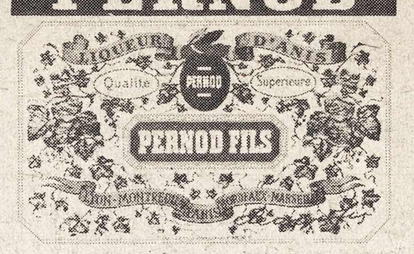

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Hawkwind

682. HAWKWIND

706. REJECT

148. LED ZEP

Electric Light Orchestra

691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

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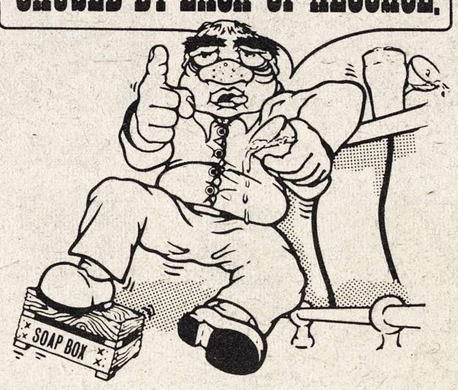
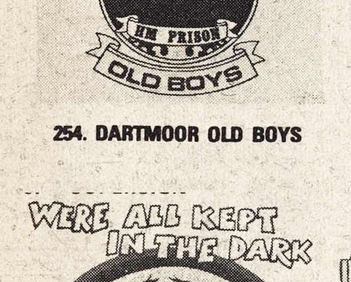


232 REALITY

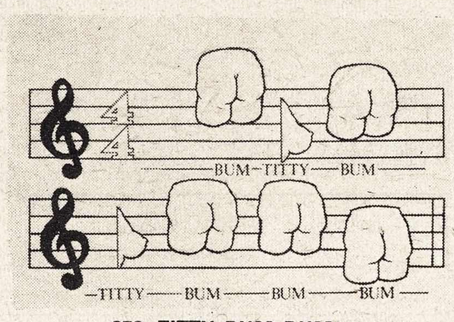


254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH



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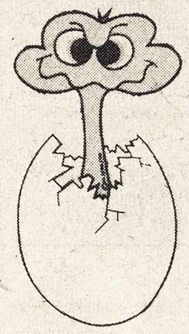

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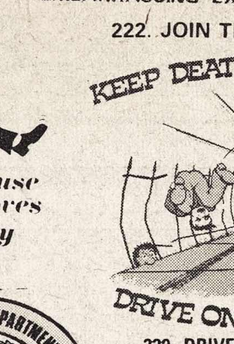


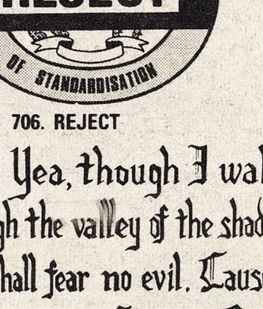
214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

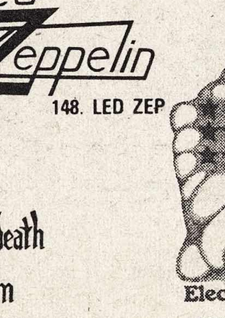
257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



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Page 36

Wrangler Lee Levi's

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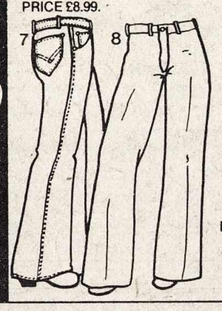

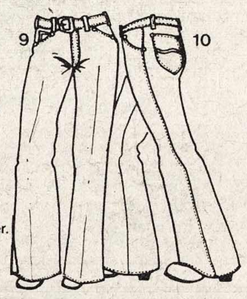

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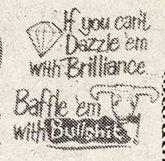
P36 Dr. Hook

R1 Joe Walsh



F7. Dazzle Em

R801 Ted Nugent

F1. Makin Steak

F2. Pussy Hunt

P78 Loggins & Messina

F4. Beer Drinkers

F5. I want your body

F6. The Real Me*

6401 I'm No. 1

A4. Grateful Dead

C22. Powered by Booze*

A65 World War II

NY3 Kansas

F12. Ignore

A74 Jimi Hendrix

F326 I Got This Way From Kissing Girls

R200 Dan Fogelberg

R27 Doobie Bros

R3. Eagles on the Border

R4. Eagles Desperado

F3 Smile

A3 Santana

F511 Everybody Needs Love

P122 Jimmy Page

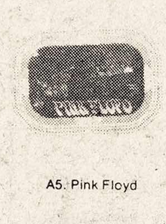
F9. Happy Here

A82. Eagle

A75 J. S. Spitfire

P74 Wings B.O.T. Run

A61 Led Zeppelin



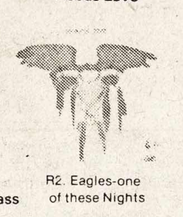
A5. Pink Floyd

A81 Virgin

A66 Outlaws Lady in waiting

A5. KC and the Sunshine Band

A64 We knead your ass



R2. Eagles-one of these Nights

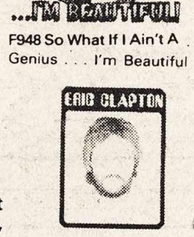
F495 Milk The Udder Cola

F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too

P87 Joe Cool

F23267 Popeye

F001 I'm With Stupid (Hand can point up, across, down, state which)

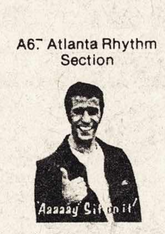


F948 So What If I Ain't A Genius . . . I'm Beautiful

A72 Beatles

NY2 Farrah Bathing Suit

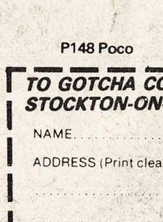
R288 Make Mine Country



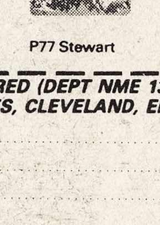
A67 Atlanta Rhythm Section

F69 Ya Don't Work

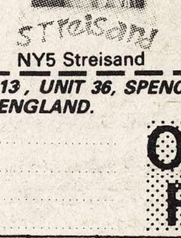
F11. Do Unto Others



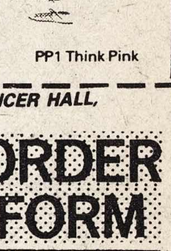
P148 Poco



P77 Stewart

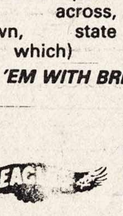


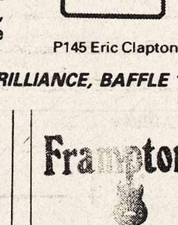
NY5 Streisand



PP1 Think Pink

NY4 New Farrah Faucet





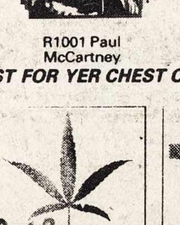
P145 Eric Clapton

P114 Peter Frampton

R416 Led Zeppelin

R5 New Eagles

A901 Sit On It!



R1001 Paul McCartney

P133 Robert Plant

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"SOMEONE's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press."

We all know that Dylan wrote those words but how easily they could apply to the relationship between the New Wave and Fleet Street at the present time.

Not since the early days of rock 'n' roll has a youth movement been so vilified and condemned without a trial as the punks have. Fleet Street is having a field day with its 'scare stories' and the backlash has already begun.

I haven't lived in Britain for two years and rarely buy an English newspaper. But sometimes when I'm buying the *NME* (a week late) I glance at the daily headlines so I know that they're still churning out the same old crap. Christ, they even had an article on punks in the current issue of *Newsweek* of all places. But really, I wish someone would tell me what all the fuss is about and what possible threat a bunch of kids pose to our already screwed-up society. This time tomorrow we could all be wasted by some Nuclear bomb anyway so why bother beating each other over the head or stabbing a kid 'cos he dresses differently to you?

Listen you Teds, you're being manipulated and you're too bloody stupid to realise it. If you really like fighting so much why don't you join the army? They'll supply you with your own gun and you can get in some target practice on the unfortunate populace in Northern Ireland. But that would be too much like the real thing wouldn't it? Besides, you'd have to get your sideburns shaved off and then you'd lose YOUR identity. You're probably too old for the army anyway, so don't try telling the kids how to dress 'cos they ain't gonna listen to you. I never listened when my dad told me to get a haircut, did you?

The Teds would have had forty fits if they'd been in Copenhagen last week and witnessed The Sex Pistols supported by Fumble. They'd probably have been more than disappointed that there weren't any punch-ups and that both bands could play on the same bill and both get a good reception from the decidedly mixed crowd.

I don't think anyone was offended by The Sex Pistols apart from the old Ted sat nearby, and all he managed were a few feeble boos which instantly disintegrated amid the roars of approval from the majority. And believe me, a hell of a lot of people enjoyed The Sex Pistols that night. I didn't think that The Sex Pistols were absolutely bloody revolting. I didn't feel unclean for 48 hours after I saw them, in fact, I felt quite rejuvenated.

Now that I've seen the Pistols for myself I'm bloody disgusted that The Great British Public, who've never seen the band, are willing to believe all the bullshit that Fleet Street are feeding them without ever questioning it. To accept the scribblings of a few jaded hacks as gospel, rather than demanding the right to see The Sex Pistols (and many other New Wave bands) for themselves and then forming an opinion, is a pretty pathetic way to live one's life.

If I were in Britain I'd make damned sure that nobody dictated to me what I was, or was not allowed to do or see without my asking the reason why. And I can't see any reason why The Sex Pistols should be banned from anywhere. What does your average M.P. or local council know about rock 'n' roll? The answer of course is NOTHING. Get moving, get lobbying, get it together, or get stuffed. If you pays your money it's a reasonable assumption that you ought to be able to make your choice, after all, it's your world too.
PAUL WILLIAMS, Kobenhavn K., Denmark.
It is? Oh yeah, it is!

WHEN I first began reading *NME* a few years ago, I did not like Mr. Charles Shaar Murray's arrogant style of journalism. However, since then I have come to appreciate (at least) the element of sophisticated maturity present in his articles.

I think it would be advisable for your publication if he were to undertake the obviously necessary tutelage of another of your staff, a certain Ms. Burchill.

I find it very distressing that *NME* — a usually exceptional quality rockmag, should employ such dregs as this — a "journalist" who does not even know how many lines constitute a sonnet (re comment on Calvert's seven line poem on Amin).

Perhaps her tender years as pointed out (so discreetly) to us by CSM are the cause too of the distasteful immaturity so often apparent in her writing (re petty bickering with rock stars she does not consider it fashionable fo favour).
WM. SHKSPRE, West Bromwich.
You can talk. You don't even mention whether you're talking about a petrarchian sonnet or an octavian sonnet. So much for your punk credibility.

I HAVE been reading with great amusement all the letters stating that New Wave bands are the "breath of fresh air" that the Music Industry has been needing.

Firstly, that can anyone say, without falling about laughing, that these clowns have contributed anything to MUSIC is hilarious, as many of these "star musicians" didn't know a machine head from a fretboard or a high hat from a bass drum until recently.

Secondly, the habbit of "gobbing" and "inciting violence" is not an innovation to stimulate these morons who turn up to hear their idols' slimy little fingers playing all those "nearly-right" notes.

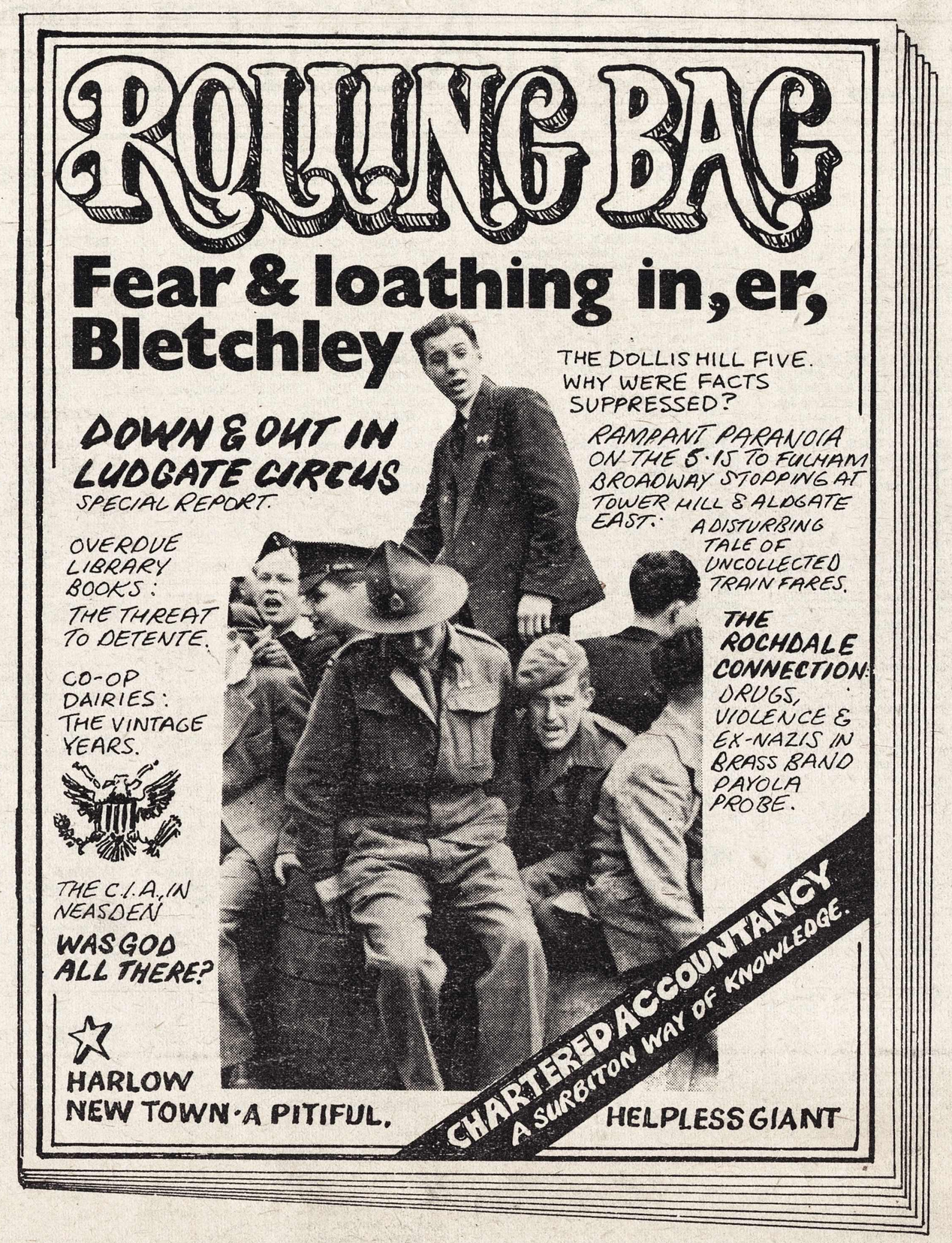
These practices have been part of the stage act of The Heavy Metal Kids' lead singer Gary Holton for some time now. The big difference is that they are bloody good musicians and songwriters, and therefore don't register with these "torn-teeshirted" tits.

Their three albums have been masterpieces, and it is a sad reflection on the record-buying public's mentality that they haven't blown the album charts wide open. So scrap your safety-pins, give up gobbing, pack in pogoing anf get your brainless bodies along to the Kids' next gig and hear a band who'll give you everything you want + MUSIC.
"KID'S STUFF", Ayrshire
Are you kidding?

TO QUOTE Gore Vidal (on Warhol): ". . . boredom in art, can be, in the right circumstances, dull."
CHRIS, Chester.

P.S. Wish *I'd* thought of that!
At least someone else did.

Illustration: LOWREY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WAS GOD ALL THERE?
HARLOW NEW TOWN · A PITIFUL, HELPLESS GIANT
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANCY
A SURBITON WAY OF KNOWLEDGE.

TALKING about the New Wave, or as William Burroughs said in *Dead Fingers Talk*, (For Police read Society!): "The Police never mesh with present time, their investigation far removed from the city always before or after the facts erupt into any cafe and machine gun the patrons . . ."

The junky saw true!
CATSWAZLE, Wigan.
I like it. Just keep taking the library ticket.

IN RECENT months there has been a great deal of re-evaluation of records that were dismissed as shit when they came out. The New York Dolls, MC5, Iggy and the Stooges are now being hailed as the midwives of punk.

Is this a sign of the reviewers' humility and willingness to admit they were wrong in retrospect? Or is it just that standards have declined?
M. SALKELD, Lancaster.

Neither. I don't recall the NME dismissing any of these bands at the time. The mere suggestion is enough to send Kent scuttling into the archives to dredge up his old rave reviews. See above letter.

WHAT HAPPENED to peace and love and flowers? Where are all those faces placidly gazing into "visions tranquil" of better worlds, and that heart-felt Dylan belief in the weak and oppressed?

All my friends are into punk!

LIKE WOT HAPPENED . . . WOT HAPPENED!
CHRIS, Cov.
P.S. Just ain't got it in me to chuck glasses at the singer an' puke on my friends. Sorry, I opt out.

Never mind mate, but if you're quick you can be among the first in the psychedelic revival. Keep the faith.

I'VE LATELY been reading back through all my old *NME*s (your lot haven't half said some daft things in your time!) and have come across some rather interesting facts . . .

(a) Someone on your staff called The Stranglers a bunch of 'fnurgs' (Mar '76). Is he/she still alive?

(b) A certain Mr Higgs of the Hotrods said of the S. Pistols (April '76): "They can't play or nuffink, they just insult the audience." Probably true, but who's laughing now I wonder?

(c) (Getting to the point at last) A letter in September '76 *NME* said Barrie Masters had taken over from Max Bell as "Hottest Young Crutch Around Town". As no-one else has written in yet, can I volunteer Jean Jacques of The Stranglers as latest "Hot Young Stud Around Town"? (My only sorrow is that I'll probably never get to find out . . . . !)
A STRANGELY ENAMOURED OF J J BURNEL FAN, Somewhere in North Wales.
You go a long way round to say you fancy 'im.

PLEASE STOP having a go at me cos I'm not gay and I've just had my blue pushbike with a wicker-work basket on the front stolen after seeing Darts the other night. The two young ladies from NW3 might just cheer me up though.
NOD (AND NICK), Frenz of the Enz Officials.
P.S. To contact us girls, see the adz in *NME* classified 9th July 1977. It would be foolish not to.

Getting a bit private round here innit?

WAS THERE a *N.M.E.* reporter at the cancelled Rag Market gig in Birmingham? If so how did he/she fail to see Mick Jones standing talking to fans along with Joe Strummer?

All the people that turned up to see the Clash were told by the band that they intended playing at the Barbarellas Club.

The Clash are close to their audience. They kept people informed about what was going on until they took the stage at 12.00.

So Karen baby *(Gasbag 23/7/77)* I hope this has restored your faith in the Clash and don't believe everything you read in *N.M.E.*
SIMON, King's Cross, London NW1.

T.P. and J.B. refer you to their original article. There were two *NME* reporters there. Did you read the piece?

WAKE UP hey! Are you scared to come to Merseyside to see some real bands or is it that you think that The Real Thing are the only Liverpool band?

OK, so punk is "in" and good luck to'em but if you are as "unbiased" as I'd like to think you are, get down to Digby's or The Dale Inn, Wallasey, where some of the best bands in the land play. They ain't in the "tax exile" bracket but some of them deserve to be. Next are one of the most original bands I've ever seen, or Axis, their lead guitarist would put Claptout to shame. Spider, a very young band (hardly out of their nappies), make Barrie Masters look like a geriatric.

It's the best thing to happen in Britain since Churchill's death.
A PUNKER, Wallasey.

Are we afraid to come to Wallasey? Frankly, yes. And occasionally New Jersey.

YOU WILL all be glad to know that I have finally sussed the whole thing out!

Whilst in Devon last week, I was sitting watching the tide rolling when, to my utter amazement, I saw a new wave forming far out to sea. It gradually built up into a gigantic breaker, but within seconds was blown into a million droplets as it smashed against the rocks, never to be seen again.

The point I am making is that this particular wave had been preceded by many others of a similar nature (some slightly large, others slightly smaller) and will be superceded until the end of time likewise. Some of them will be more spectacular, many of them will probably be boring — it all depends on the tides and the way the wind whips them up.

The crests of chosen waves will be ridden and "used" by the surfers, others will be ignored, but a fragment of each one will find its way back into the sea to form part of a subsequent wave — so what's *really* new??
NEPTUNE, Merseyside.

Indeed what? For are we not all part of the great cosmic note and vibration that permeates everything and . . . Max! Max! Snap out of it! — Interrupting Ed.

LISTEN YOU lot. I know my rights. I demand to see an article about *The Desperate Bicycles.*

I am sending copies of this letter to the . . . . . and the . . . . . so if anything should happen to me . . . . .
THE KABBAGE KID, Bolton.

I've scouted around the office and I can't find one anywhere. Got no Fruit Eating Bears or Arthur Comix articles either but your demand has been noted.

AH, HERE'S Dingwalls, I can't wait to see Elvis Costello.

Hey what's this? Full up at this early hour! Something must be amiss. Ah I see now, the guest list is 8 pages long, Stiff must be trying to get into the *Guinness Book of Records,* or perhaps I was wrong in believing that this gig was for the ordinary punter.

Here's Cedric from Hampstead and Cynthia "I used to share a flat with Jake" Smythe. That's it, collect your liggers' tickets and in you go, the bar's on the right. Oh; you know? Yes it's far enough away from the stage for you to carry on with your gossip all through Mr Costello's set.

No, don't mind me, I'm only interested in the music anyway and it's not everyone that can say that they listened to 20 minutes of Elvis through a brick wall and I'd feel so out of place inside the hall 'cos you're all such wonderful, super creatures.
JEFF TAYLOR, Middx.

Such bitterness, such spleen. Elvis felt the same way. Why not write a song about it?

I CLEANED my surfboard (a 7' 0" Tiki Swallowtail) on a *New Musical Express* (issue June 11th 1977) on the 4th July — Sorry!
DAVE, THE HAPPY SURFER.
PS Good Tubes!

Very New Wave. Jes' time to ride one last curl (whatever that means).

IS IT too early to ask what will you call the wave after the New Wave? Yours insincerely,
MURIEL REVOLTING, Northwood, Middlesex.
You know too much Revolting. We will not answer your veiled accusation.

IS IT too late to say that I think Handsome Dick Manitoba is utterly incredible?
HIDEOUS BILL ACNE.
That's more like it.

Reader's Letters Edited by MAX BELL

tazers

IS THIS MAN hyper-creative, or is he just cashing in?

Iggy Pop, until recently a once-in-five-years man, is set to unleash his second brand new album this year on August 23. Featuring nine tracks, seven of them co-written by one **David Bowie,** it's called "Lust For Life" and is scheduled for rush release by the Radio Corporation of America (RCA, bozo).

Titles to drop: "Lust For Life", "16", "Some Weird Sin", "The Passenger", "Tonight", "Success", "Turn Blue", "Neighbourhood Threat" and "Fall In Love With Me". It's a Bewlay Brothers Production, natch . . .

Les Feelgoods to tour UK this autumn, with likely support act New York's **Mink De Ville . . .** More news on the Doc — despite words to the contrary last week, **Nick Lowe** back in his role as producer and throwing around a few ideas with the Feelgoods in the studio . . .

British TV Goes New Wave: well not quite, but Yorkshire TV are planning a news documentary on their local punk scene, while Scotland's **Rezillos,** whose debut single "Can't Stand My Baby" has allegedly sold over 7,000 copies, get their own seven minute spot on BBC's *Nationwide* this week . . .

And is it true that *Sunday People* journalists hoping to appear on this Wednesday's special *unk *ock edition of the Beeb's awful *Brass Tacks* prog — featuring **The Drones**— were forbidden to do so by their editor? . . .

In their current ish *Rolling Stone* incorrectly caption **Joe Stevens'** pic of last year's Pistols' Nashville facas as "Various Pistols slug it out during dockside party on the Thames, as the sun continues to set on England" . . .

Yes manager **Brian Lane** (he also used to manage **Anita Harris,** but we won't mention that) now also managing **George Best.** It is not known to what label Georgie Boy will sign. . .

What a surprise: Famous ex-**Tomorrow** yesterday's person **Twink's** latest outfit **The Rings** beached by the new wave. *(Trans:* They've split) . . .

Wild Man Fischer to record live set for Rhino Records at Los Angeles Troubadour? Book your table now — to shelter under . . .

Won't Get Fooled Again? Seems that all is most definitely not hunky dory between **The Jam** and the promoter of this weekend's two day punk festival at Mort de Marson. According to **Larry Debay,** spokesperson for the promoter, The Jam are threatening to pull out of the gig unless their demand for eight air-tickets is met. Debay says his people are only willing to give them four, one each for the band and one for their manager **John Weller.**

The Jam, however, don't see it that way. **Chris Parry,** the Polydor A&R man who signed the band, says the group were originally promised eight tickets by the festival organisers, enabling them to take along their two roadies, a soundman and one another. And the promoter later informed them they were only getting four. "It's not a question of The Jam being bigtime," said Parry, who informed *T-Zers* that **The Clash** were having similar problems . . .

Roll 'em, Pete: **Linda Rondstadt** has cut **Stones'** "Tumbling Dice" (gulp!) on her **Peter Asher**-produced "Simple Dreams" album . . .

Rejoicing in the streets time: **Jean Jacques Burnel** managed to prove he was living and working in the UK at the time he became eligible for French army service, thus escaping the call-up which has hung over his head — and his publicist's — the past few weeks. *T-Zers* wept for joy when we heard . . .

Irish joke of the week: **Tom Robinson Band** recently played High Wycombe's Nags Head. Days later some of those who'd attended Robinson's gig were surprised to see Robinson and his drummer **Brian Taylor** back at the venue playing as sidemen in an Irish C&W band. Tom professed himself very embarrassed to be spotted while earning a little bread to support his rock 'n' roll habit . . .

Fab New York combo **The Shirts** have signed with EMI/Capitol . . .

Bleeker Bob of Greenwich Village New York takes time off from his record shop (note Pistols single in window) to sell candles to electricity-starved Noo Yawkers during city's recent black out. Pic: JOE STEVENS

Magnificent double **Dylan** bootleg available from brave record dealers. As well as featuring vintage live material recorded with **Mike Bloomfield** at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965, it also includes stuff from the **Rolling Thunder Revue** and, best of all, most of the original "Blood On The Tracks" recordings — which are sparer and a deal more harrowing than the versions on the album proper. The Zim went and re-recorded the album virtually the night before release . . .

At last, **Neil Young** has relented and Reprise are releasing Young's mostly retrospective triple album "Decade" at the end of October. "Decade" was originally scheduled for release late last year but with typical contrariness Young decided to call the whole thing off. WEA are now hoping Young doesn't decide on changing the sleeve, 10,000 of which have been lying idle in a WEA warehouse since last year . . .

Stand by **Nilsson** and **Alan Price. Randy Newman's** first album in eons is released in America this September. Called "Little Criminals," there is as yet no British release date . . .

Concluding this part of *T-Zers* dedicated to vinyl scam is the news that the **Talking Heads'** long awaited debut album won't be ready until September at the earliest. Tracks will probably include "Don't Worry About The Government", "Who Is It?", "The Book I Read", "I'm Not In Love" (no, not **10 cc**'s song, dummy) "Psycho Killer" and **Al Green**'s "Take Me To The River". Seems that recording has been held up by the July 4 holiday (?) and the recent New York blackout . . .

Hadn't they ever heard of candles? One person who had was the legendary and sometime less than diplomatic **Bleeker Bob,** Greenwich Village record store owner and a man whose appetite for rock 'n' roll paraphernalia is equalled only by **Roy Carr.** Unable to sell any records in the dimout, Bob secured ownership of a local head-shop's stock of candles and spent all night on the corner of Bleeker Street and MacDougle in the Village selling them. He made $2,000 . . .

Misprint of the week: Last week's smartass Ed's comment in the **Rezillos** review should have read "Texas Chainsaw Massacre Boogie", not "Texas Chairman Massacre Boogie" . . .

After their three day Marquee stint **The Vibrators** are going to live in Berlin for a while — to get away from it all. Says manager **Dave Wernham:** "There's a good feeling for us in Berlin since our first gig there." The Marquee gigs were recorded, incidentally, and Wernham's hoping to put out a live album at 99p. But will CBS have the nerve? . . .

Why did **Eagles/Scaggs** manager **Irving Azoff** insist that the backstage bar was closed at Scaggs' Friday night Rainbow bash? Was it to make sure all the liggers watched the set or to ensure the roadcrew got to their positions on time? . . .

Meantime **Azoff,** renowned for his good manners and humility, and **The Eagles** have been appointed Honorary Texans. But when will that letter from the **Mayor of Accrington** arrive at Sunset Boulevard? . . .

Honest Ron Wood in close proximity with **Susan George** at Saturday night's CBS Convention binge. Eat yer heart out **Rod . . .**

Patti Smith given the go-ahead from her doctors and can be expected in Britain this autumn . . .

T-Zers hopes you're enjoying the current series of *NME* radio ads. However, one of the four we scripted and recorded won't be receiving any airplay. The IBA — watchdogs over ad content — banned it on the grounds that it might encourage young people to leave home. Look for the bootleg copy at your local dealer . . .

Marriage Corner: above, Dave Greenfield of The Stranglers decides black leather and bizarro image are no match for a white suit when it comes to pledging the troth. The only other Strangler present was drummer Jet Black, who also wore white.

Below: Boz Scaggs makes mystic signs to sanctify the coupling of a pair of his back-up singers, who decided that since they couldn't get a preacher man to do the job, they'd do it onstage with Boz instead. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Saturday's BBC 2 horror flick *The Plague Of The Zombies* (1966) featured a sound editor called **Roy Baker.** Could this be the famous rock producer training for those blood-curdling **Queen** albums? . . .

Own up time. Due to incompetent sub-editor's oversight, **Fred Dellar's** mammoth work on Chorley Wakes Fest days two and three last week went uncredited. Sorry, Fred . . .

A warm welcome to show biz for **John Otway** and **Wild Willy Barrett.** On the opening night of their Dutch tour their van, loaded with piles of Otway and Barrett's album, was broken into. However, only one album was taken . . .

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